

A DELL  
10¢  
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

# Our Gang

COMICS



# THE UNLUCKY CRICKET

Chris Cricket had looked and looked for a home for so long that he was getting discouraged. It just seemed no one wanted to take him in and give him a nice warm fireplace from which to sing. Instead, he had been swept out from the corners of so many fireplaces, it made his little shiny black head swim.

"Golly," he thought, as he landed in the tall grass from the flick of another broom, "here I go again! Doesn't anybody want a cricket? Guess I must be lucky for everyone but myself." And he brushed the dust from his little coat and hopped down the road once more.

"I must have tried just about every house in the village," he mused. "But it seems to me there's one house down here I missed."

And indeed there was, and a forlorn-looking little house it was, too.

"My goodness," said Chris, as he eyed the broken windows and tipsy roof. "Looks to me as if they could do with a bit of luck here. Maybe this is just the spot I've been looking for."

Just then the door opened and two children burst out on the porch, leading a bedraggled-looking pup on a rope. An older woman followed them, scolding them sternly.

"How many times must I tell you two to stop bringing stray animals into this house. Now, take that dog back where he came from." And she disappeared inside the house.

"Aw shucks," said the boy, as he turned the dog loose and watched it vanish down the road. "I don't see why we can't have some kind of a pet." And



he and his sister dropped forlornly on the step.

"I beg your pardon, but have you ever thought of keeping a cricket?" Chris asked politely.

The boy and girl looked at each other in amazement.

"Did you hear that, Jimmie?" the girl asked timidly.

"I think I did. But I'm not sure. Where did it come from?"

"Right down here at your feet, my boy." And Chris doffed his little cap gallantly, as the two children stared at him, a little frightened.

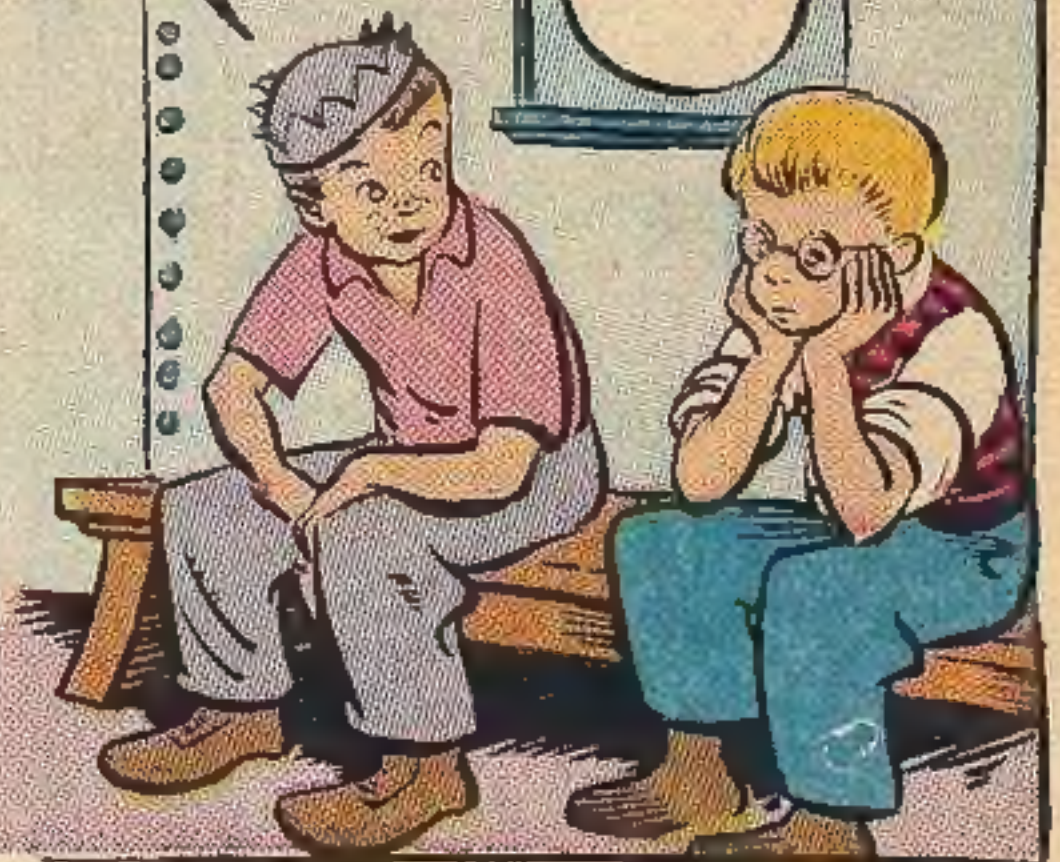
"No doubt you have never heard of a talking cricket. Of course, we seldom have any need for talking, but as it happens, I am looking for a good home and thought I might inquire here. Crickets make excellent pets, you know. Besides bringing luck to the household."

(Continued on inside back cover)

MGM presents

# Our Gang

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BRIGHT EYES?  
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SWALLOWED  
A SOUR CANARY.



I'VE BEEN THINKING, RED...  
WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING  
SPECTACULAR TO DO IN  
THE SHOW NOW.

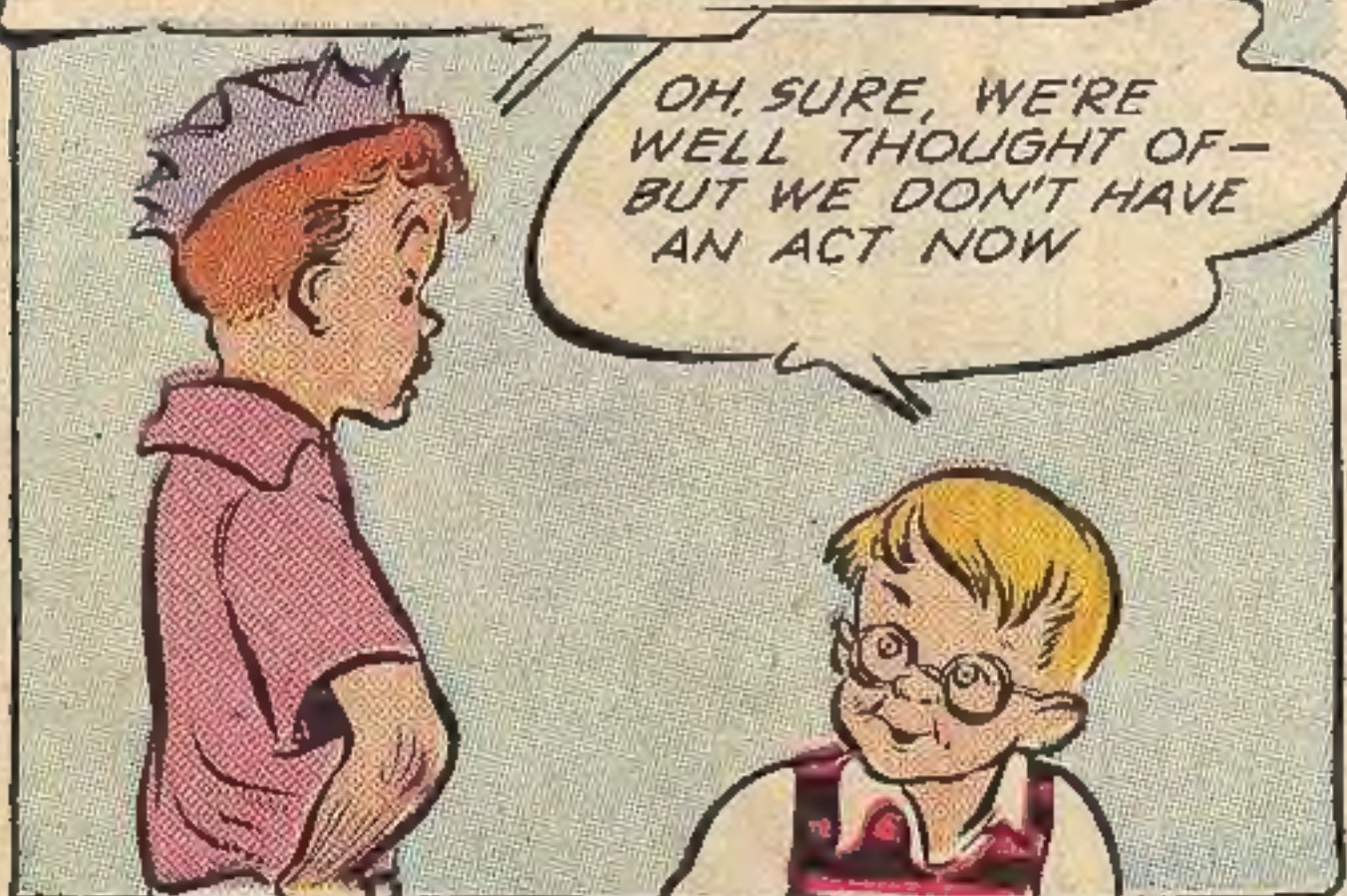


YEAH—WE FIXED UP THAT CANNON TO SHOOT  
ONE OF US INTO A NET AND THEN JULIP  
AND GUINEVERE THE LADY WRESTLER  
TAKE THE JOB.



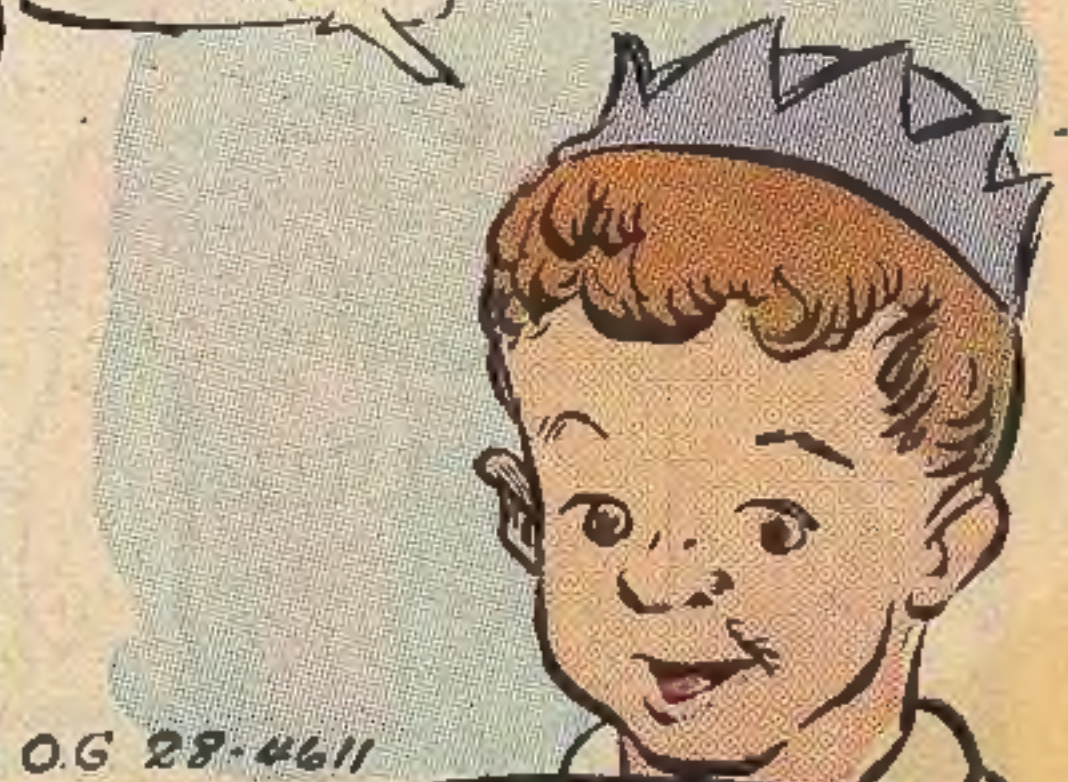
WELL, THEY WERE  
FUNNIEST.

YEH—AND PROFESSOR GRAVY SAID  
THE SHOW BOAT WAS SAVED WITH  
THAT ACT WE THOUGHT UP—



OH, SURE, WE'RE  
WELL THOUGHT OF—  
BUT WE DON'T HAVE  
AN ACT NOW

SAY—REMEMBER THAT FAKE  
HORSE ACT WE PUT ON IN  
A CIRCUS DOWN YOUR  
CELLAR LAST YEAR?  
HOW ABOUT DOING  
THAT?

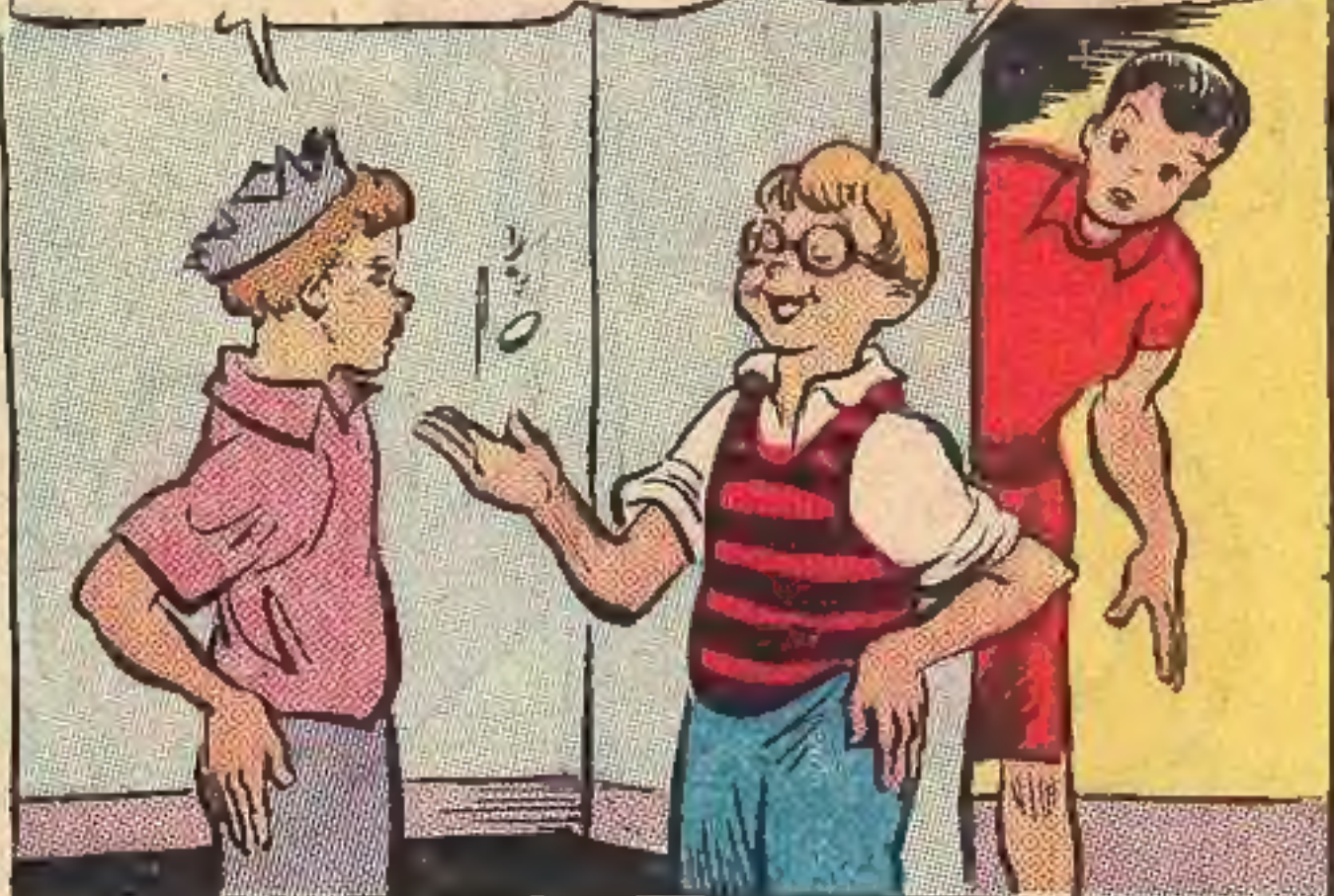
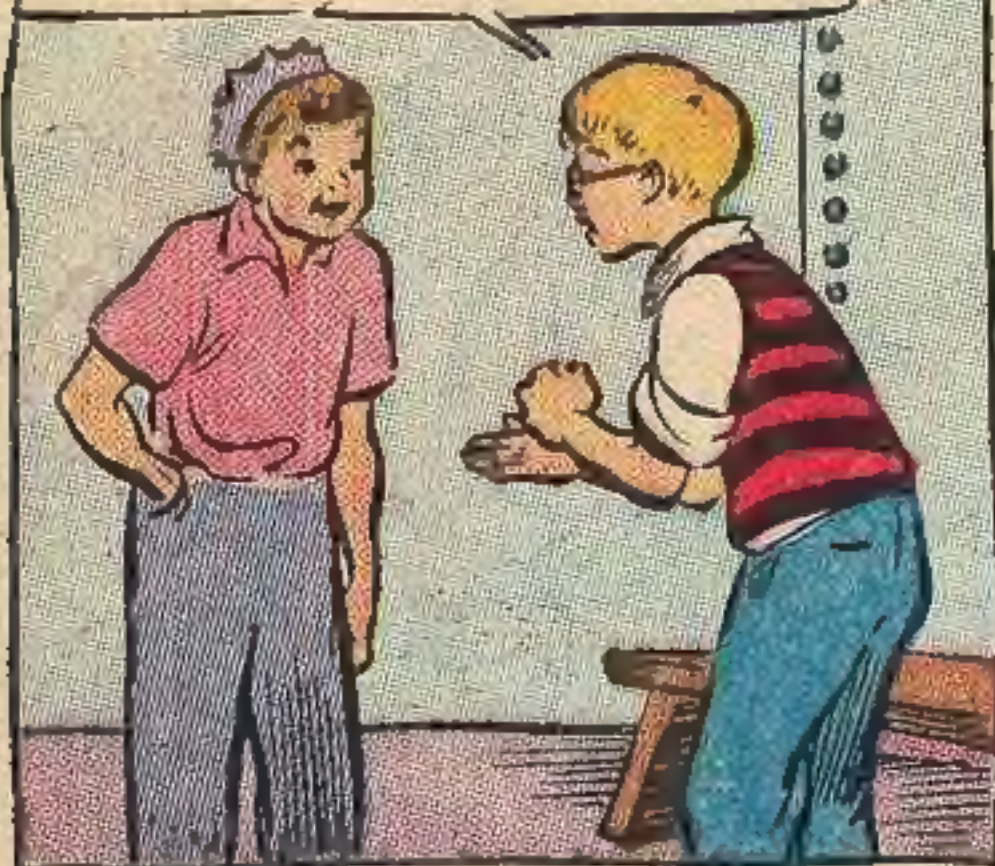


O.G. 28-4611

THAT'S GREAT, RED - WE'LL WORK OUT A CLOWN ACT WITH THE HORSE... THE ONLY QUESTION, WHO GETS TO BE THE HEAD?

WELL, AS I REMEMBER, YOU WERE AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS AT THE REAR END, LAST TIME

WE'LL SETTLE IT BY A TOSS OF THE COIN.



I'LL TAKE HEADS - FOR LUCK!

AND I'LL TAKE -



NO MATTER WHAT YOU TAKE, YOU'VE LOST...

WHAT'S UP?

SHUCKS!

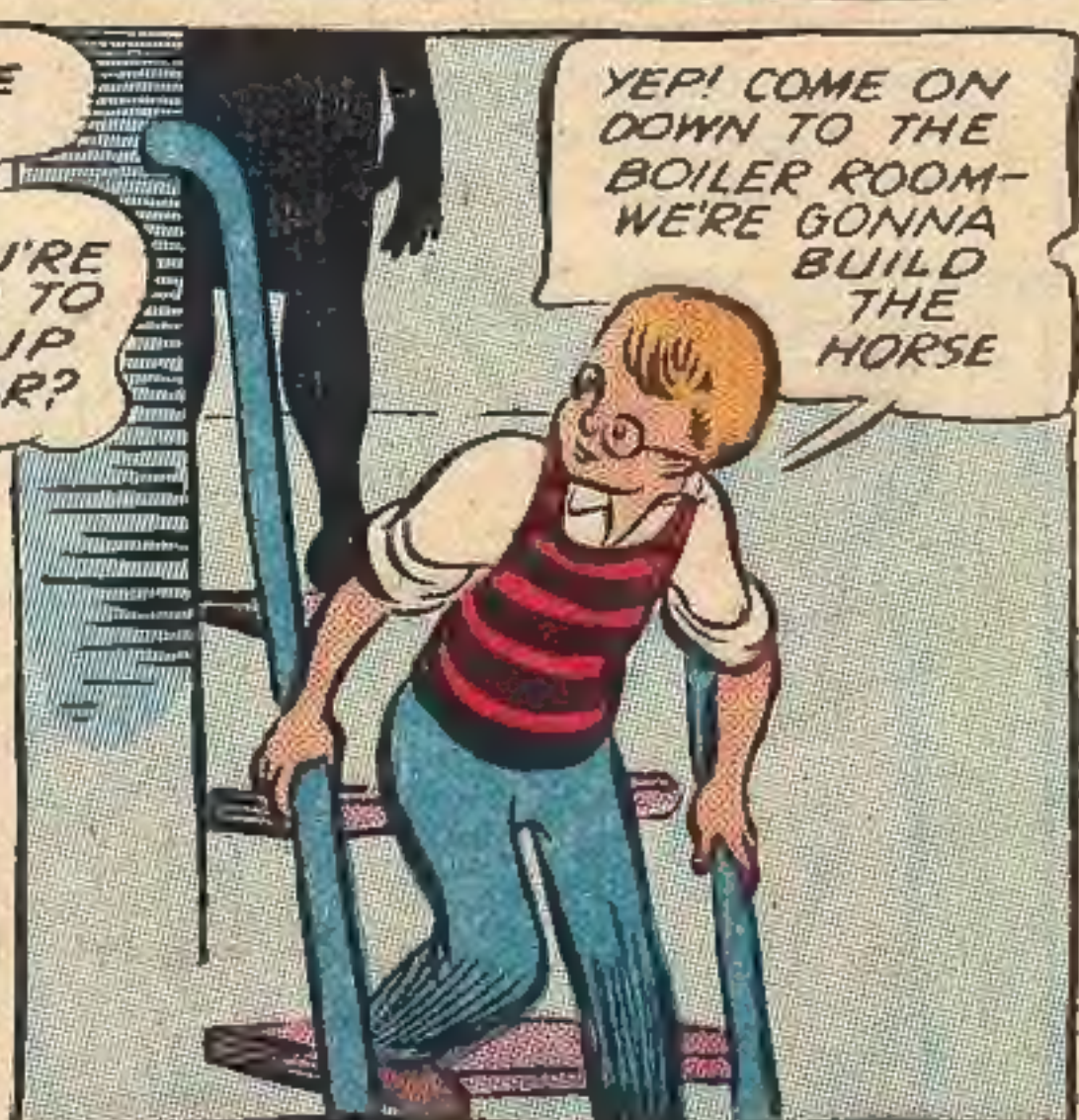


HELLO, GUINEVERE! HAPPY BOY HERE IS ABOUT TO LAUNCH OUT ON A NEW CAREER

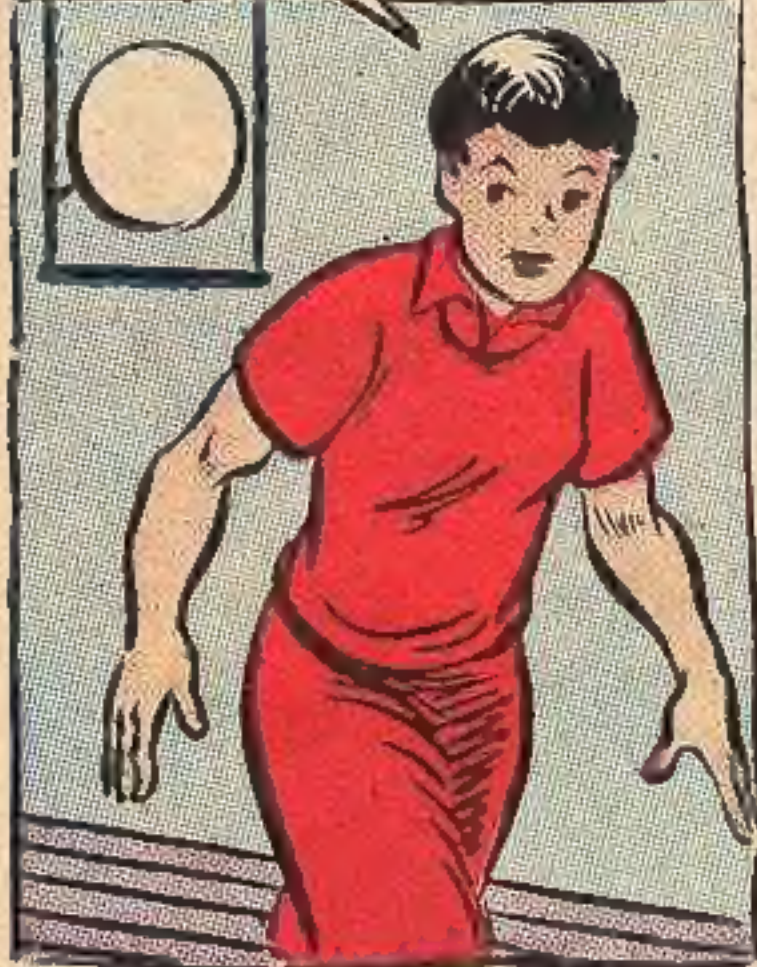
WE'RE GOING TO BE A CLOWN HORSE - FOR THE SHOW.

AND YOU'RE ELECTED TO BRING UP THE REAR?

YEP! COME ON DOWN TO THE BOILER ROOM - WE'RE GONNA BUILD THE HORSE



SORRY, BOYS, I'VE GOT TO RUN AN ERRAND



PROFESSOR, DO ME A FAVOR... TAKE DANCER, MY THOROUGHbred, UP TO CHEVERTON, WILL YOU?

WHAT, JEFF?! ON A SHOWBOAT?!!



BUT I'VE GOT TO GET DANCER UP THERE—I'VE JUST MONEY ENOUGH TO ENTER HER IN THE CHEVERTON HANDICAP.

HMMPH! YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SO STEAMED UP ABOUT ANY OF YOUR FIERY STEEDS HITHERTO, JEFFERSON. MY BOY.

MAN, MAN! PROFESSOR, YOU SHOULD SEE THIS FILLY RUN—PRETTY AND FAST—SHE'LL TAKE THE DERBY NEXT SPRING IF I CAN GET SOME MONEY OUT OF A WIN NOW.



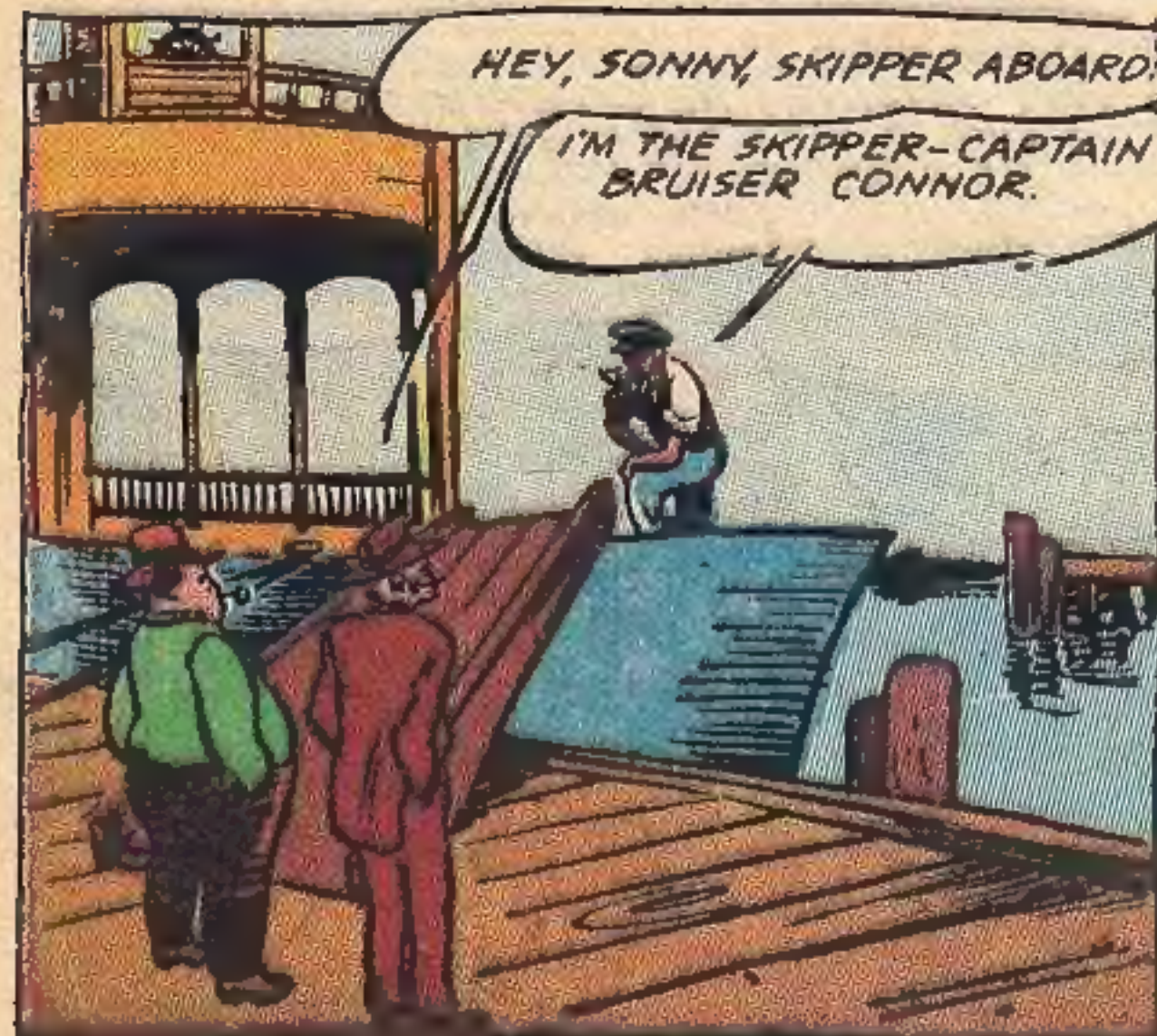
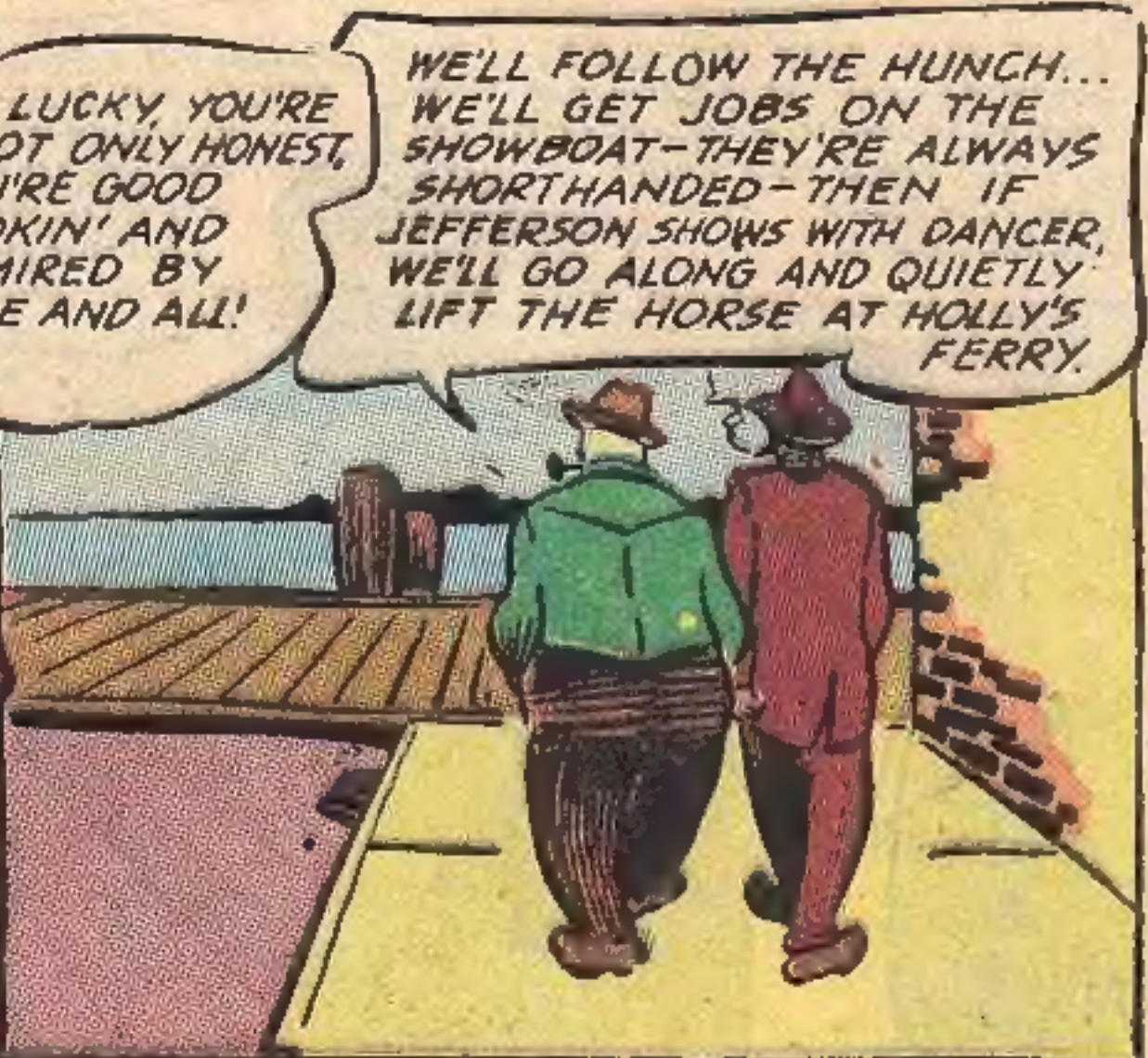
I'VE GOT TO SUPPORT HER AND MYSELF. SHE'S THE FIRST HORSE I'VE EVER HAD THAT'S A REAL CHAMPION—Y'KNOW I'VE BEEN OFFERED \$10,000 FOR HER.

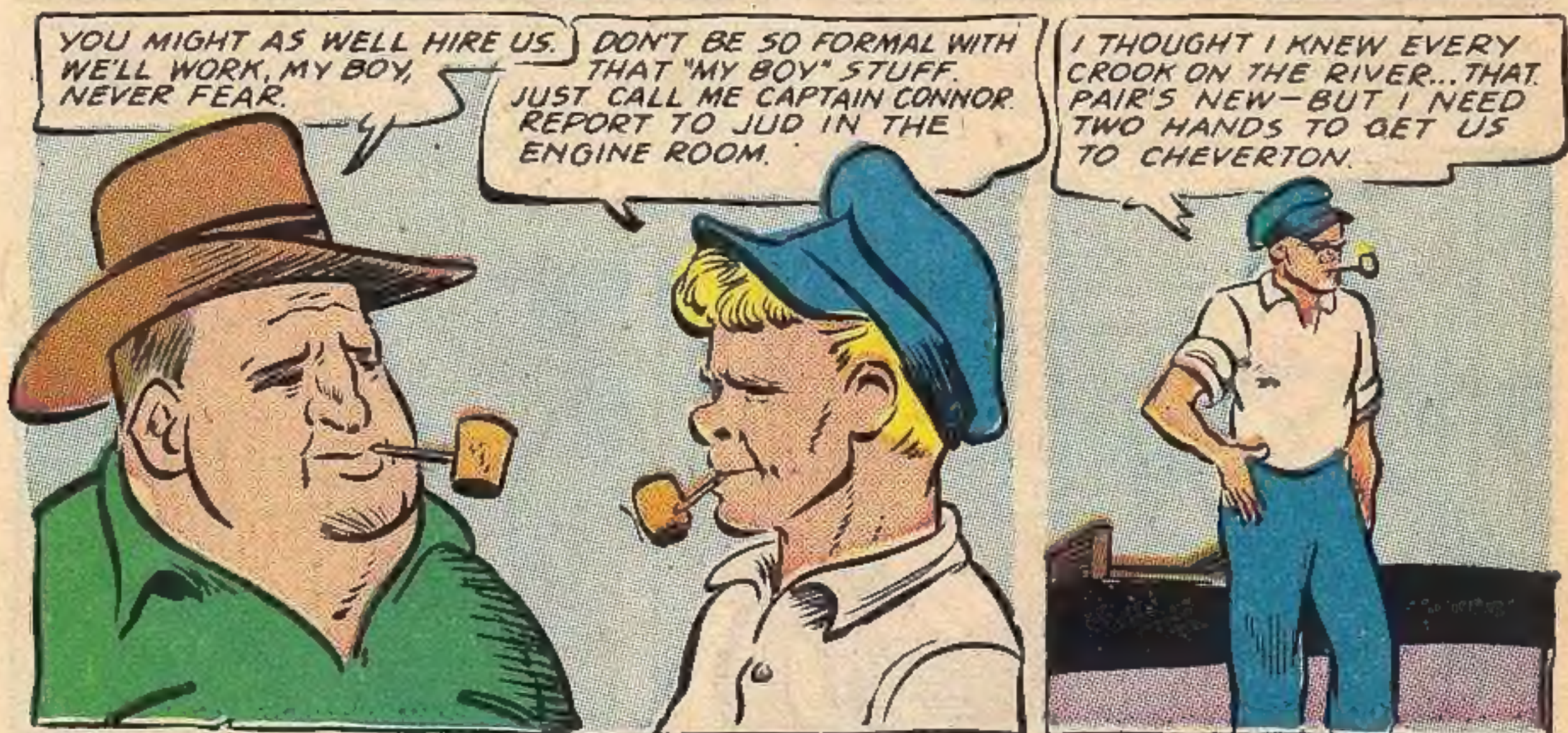
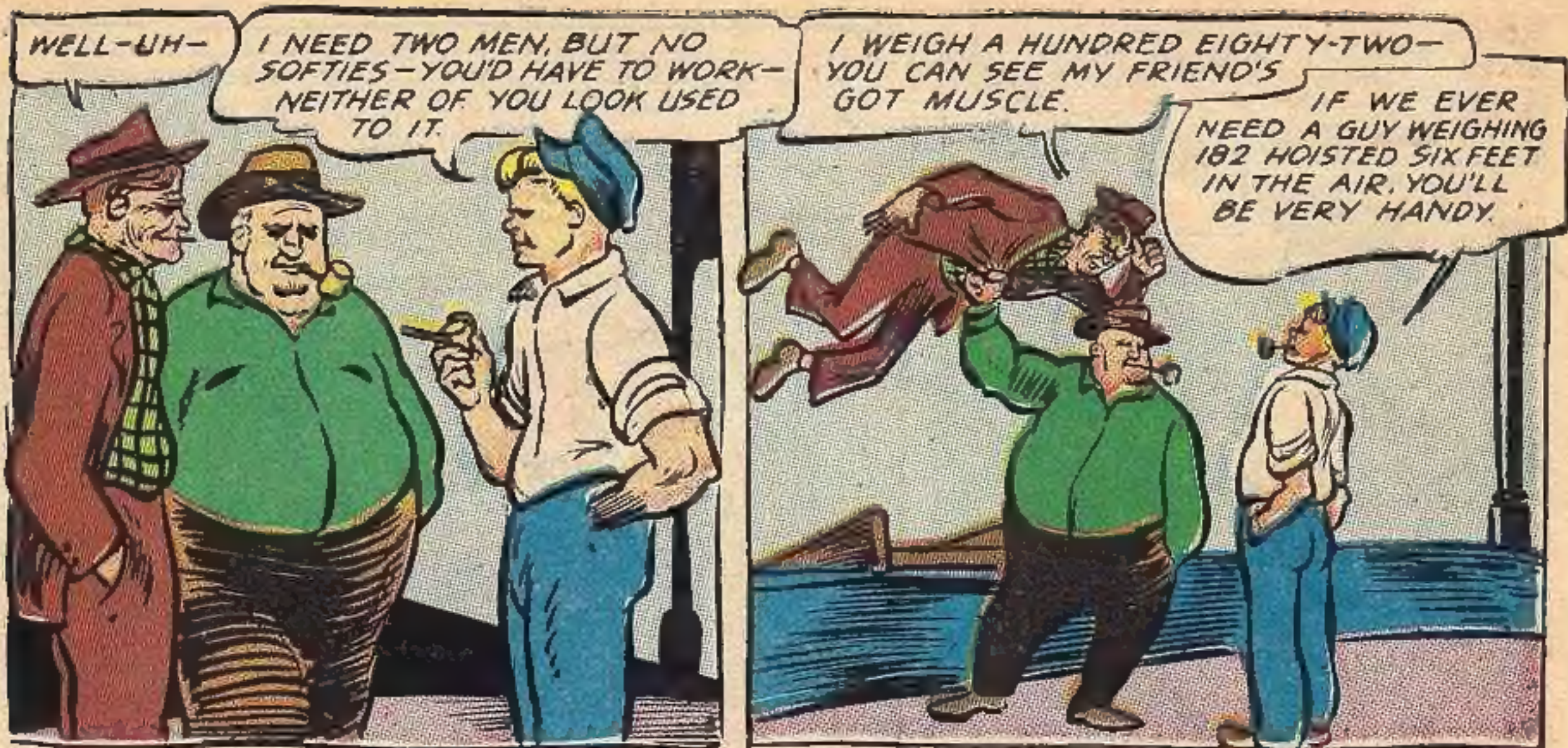
YES, I HEARD THAT...

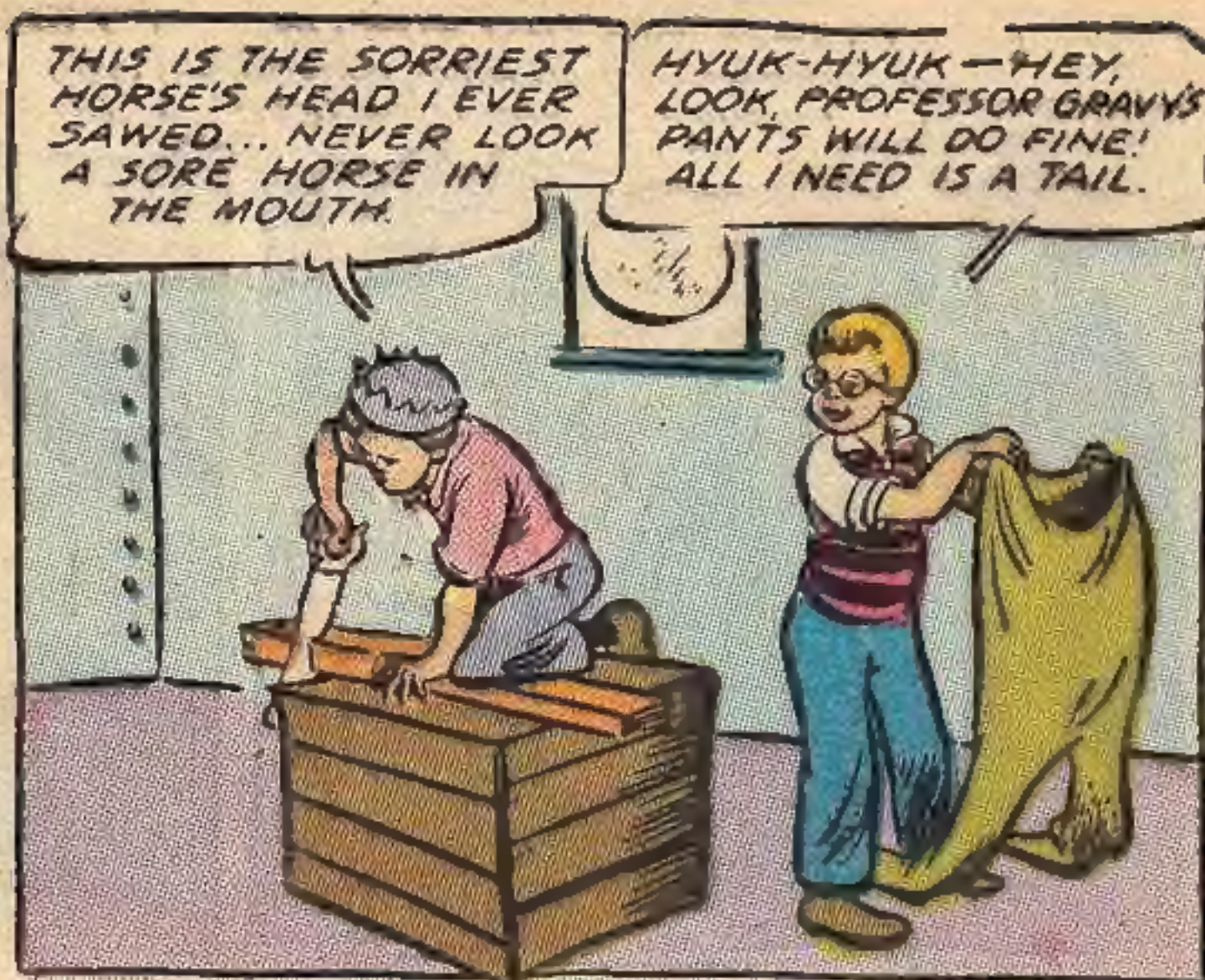
AND I FIND IT HARD TO BLAME YOU FOR NOT SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY. A HORSEMAN IS LIKE A SHOWMAN—HE LIKES TO STAY WITH A THING OF PROMISE. WE'RE EVER HOPEFUL, EH, JEFF? BRING DANCER ABOARD. WE'RE SHOVING OFF THIS EVENING.

THANKS! I KNEW YOU'D HELP, HORATIO.









NO, IT'S NOT DARK YET BUT WE'VE SHOVED OFF FOR CHEVERTON.



WE CAN PRACTICE OUR HORSE ACT OUT HERE - AS SOON AS YOU FINISH THE HEAD

IT'S FINISHED



THEY PUT DANCER IN THE STALL BELOW - WHAT'RE THOSE KIDS DOIN'?

THEY'RE OUT OF EARSHOT - WHAT'S THE PLAN?



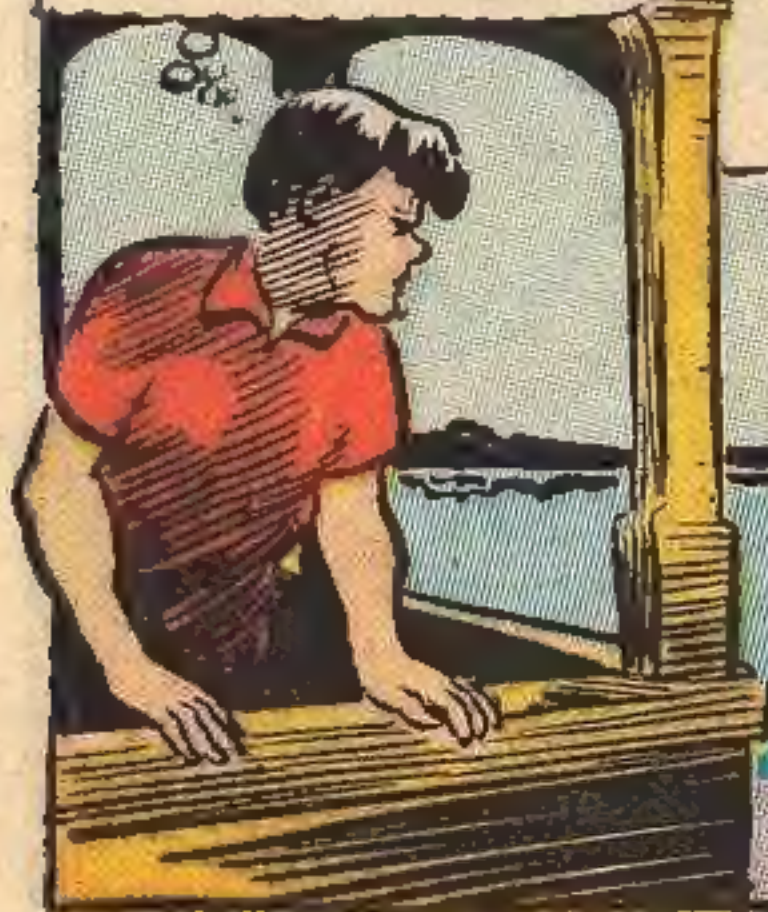
OPPOSITE HOLLY'S FERRY I'LL TAKE OVER THE PILOT HOUSE AND STEER THE BOAT RIGHT AT SHOTTEN'S ISLAND - WE'LL HIT A REEF. YOU LEAD DANCER OUT AND INTO THAT BOX WE RIGGED



WHAT ARE THOSE TWO TALKIN' ABOUT? THEY LOOK FAMILIAR.

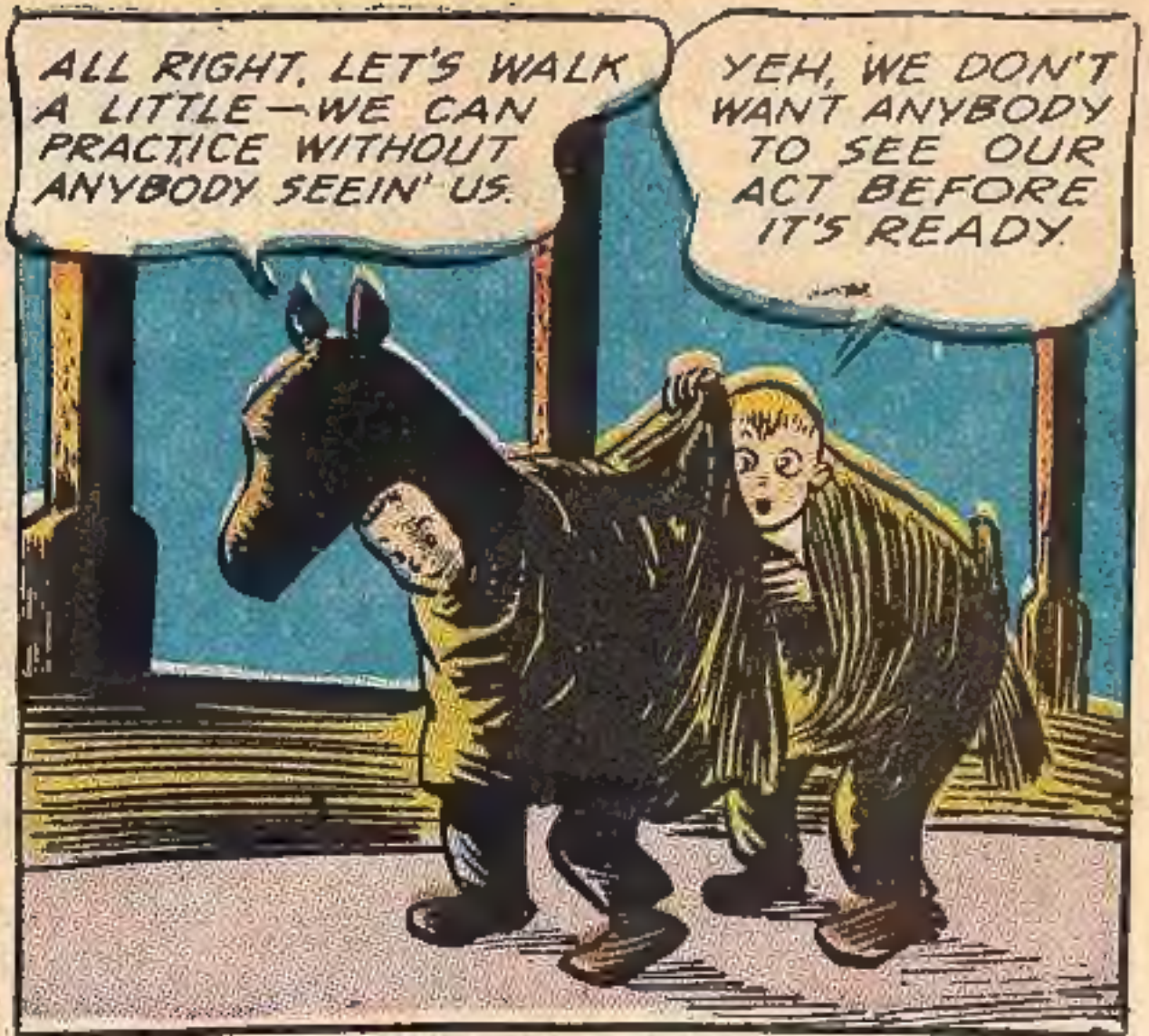
HARRIGAN SHOULD BE ALONGSIDE AT THAT POINT WITH THE POWER SCOW. I'LL RUSH DOWN, HELP YOU SHOVE THE BOX ONTO THE SCOW, AND WE'LL BEAT IT.

RIGHT.



WHY, THAT'S LUCKY LEACH AND ACE DUGAN! WHAT ARE THOSE CROOKS DOIN' HERE - THEY'RE ACTIN' KINDA SNOOPY!







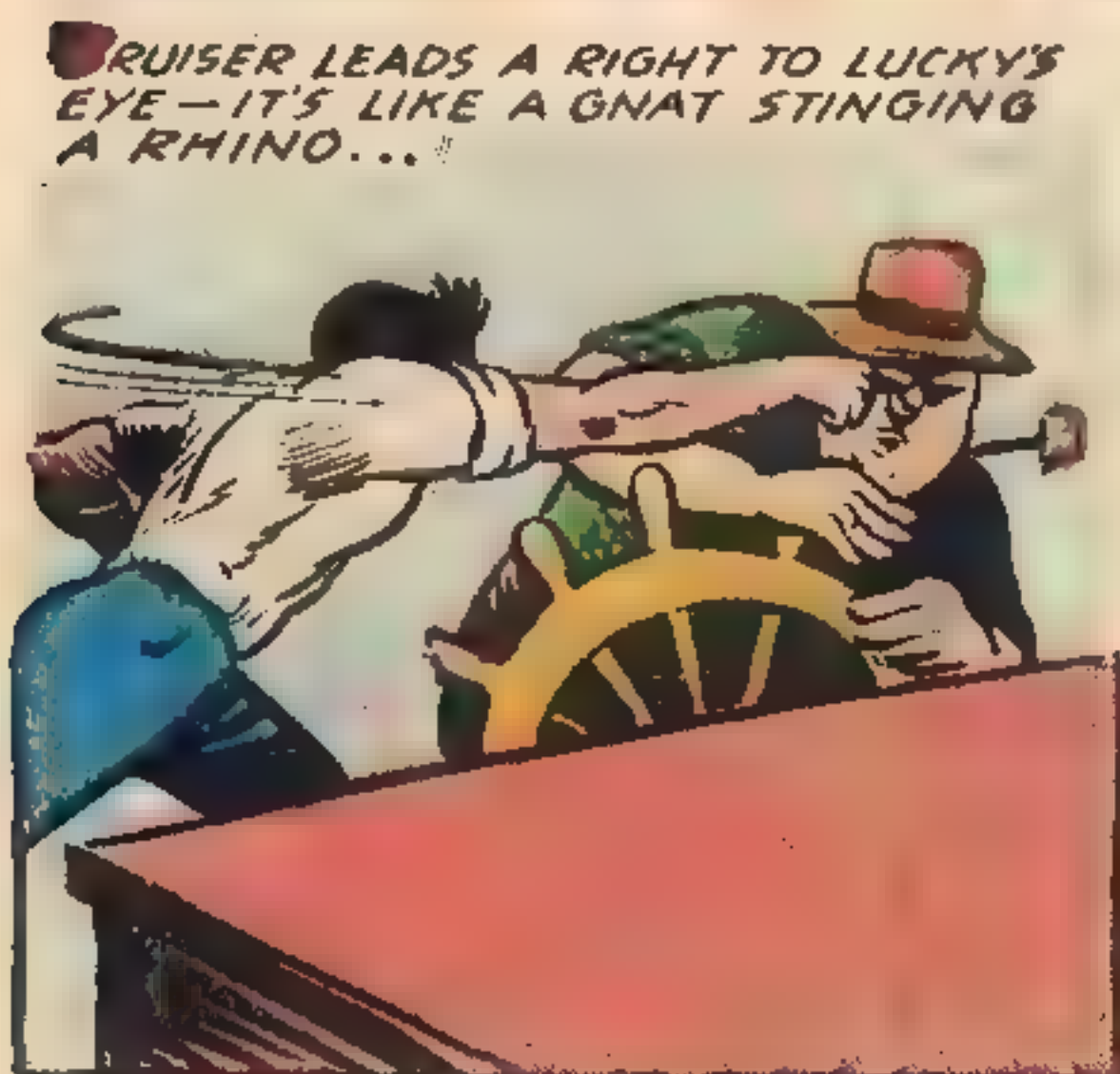
HOLD 'ER STEADY  
FOR THE ISLAND  
FOR A MINUTE.



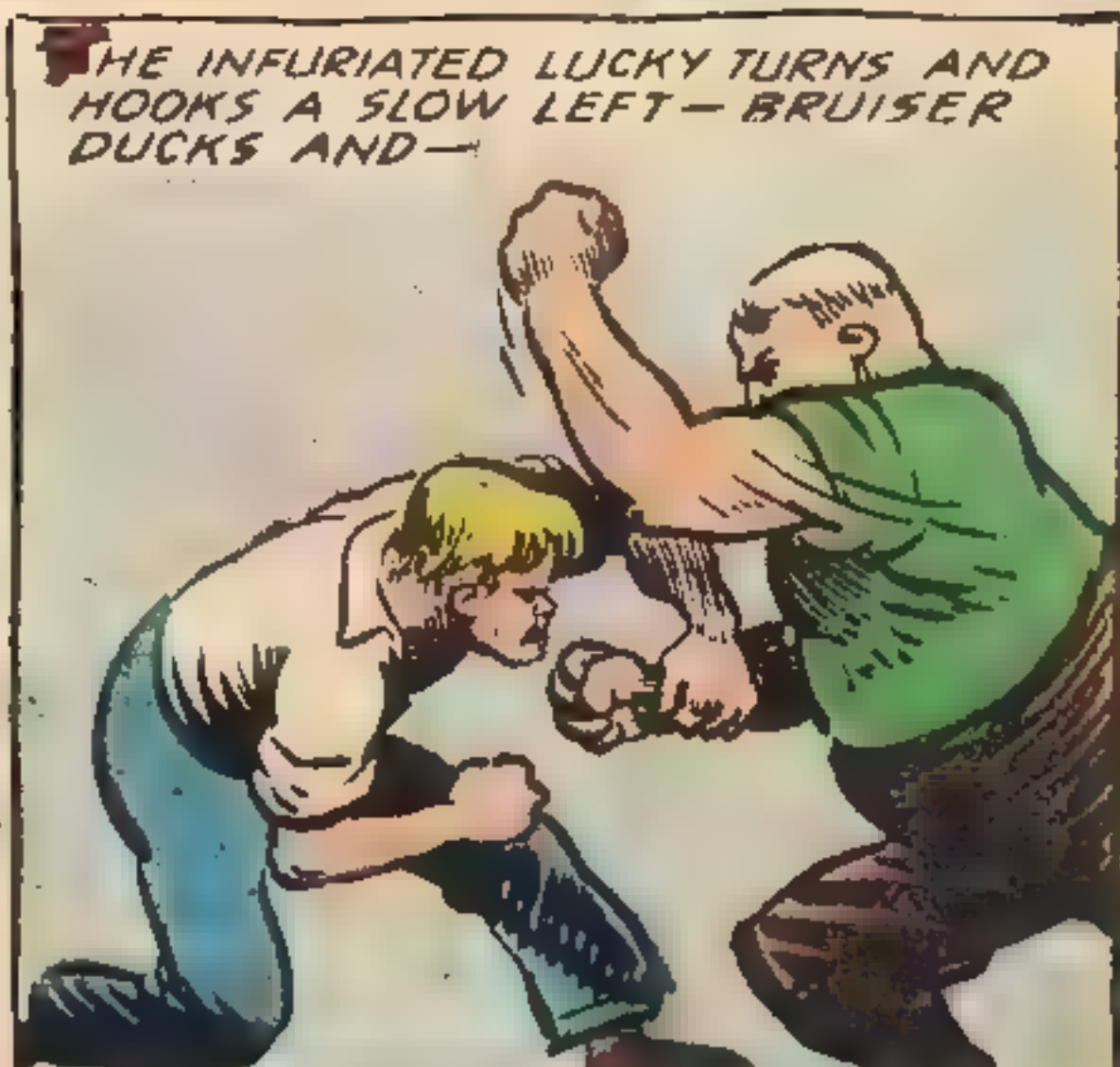
THAT GUY'S A CRAZY  
MAN—HE'S GONNA  
WRECK MY BOAT!



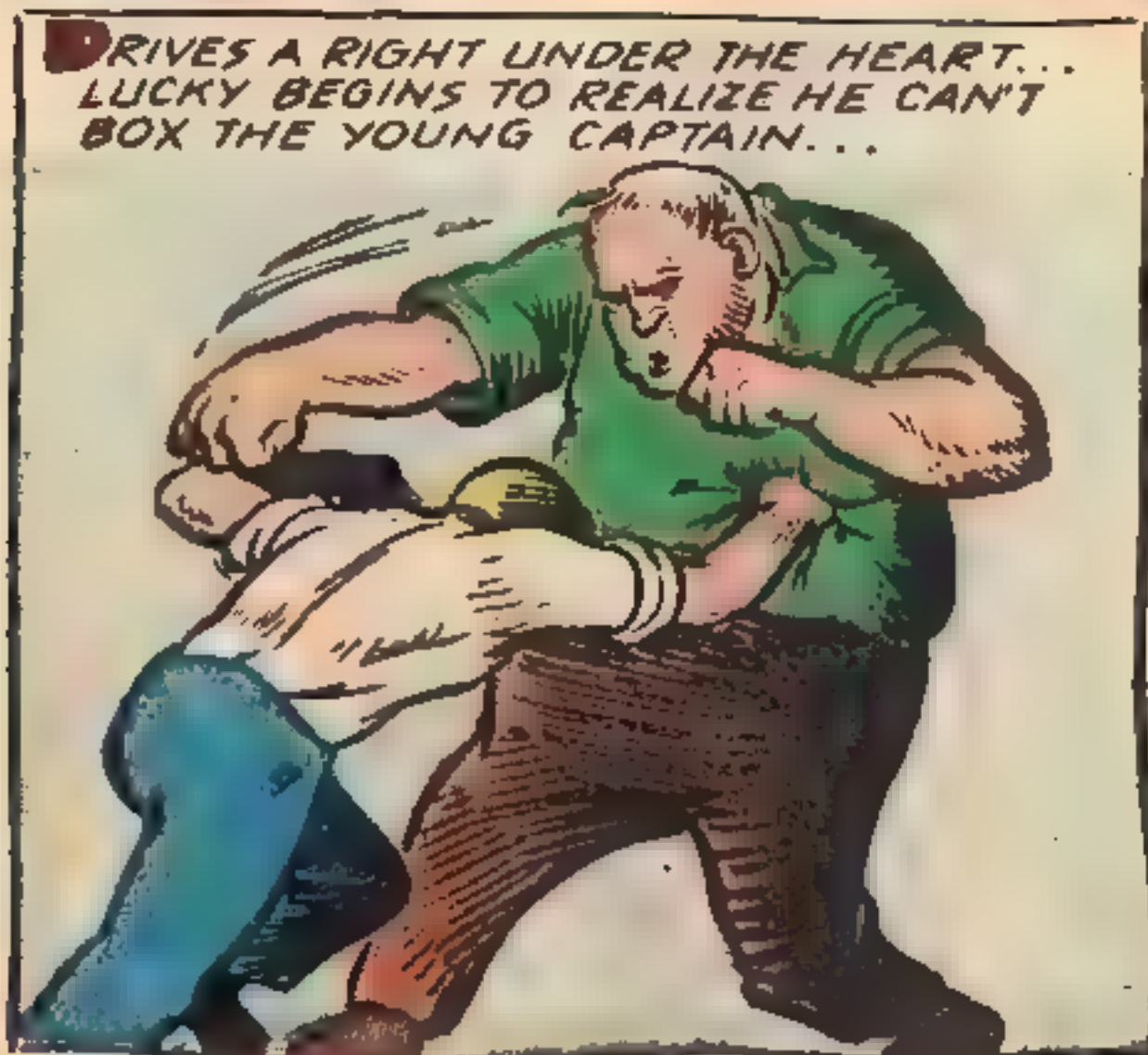
LET GO OF THAT  
WHEEL!



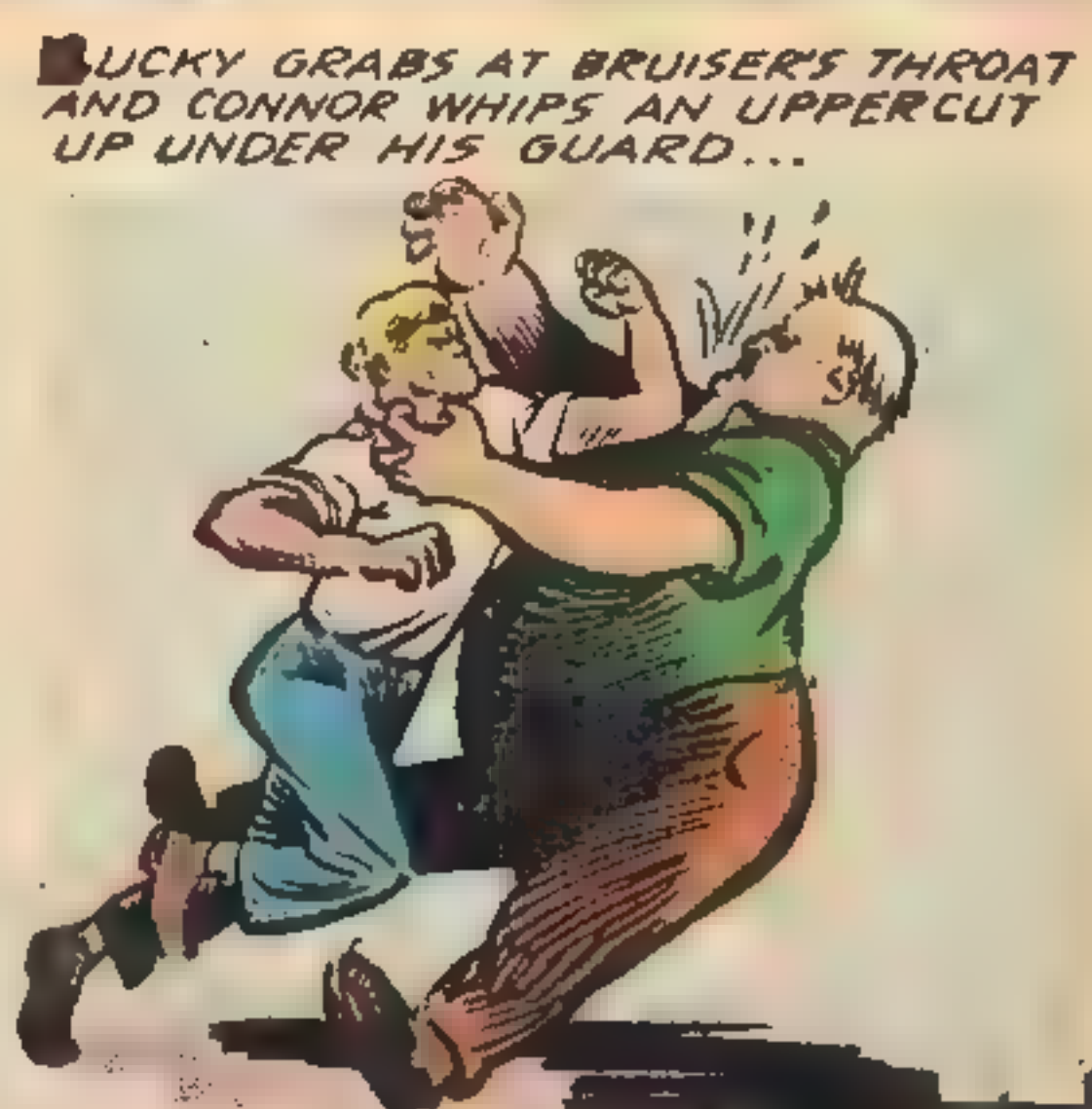
BRUISER LEADS A RIGHT TO LUCKY'S  
EYE—IT'S LIKE A GNAT STINGING  
A RHINO...



THE INFURIATED LUCKY TURNS AND  
HOOKS A SLOW LEFT—BRUISER  
DUCKS AND—



DRIVES A RIGHT UNDER THE HEART...  
LUCKY BEGINS TO REALIZE HE CAN'T  
BOX THE YOUNG CAPTAIN...



LUCKY GRABS AT BRUISER'S THROAT  
AND CONNOR WHIPS AN UPPERCUT  
UP UNDER HIS GUARD...

THEY FALL TO THE DECK

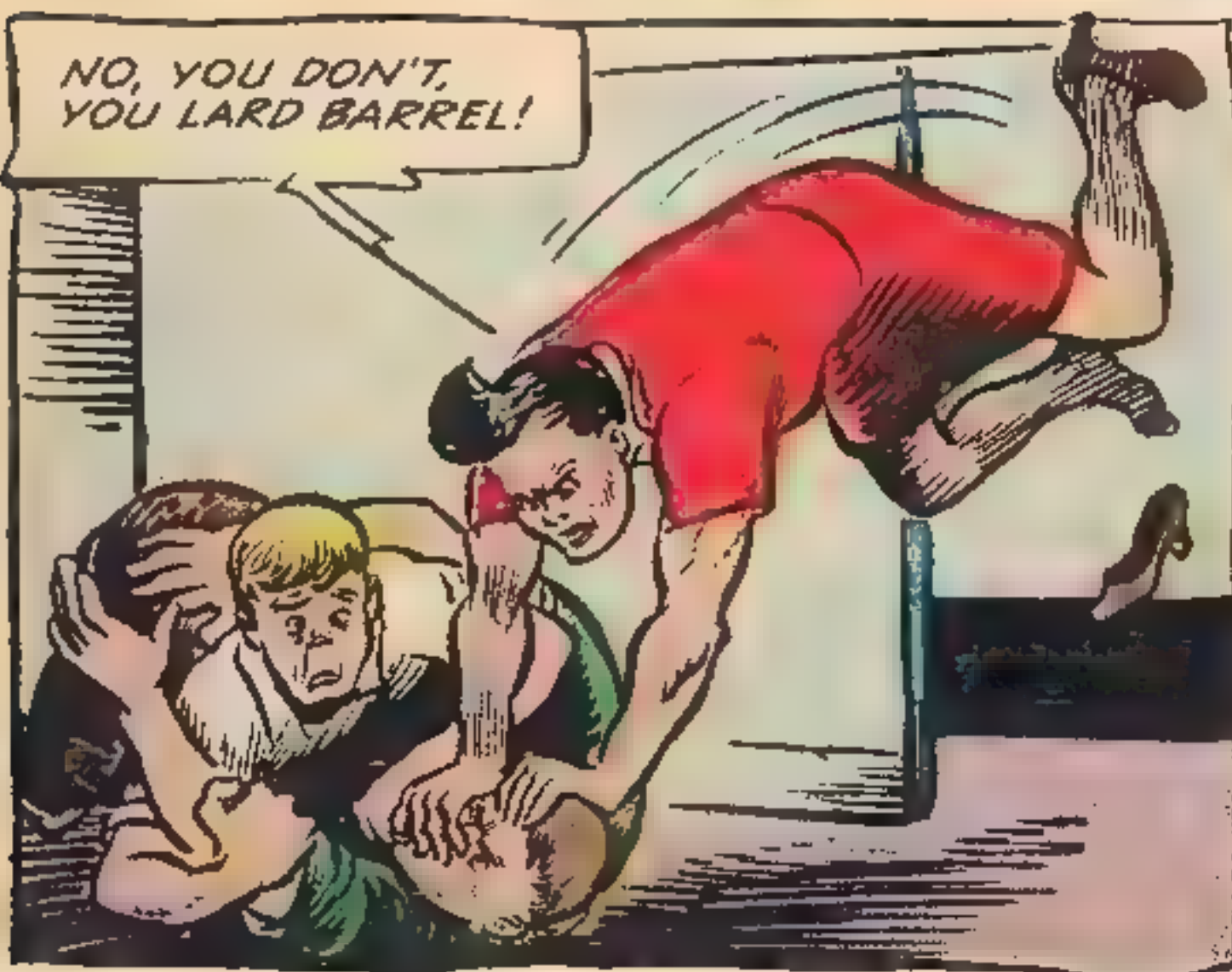


NOW, Y' GAMECOCK,  
I'LL BREAK YER  
NECK!

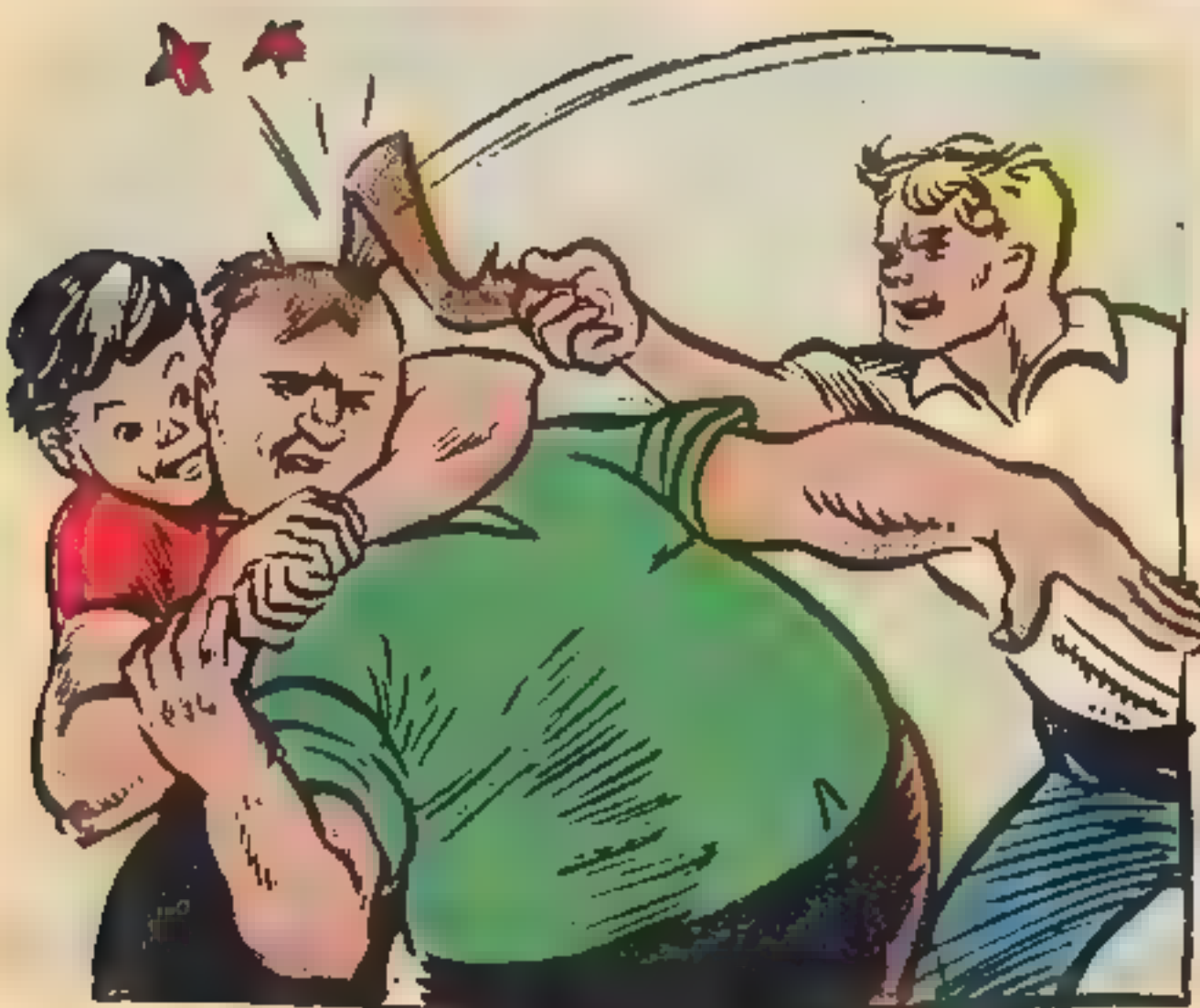
OOOF!



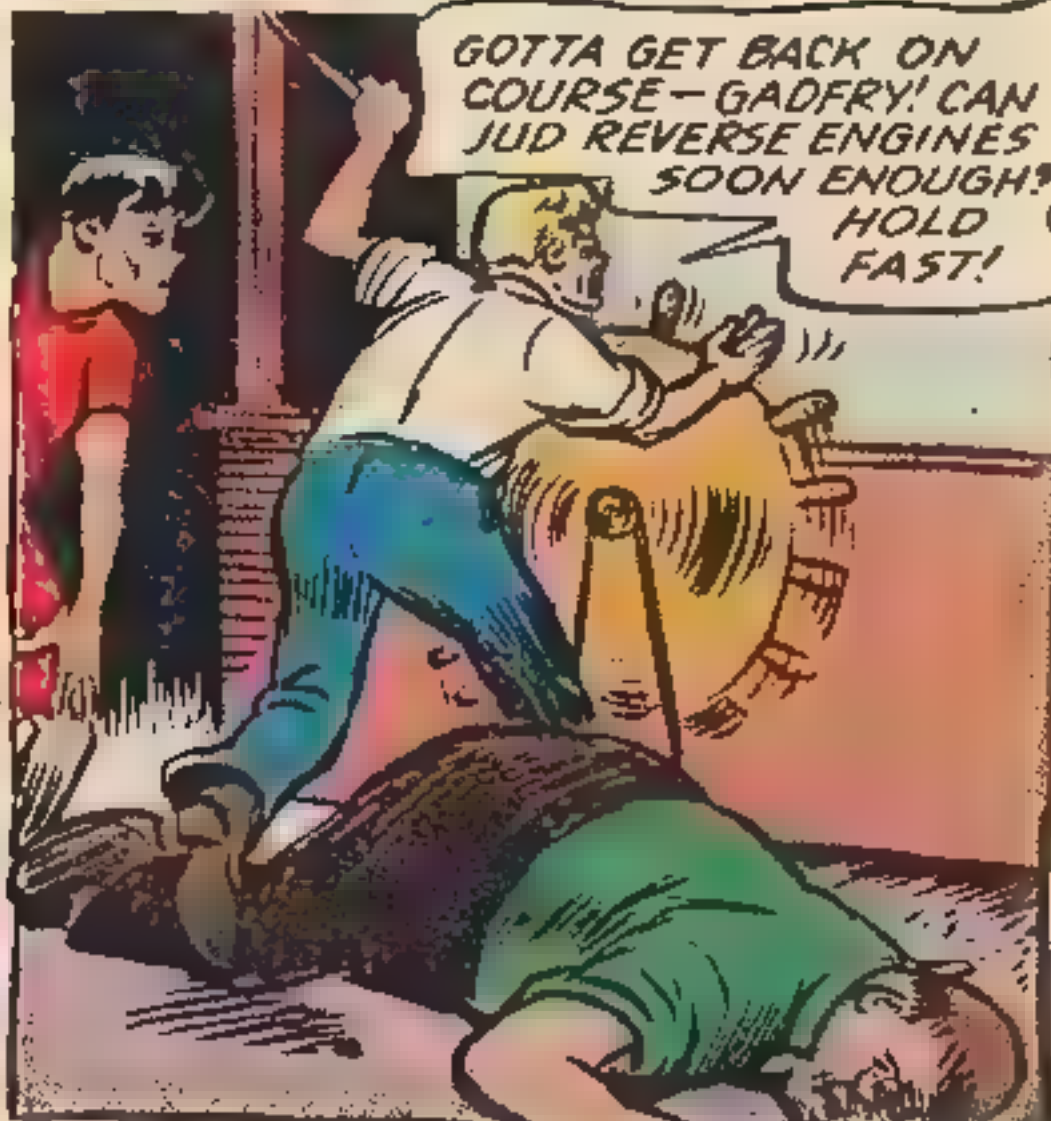
NO, YOU DON'T,  
YOU LARD BARREL!



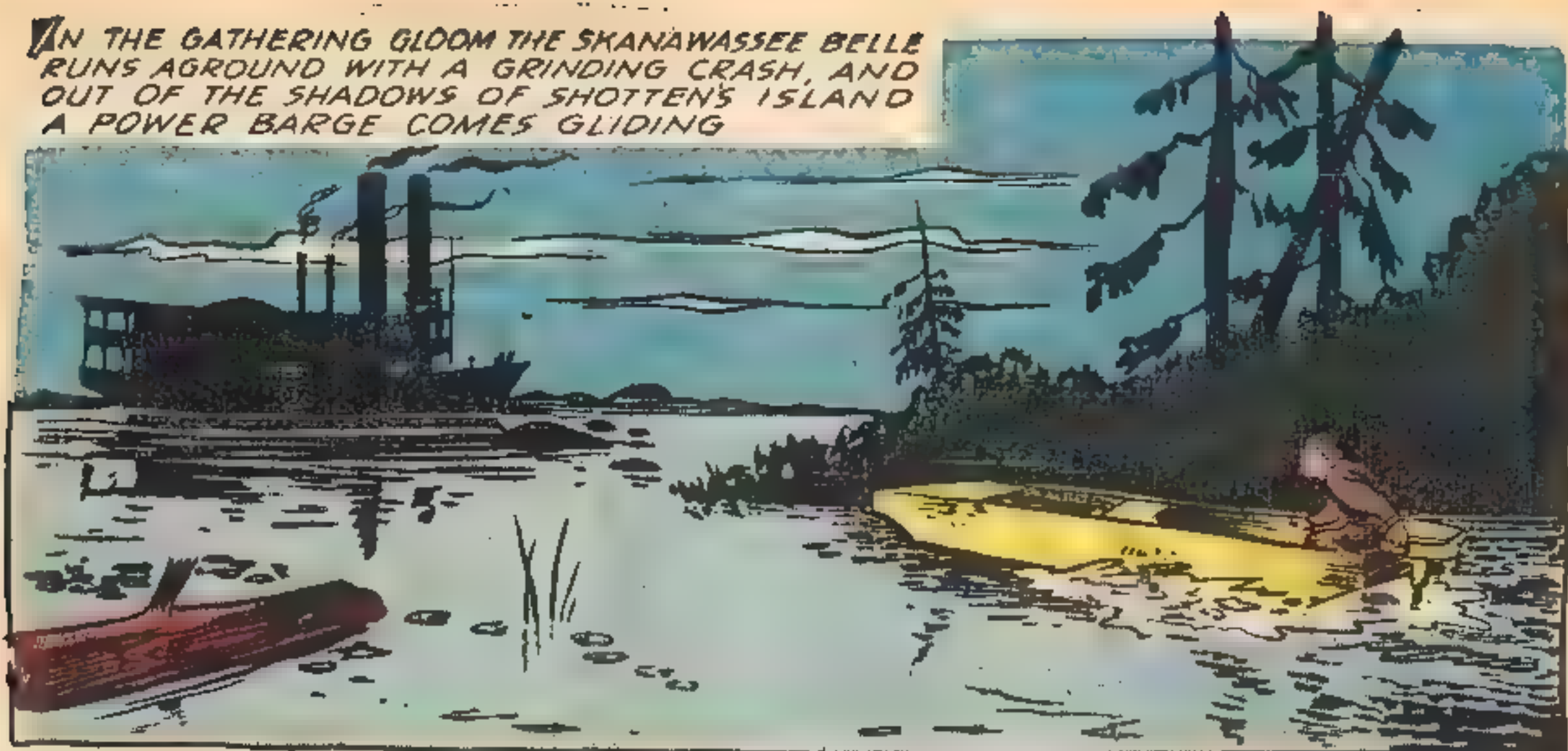
USE MY SHOE, KID!



GOTTA GET BACK ON  
COURSE—GADFRY! CAN  
JUD REVERSE ENGINES  
SOON ENOUGH?  
HOLD  
FAST!



IN THE GATHERING GLOOM THE SKANAWASSEE BELLE RUNS AGROUND WITH A GRINDING CRASH, AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF SHOTTEN'S ISLAND A POWER BARGE COMES GLIDING



NOW TO GET BACK THERE AND LEAD DANCER INTO THAT BOX.



WHAT LUCK! THE CRASH MUST HAVE FREED DANCER—HERE SHE COMES UP THE DECK!

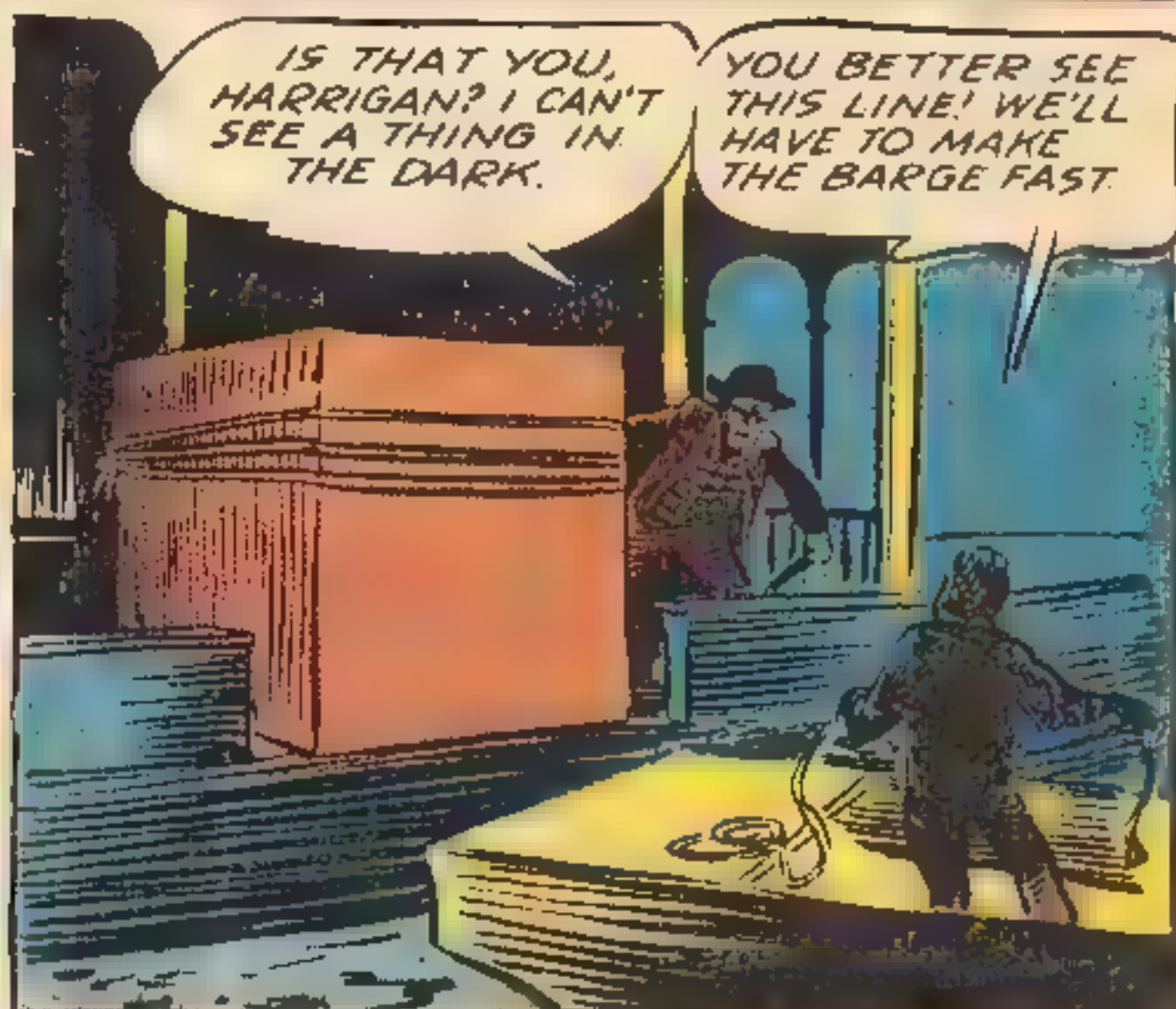


DASH IT! WHERE'S LUCKY? I'LL HAVE TO DO THIS JOB ALONE!

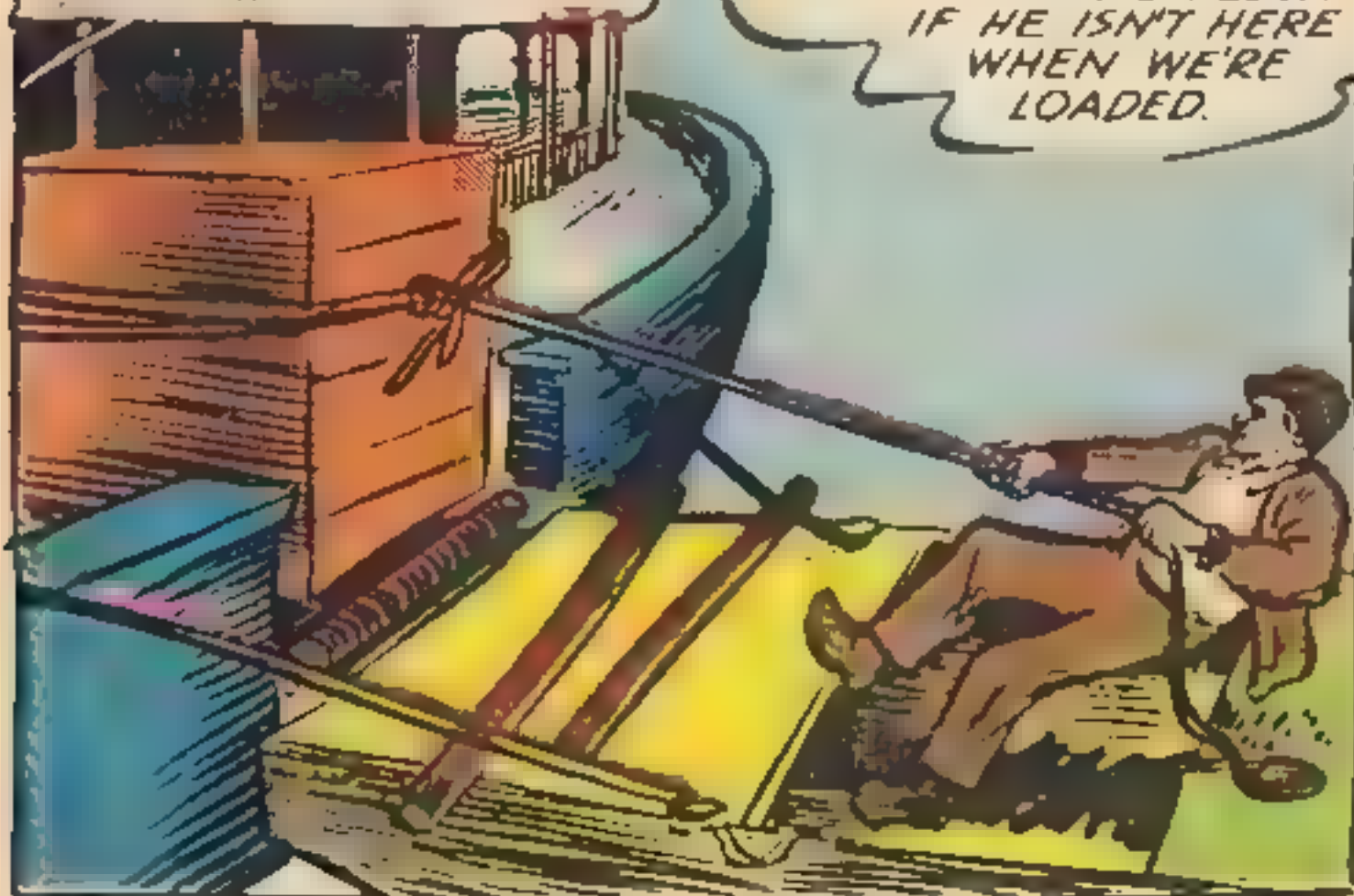


IS THAT YOU, HARRIGAN? I CAN'T SEE A THING IN THE DARK.

YOU BETTER SEE THIS LINE! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BARGE FAST.

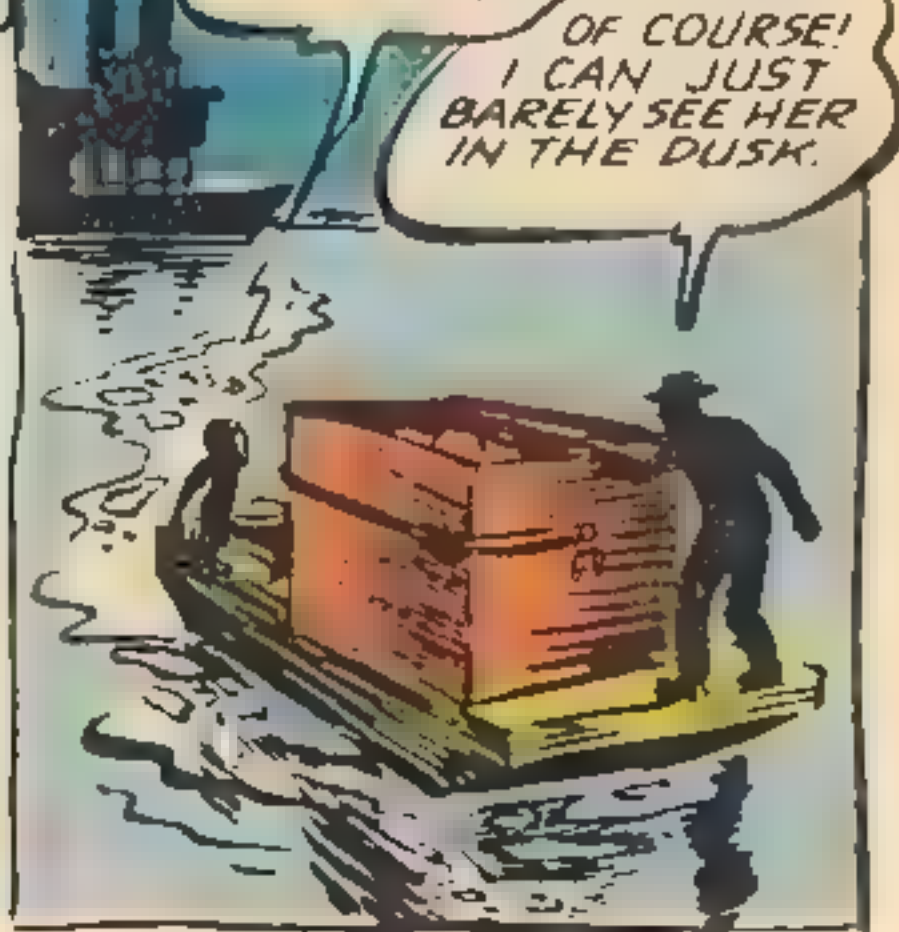


OKAY, HAUL AWAY, I'LL  
SHOVE - IS SHE GOIN'  
ONTO THE ROLLERS?



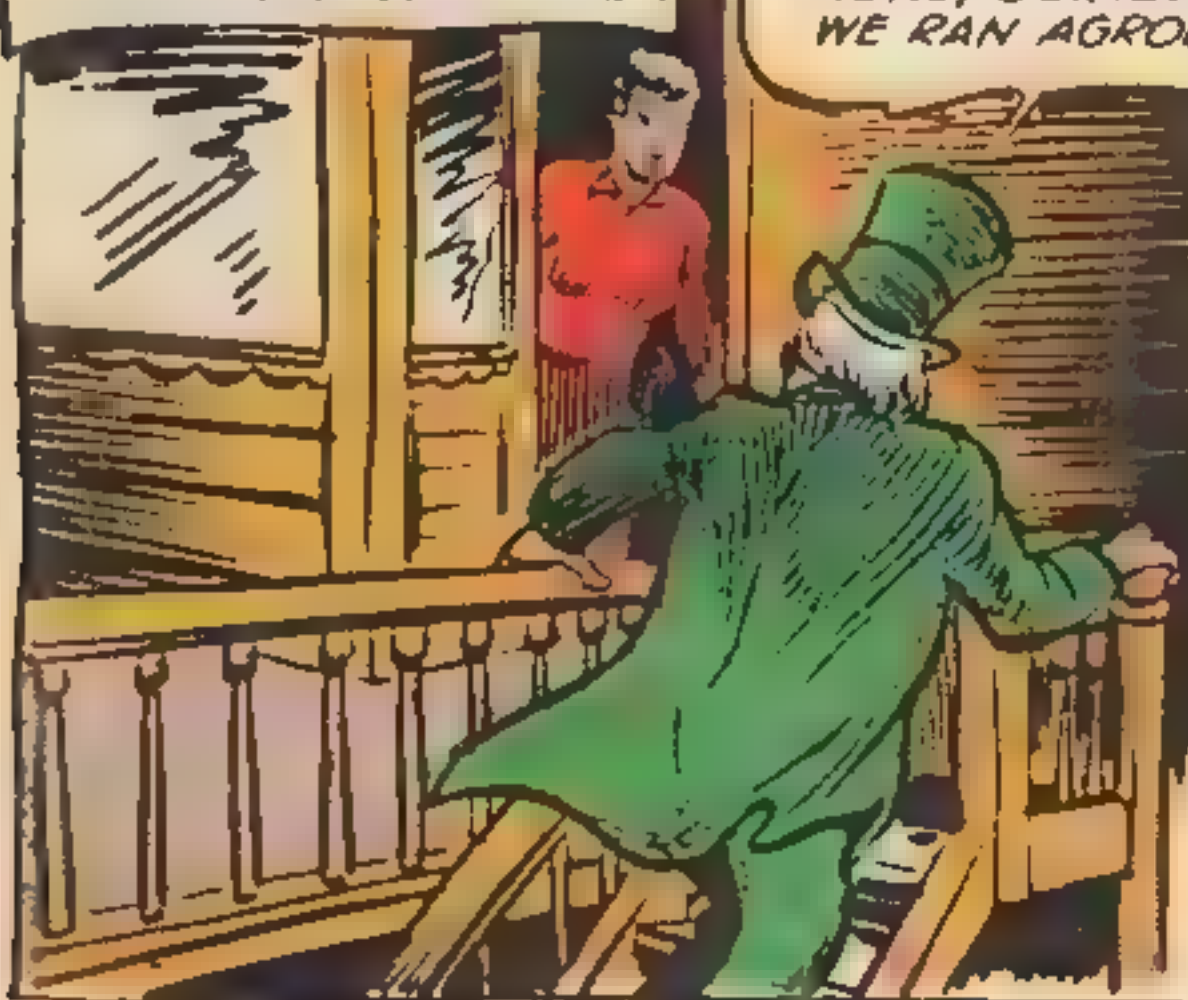
YEH, COMIN' EASY, TOO!  
AN' HURRY UP - I'M  
NOT WAITIN ON LUCKY  
IF HE ISN'T HERE  
WHEN WE'RE  
LOADED.

THAT BOX CAME OFF  
ALMOST TOO EASY - YOU  
SURE THERE'S A HORSE  
IN THERE?



OF COURSE!  
I CAN JUST  
BARELY SEE HER  
IN THE DUSK.

MEANWHILE - BACK ON  
THE SKANAWASSEE BELLE.



WHAT'S GOING ON UP  
HERE, GUINEVERE?  
WE RAN AGROUND.



HEY, PROFESSOR!  
A BOAT CAME  
ALONGSIDE AND  
SWIPED SOMETHING,  
AND THAT ACE  
JUMPED WITH IT!



YEAH, AN' LUCKY CAME  
UP HERE TO RUN THE  
SHOWBOAT AGROUND...  
WE GOT HIM BUT  
TOO LATE.



IF LUCKY AND ACE  
ARE MIXED UP IN  
IT, THEY WERE  
AFTER DANCER!



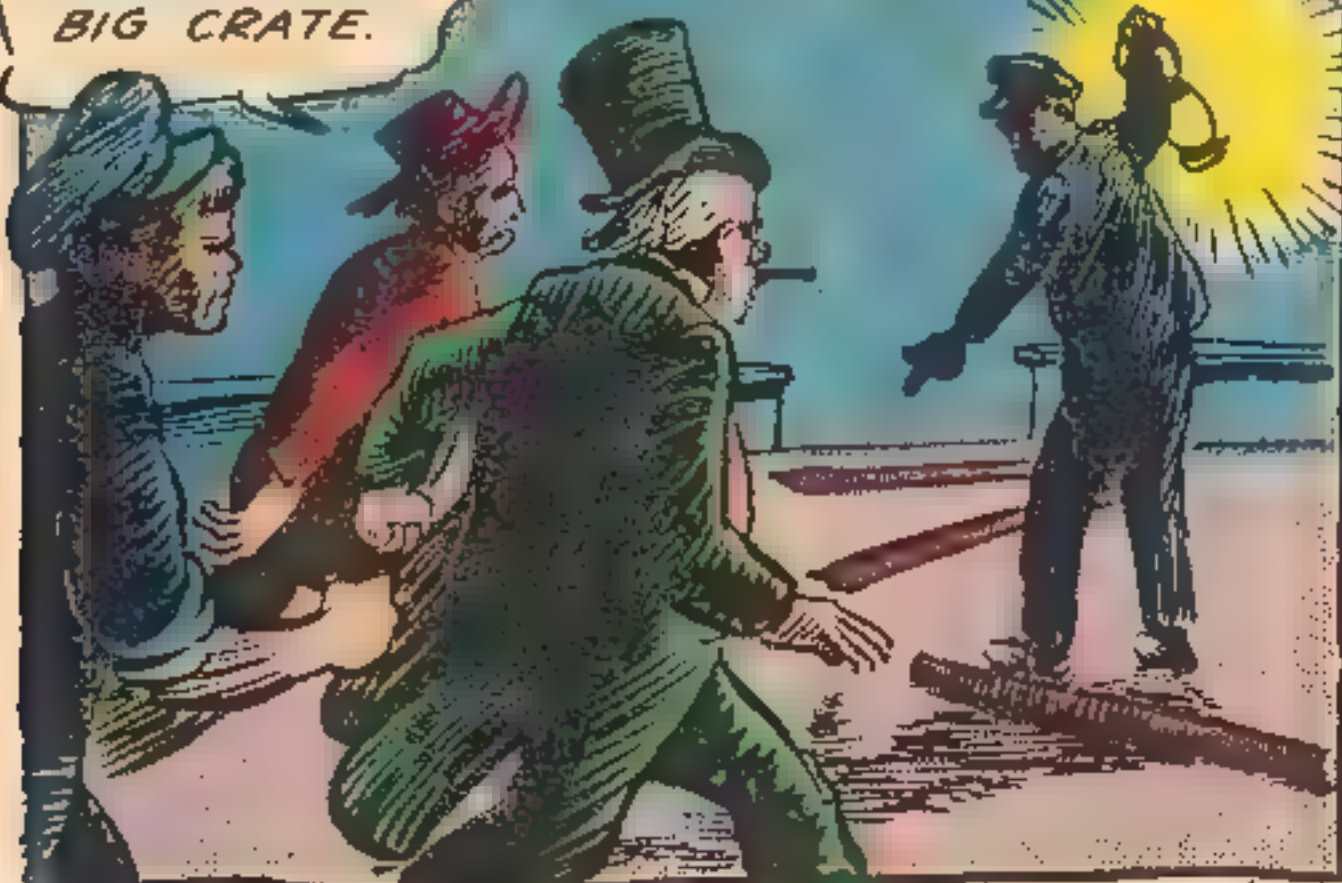
BUT SHE'S  
SAFE BELOW!

SEE THESE ROLLERS? THOSE CROOKS WERE AFTER SOMETHING HEAVY.

ONLY THING MISSIN' IS A BIG CRATE.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN AFTER DANCER AND WERE FRIGHTENED OFF— BUT BY WHOM?

SAY— WHERE'S FROGGIE AND RED?



YA KNOW, THEY WERE PRACTICIN' A HORSE ACT— DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW ABOUT IT!

GOLLY! DO YOU THINK THEY—

YEAH! I THINK THOSE DERN FOOL CROOKS WERE IN SUCH A HURRY TO STEAL A HORSE THAT THEY STOLE A PLAIN MAKE-BELIEVE NAG!

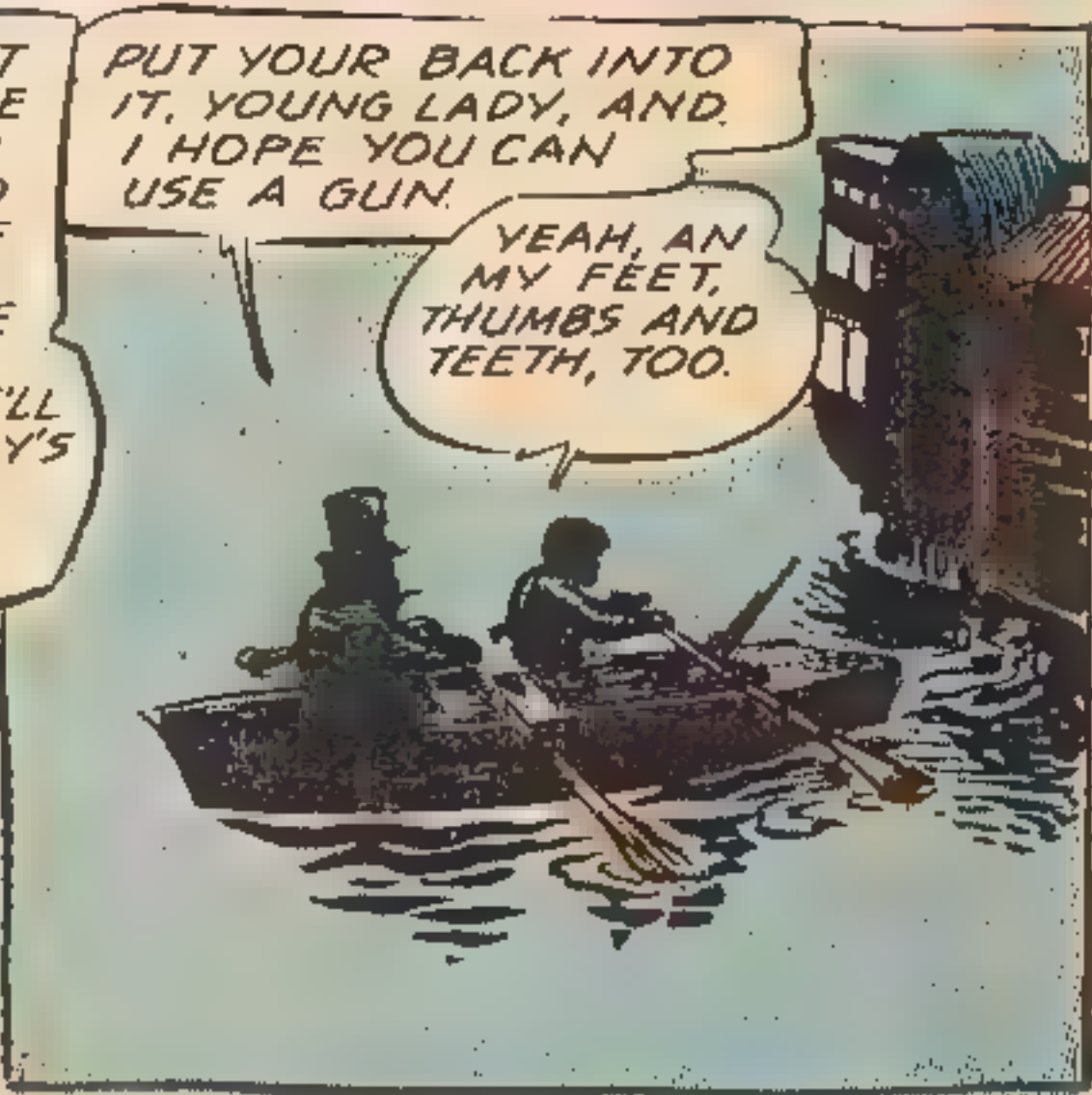


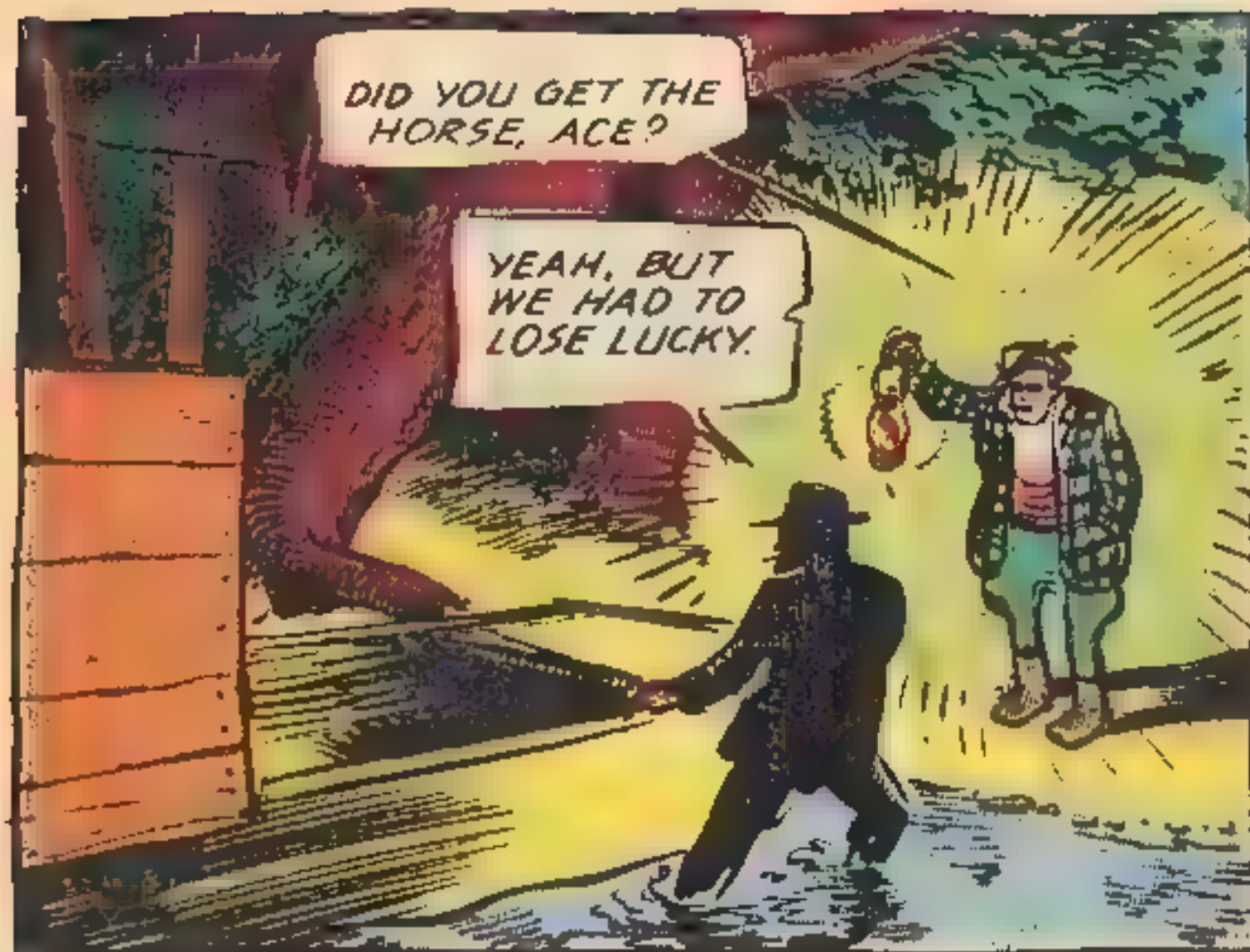
THAT MEANS FROGGIE AND RED ARE IN DANGER!

CAPTAIN CONNOR, GET ME A SKIFF... GUINEVERE AND I WILL GO OVER TO SHOTTEN'S ISLAND FOR A LOOK— YOU SEE IF YOU CAN GET OFF THIS REEF... WE'LL BE BACK IF IT LOOKS FRUITLESS, AND WE'LL SEND OVER TO HOLLY'S FERRY FOR HELP FROM THE POLICE.

PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT, YOUNG LADY, AND I HOPE YOU CAN USE A GUN.

YEAH, AN MY FEET, THUMBS AND TEETH, TOO.





DID YOU GET THE HORSE, ACE?

YEAH, BUT WE HAD TO LOSE LUCKY.

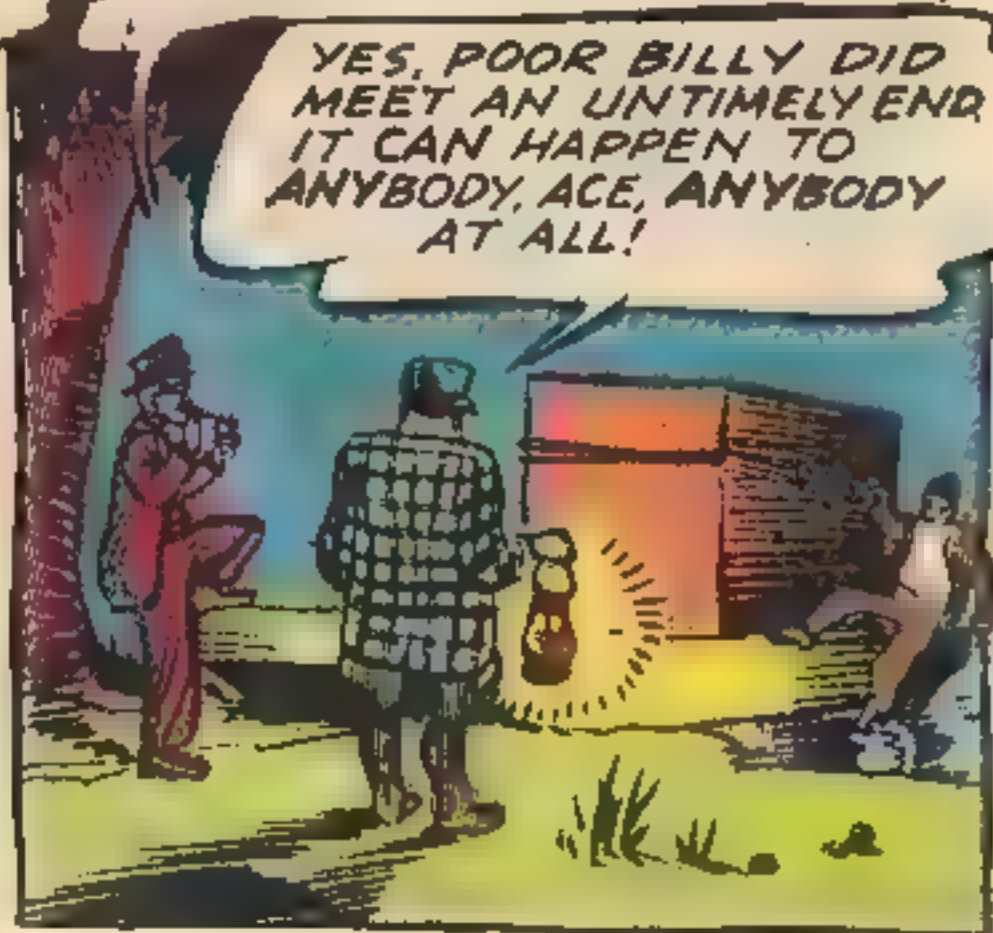


WE MUST GET LUCKY OUT OF ANY DIFFICULTY. LUCKY SHOULDN'T TALK, ACE--THAT WASN'T VERY SMART TO LEAVE HIM.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM GUYS WHO DO YER DIRTY WORK, DOC, BRAINS?? IF I WAS SMART I WOULDN'T BE SNATCHING NAGS FOR THE GREAT DOCTOR BULLARD.

YOU SOUND BITTER, ACE, MY BOY... DESPITE ALL THAT, WE MUST SEE THAT LUCKY DOES NOT TALK.

YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW TO DO THAT. TRAINER BILLY PERKINS NEVER TOLD HOW YOU DOPED FANTAIL LAST YEAR.

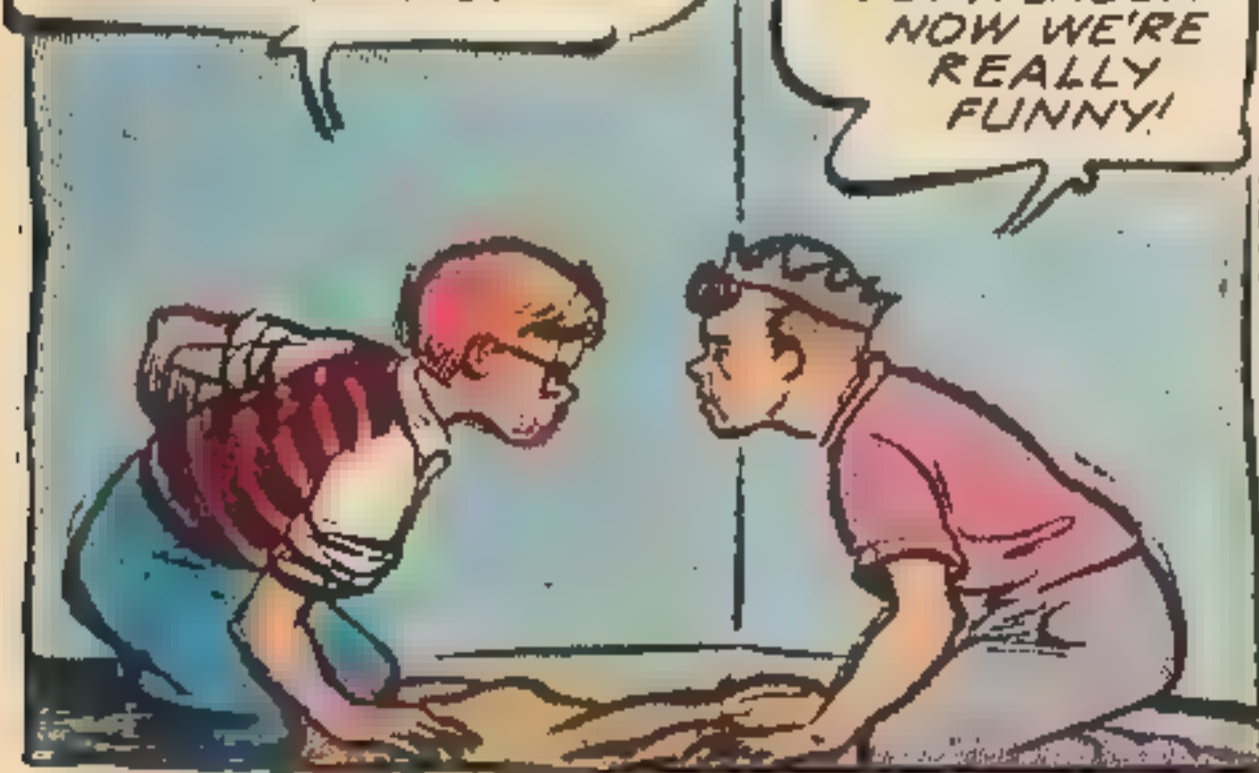


YES, POOR BILLY DID MEET AN UNTIMELY END IT CAN HAPPEN TO ANYBODY, ACE, ANYBODY AT ALL!

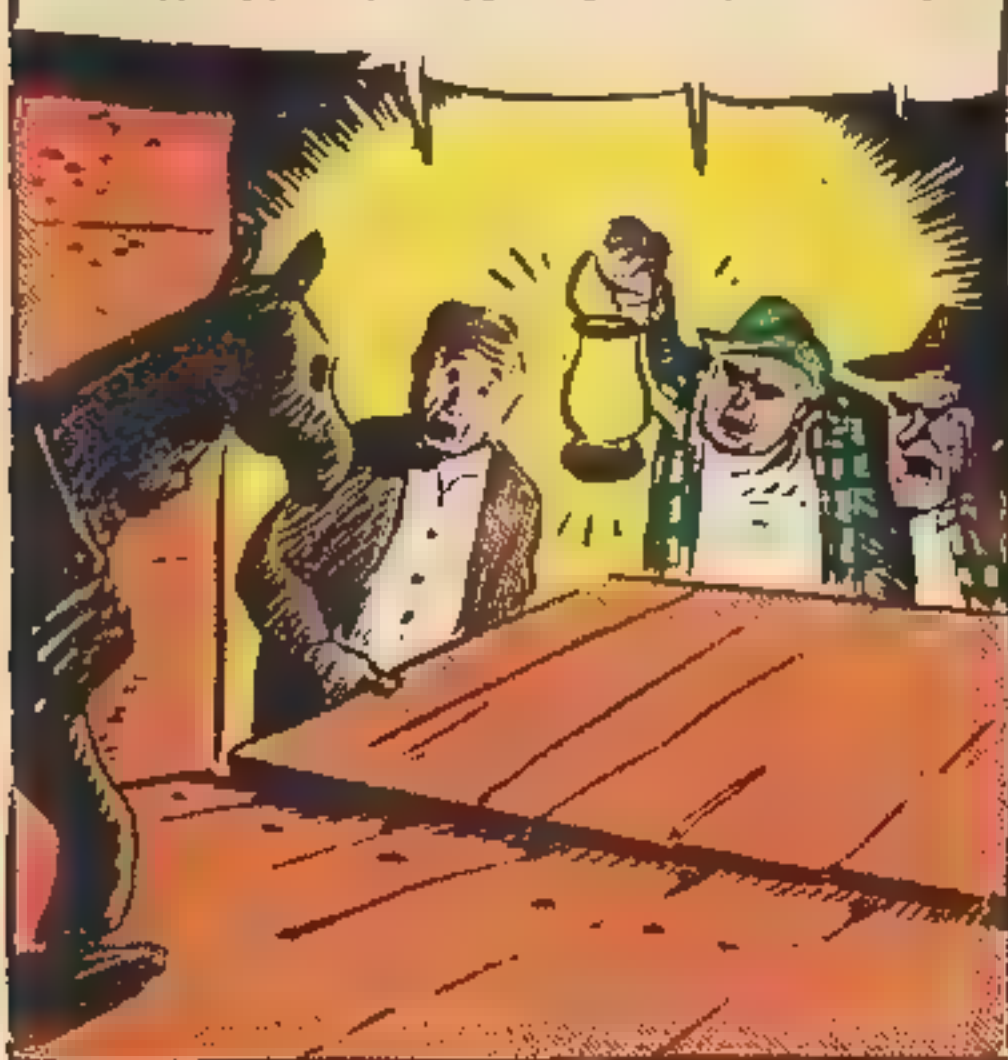
PSST-- RED, MEBBE WE SHOULD HAVE SUNG OUT BEFORE THIS, EVEN THOUGH WE DID WANT TO TRACK DOWN THESE CROOKS. BUT THIS DOC BULLARD SOUNDS TOUGH--TOO TOUGH FOR ME!

YEH, BUT WE'RE IN IT NOW, LET'S GO THROUGH WITH IT--WE'LL COME OUT AS THE HORSE... IF WE GET A LAUGH NOW WE'RE REALLY FUNNY!

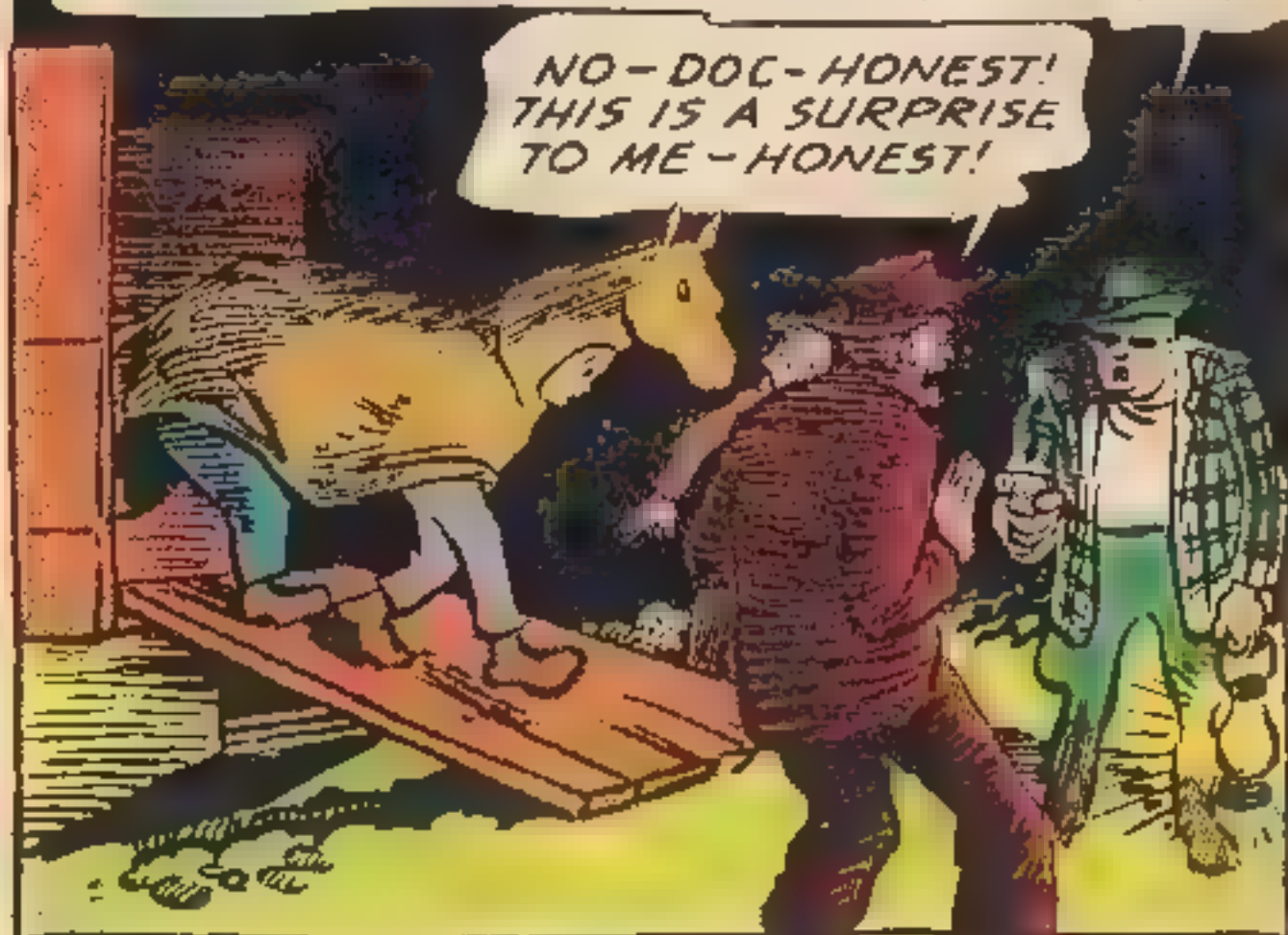
ALL RIGHT, CUT THE ROPE AND LEAD HER OUT... LET'S SEE HOW SHE SURVIVED THE VOYAGE, BOYS.



WHAT IN THUNDER IS THAT!?



IF THIS IS A JOKE, ACE, THE PUNCH LINE IS GOING TO BE AT YOUR EXPENSE—TALK FAST! HAVE YOU AND LUCKY DOUBLE CROSSED ME?

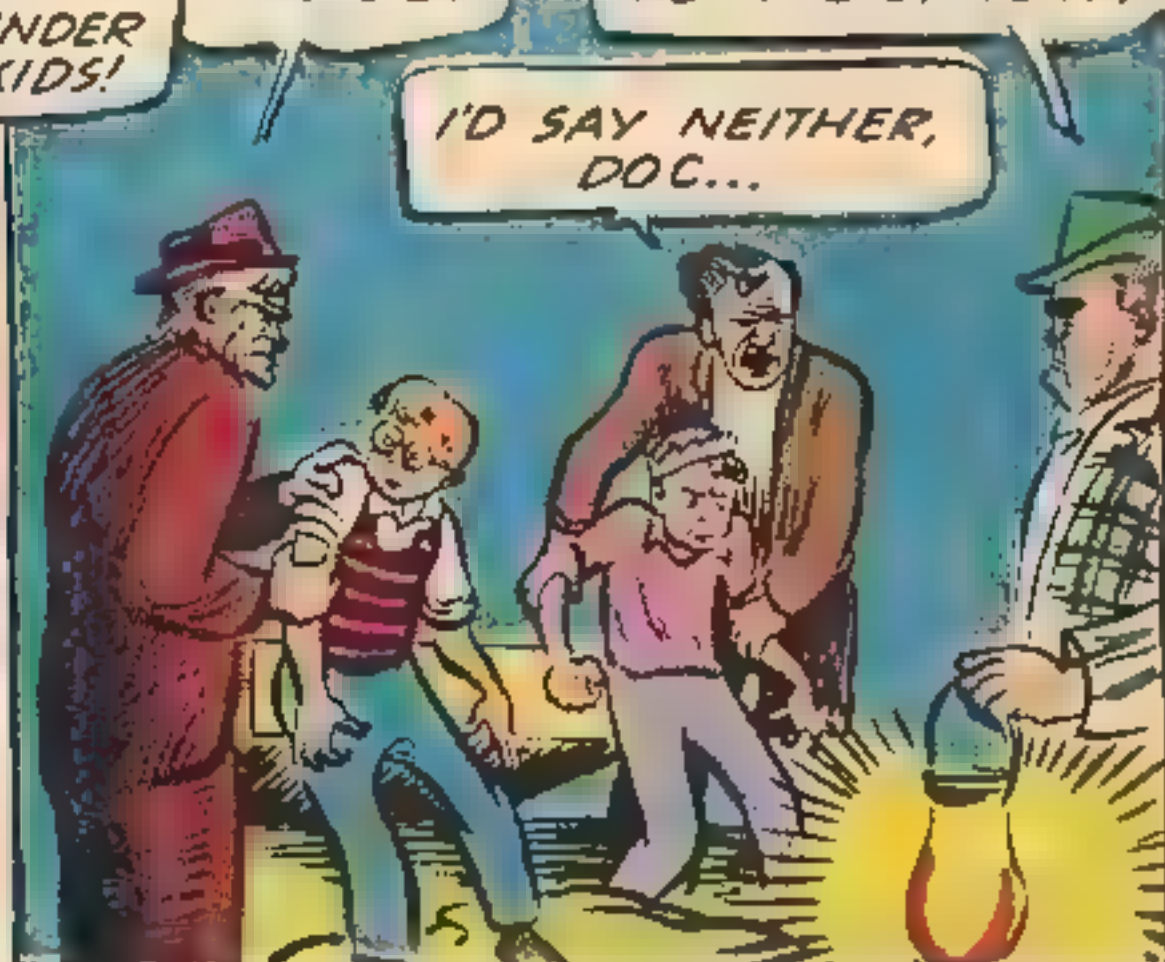


NO—DOC—HONEST! THIS IS A SURPRISE TO ME—HONEST!

I THINK YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH—YOU'D BE TOO CRAVEN TO COME BACK HERE! AND WHO'S UNDER THERE? KIDS!



WHAT WERE YOU KIDS TRYIN' TO DO? JUST A PRANK? OR DID LUCKY PUT YOU UP TO IT?

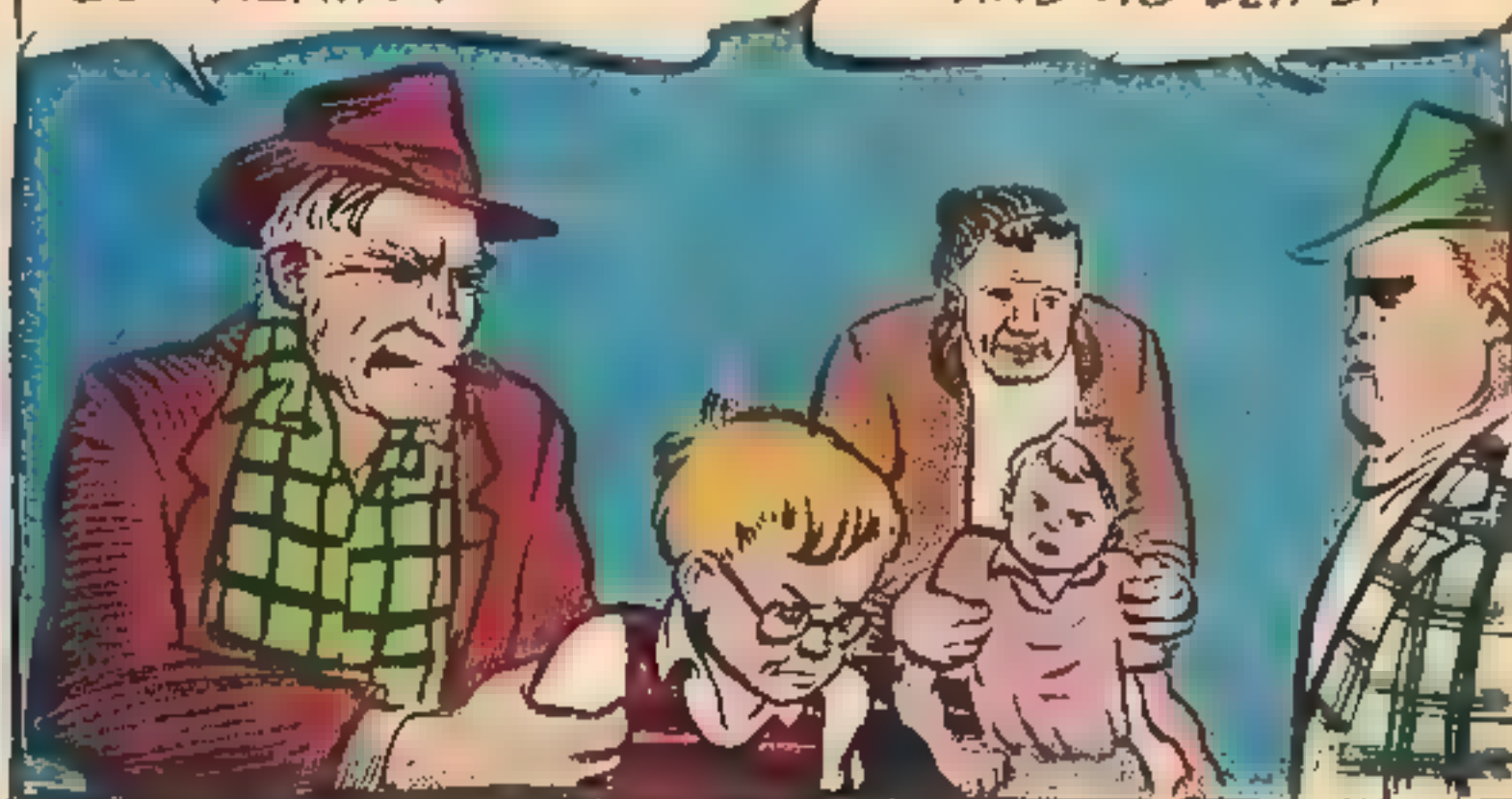


I'D SAY NEITHER, DOC...

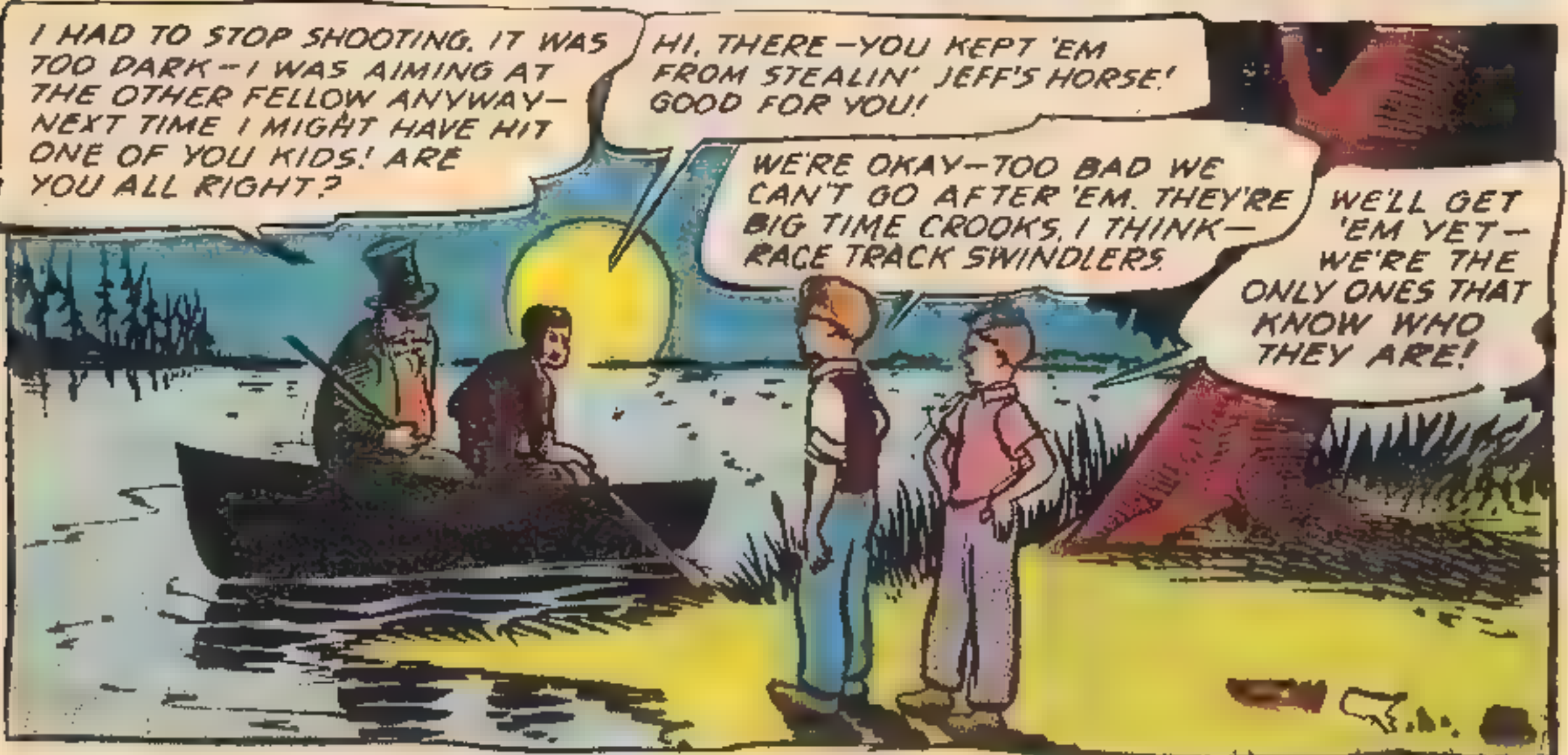
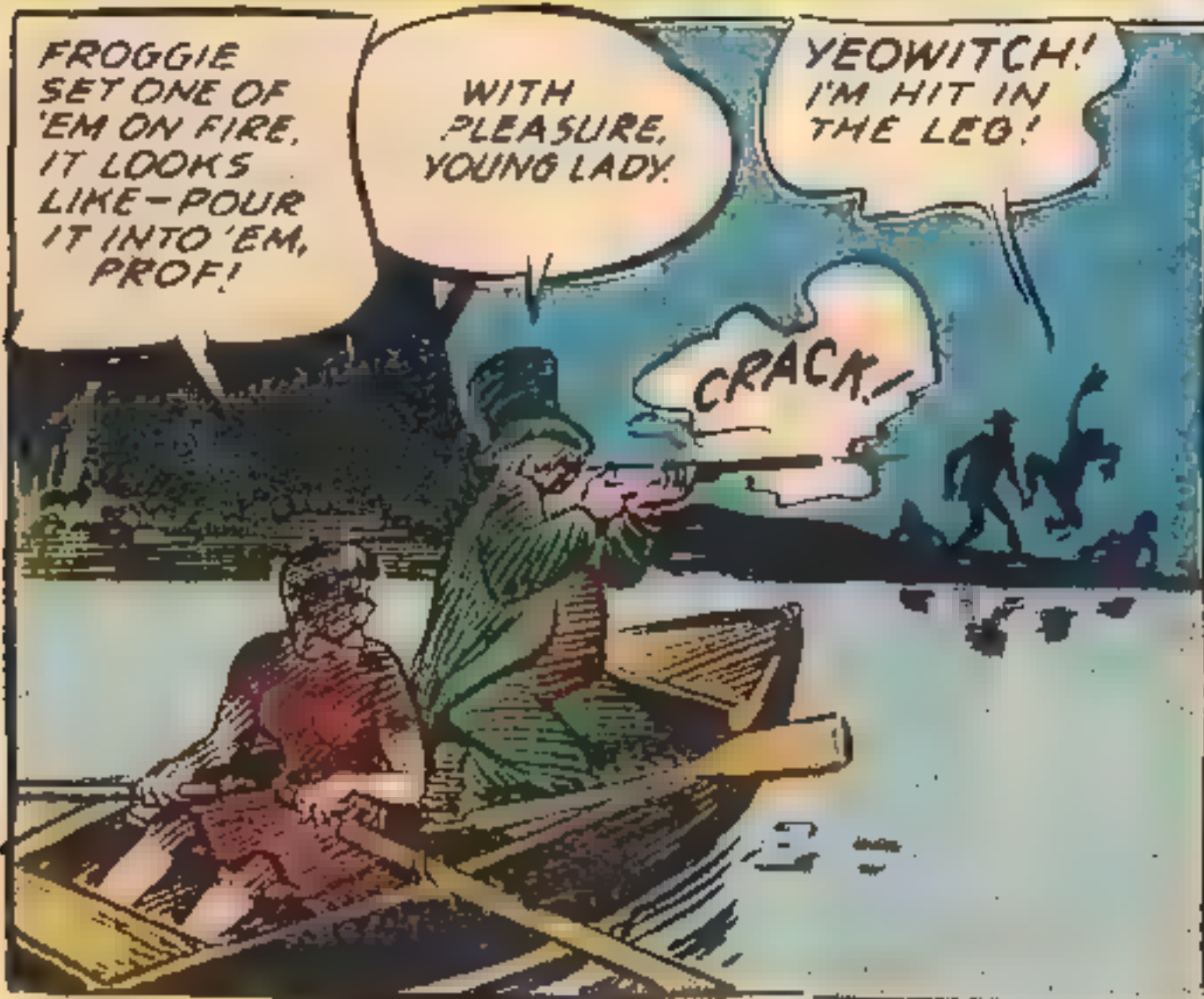
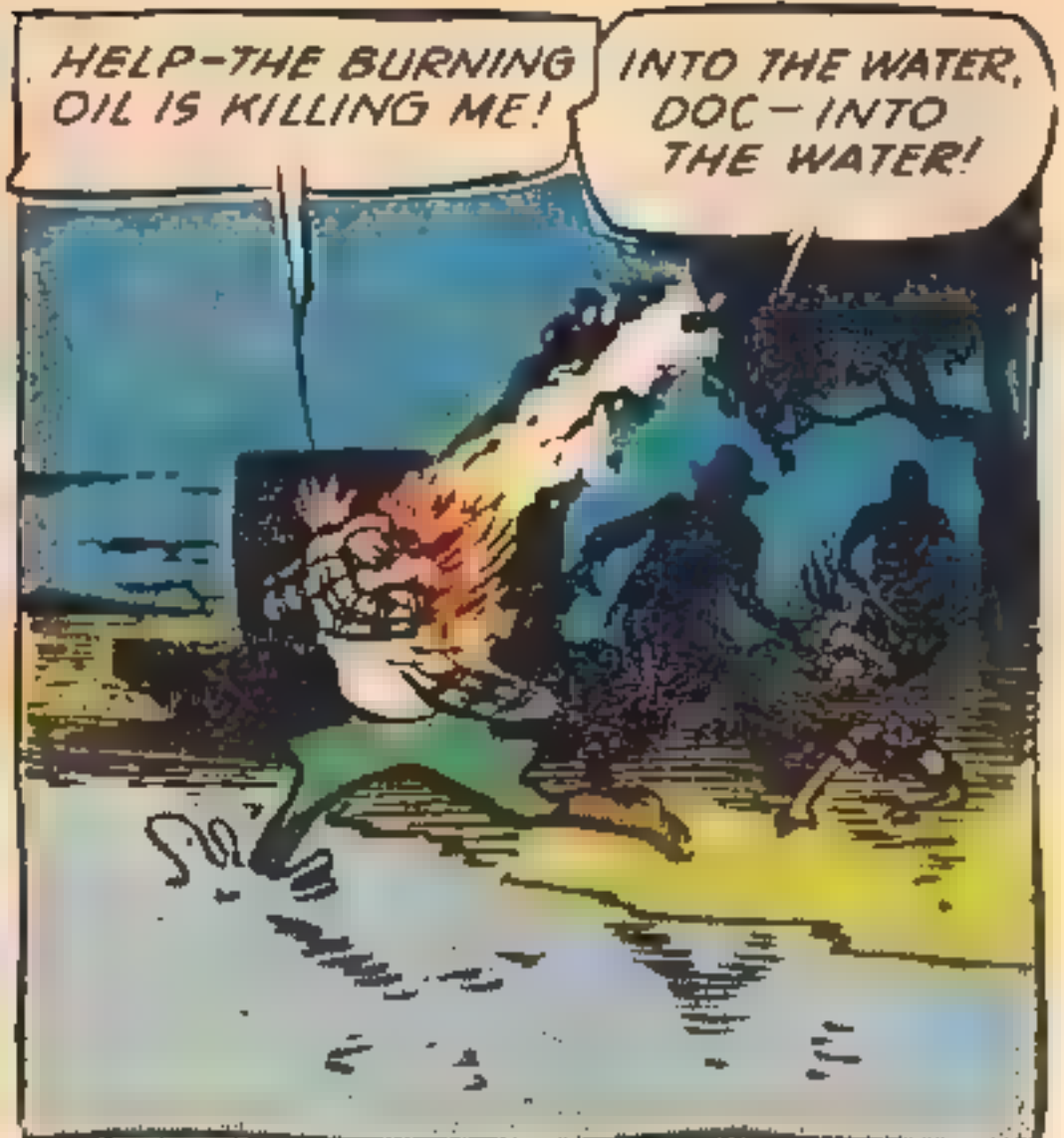
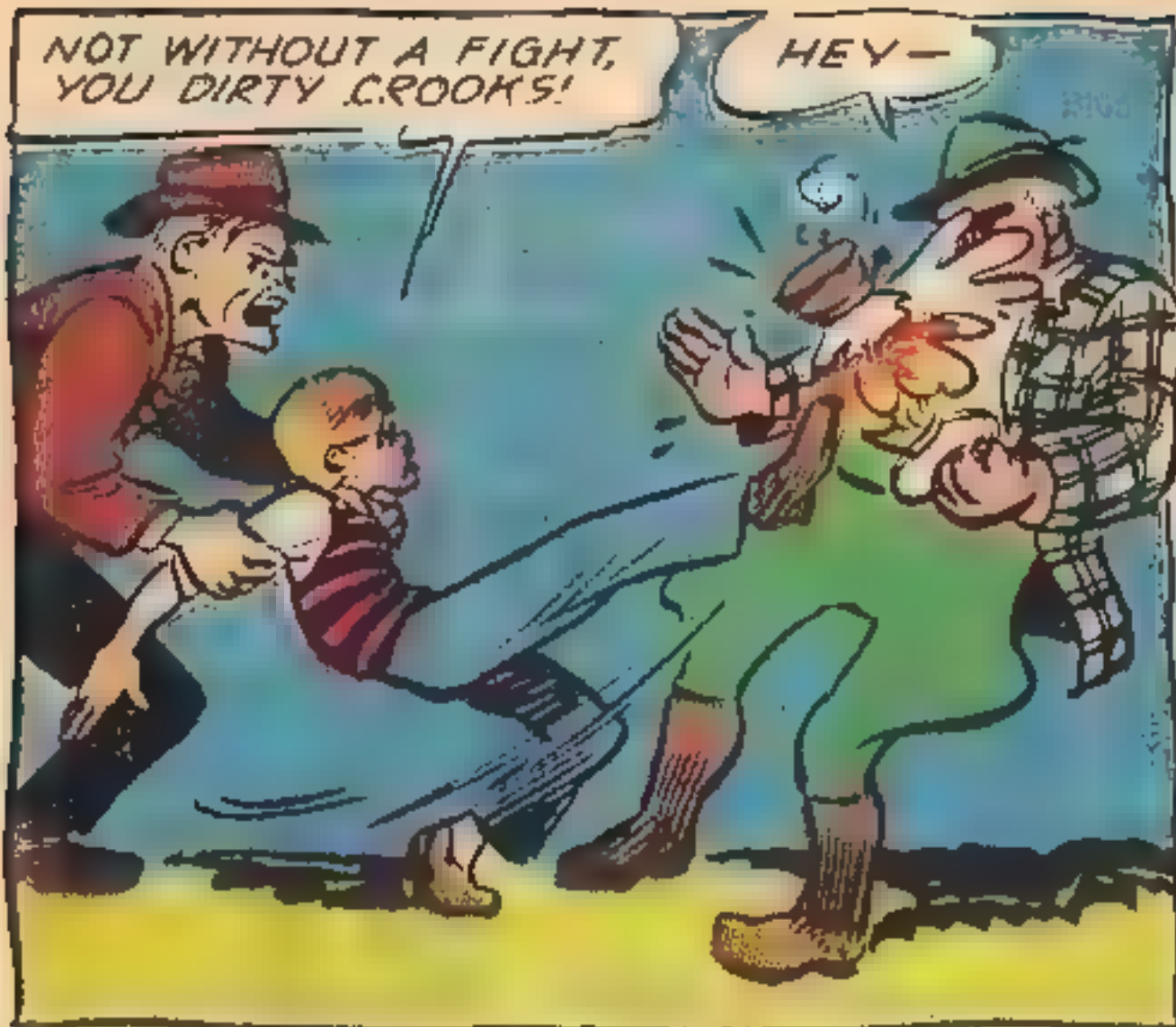
I KNOW WHO THESE KIDS ARE—FROGGY AND RED—THEY HELPED SEND ME AND A COUPLE GUYS UP FOR RUNNIN' BLACK MARKET BUTTER A COUPLE YEARS AGO... I GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH 'EM!



IN OTHER WORDS THESE KIDS ARE SNITCHERS—LITTLE PRYIN' BUSYBODIES! THEY CAN IDENTIFY EVERY ONE OF US—AND THEY HEARD US TALKIN'!



YES, AND YOU WERE PRETTY FREE WITH MY NAME, ACE! I LEAVE IT UP TO YOU TO GET RID OF THEM, AND NO GLIPS!



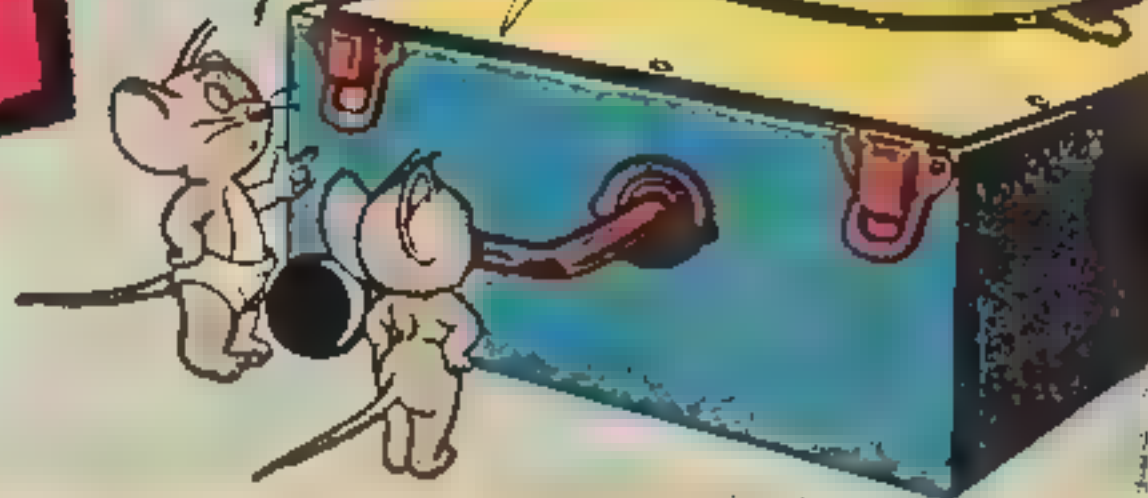
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

M-G-M  
presents

# TOM and JERRY

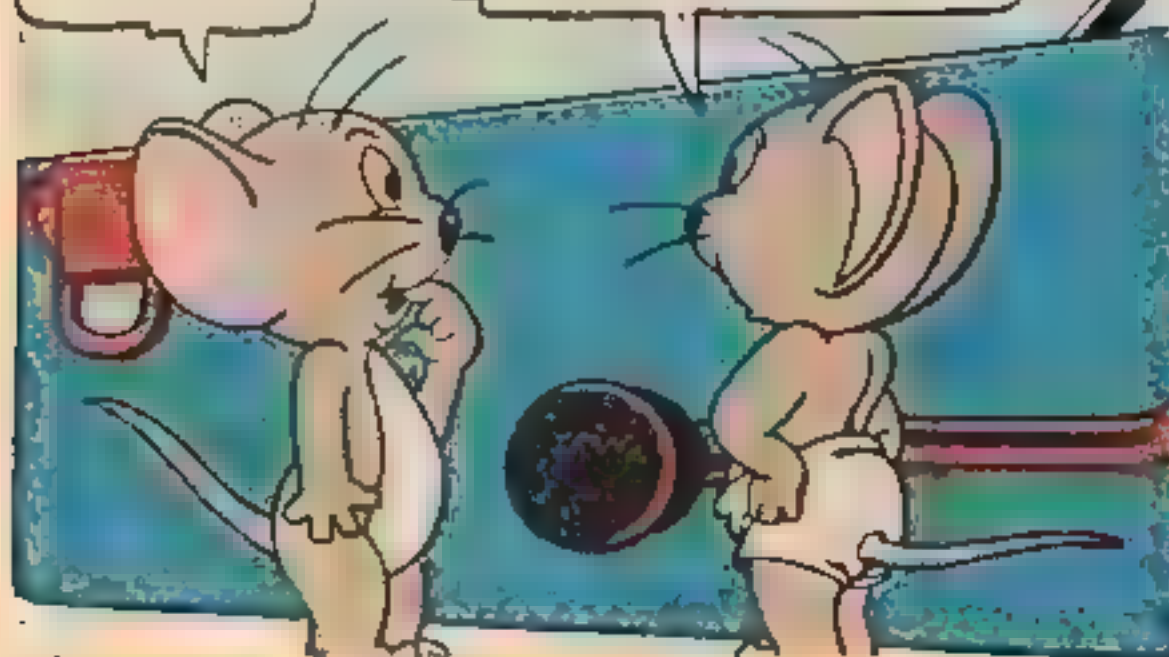
I WONDER WHAT  
THIS FUNNY  
LOOKING BOX IS?

I DON'T KNOW!  
I'VE HEARD VOICES  
AND MUSIC COME  
OUT OF IT!



LET'S LOOK  
INTO IT!

OKAY! BUT HOW WILL  
WE GET UP THERE?

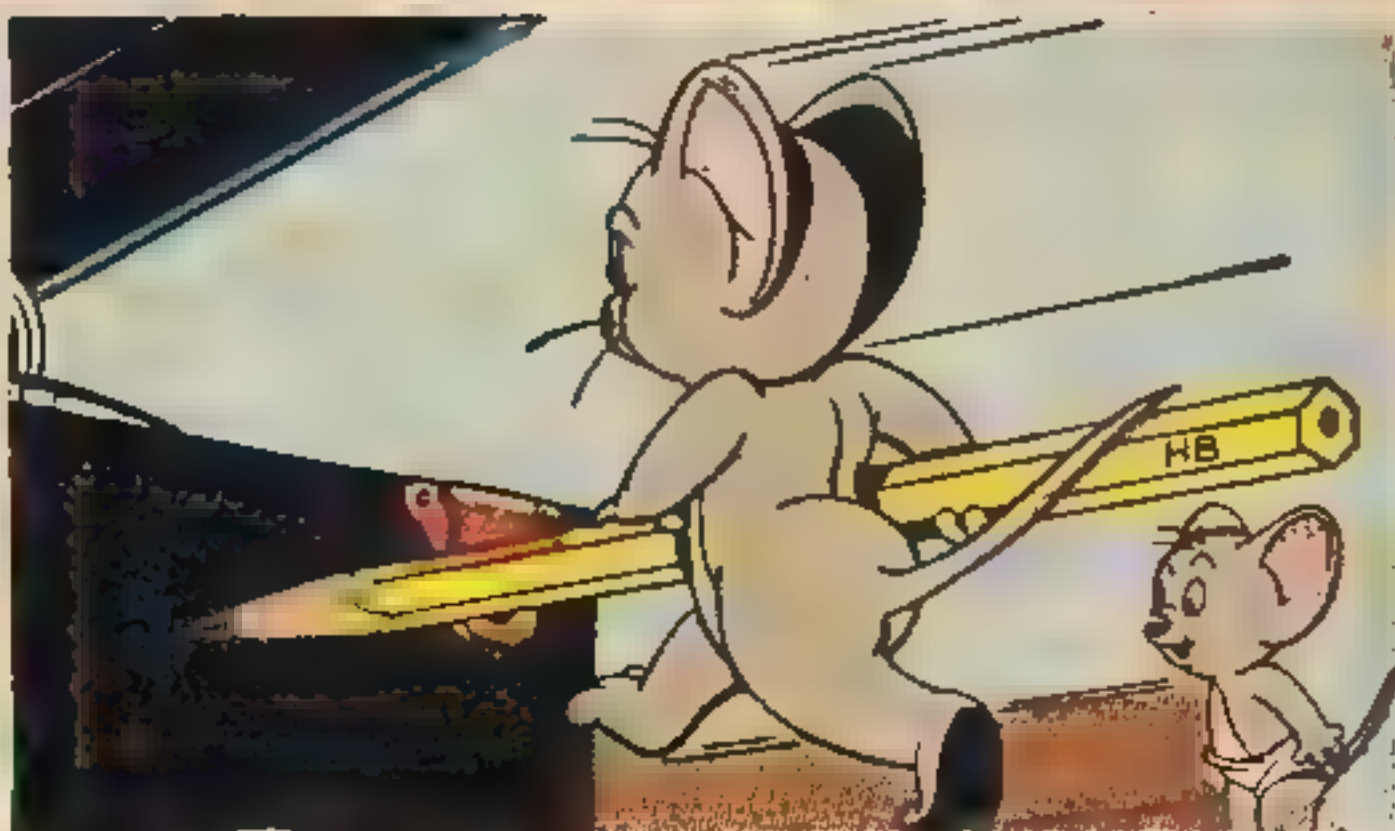


THERE'S  
A PENCIL--

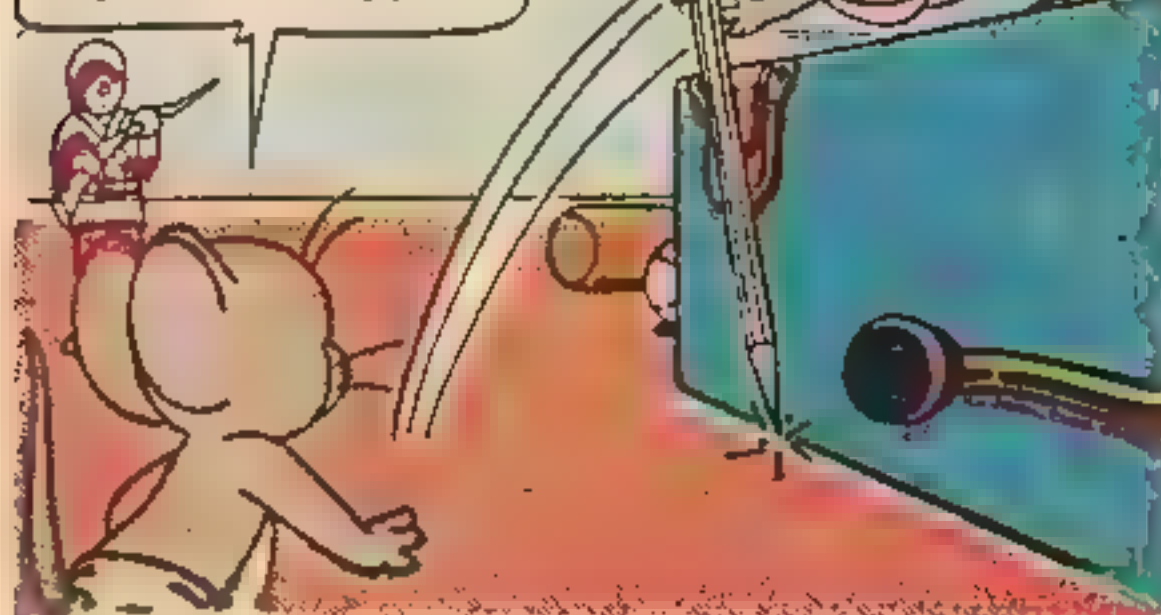
BUT WE DON'T WANT TO  
WRITE TO ANYONE. BESIDES  
WE DON'T KNOW HOW!



USE YOUR IMAGINATION---  
WATCH ME!



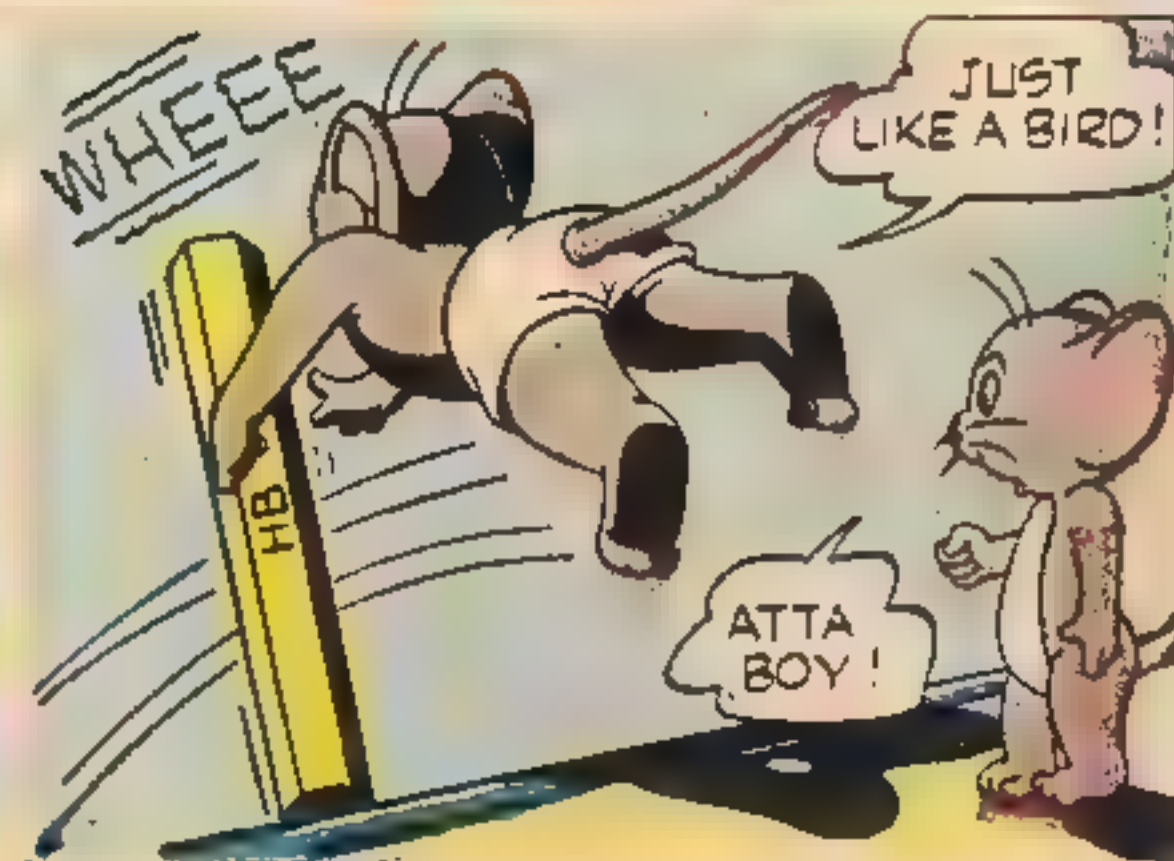
HE FLIES THROUGH  
THE AIR WITH THE  
GREATEST OF EASE--  
NOW I'LL TRY IT!

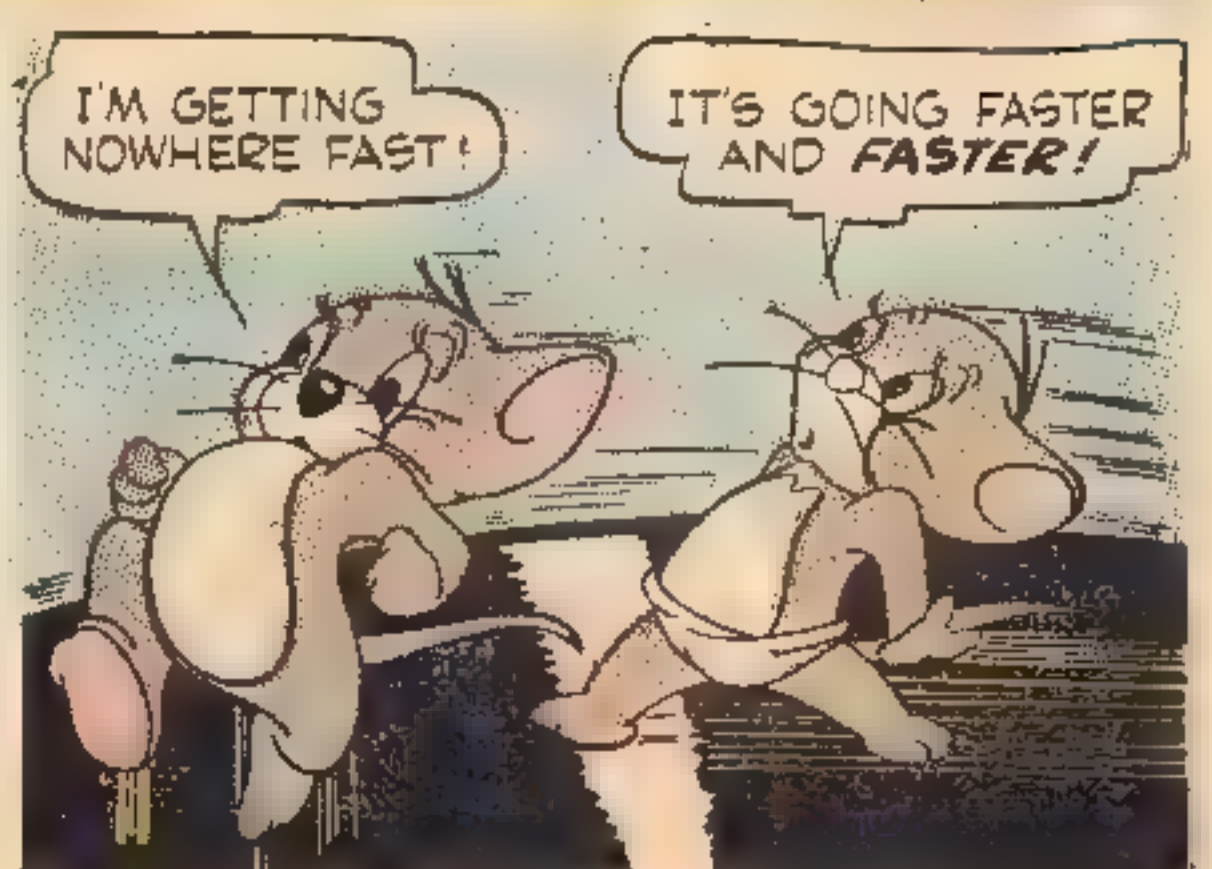
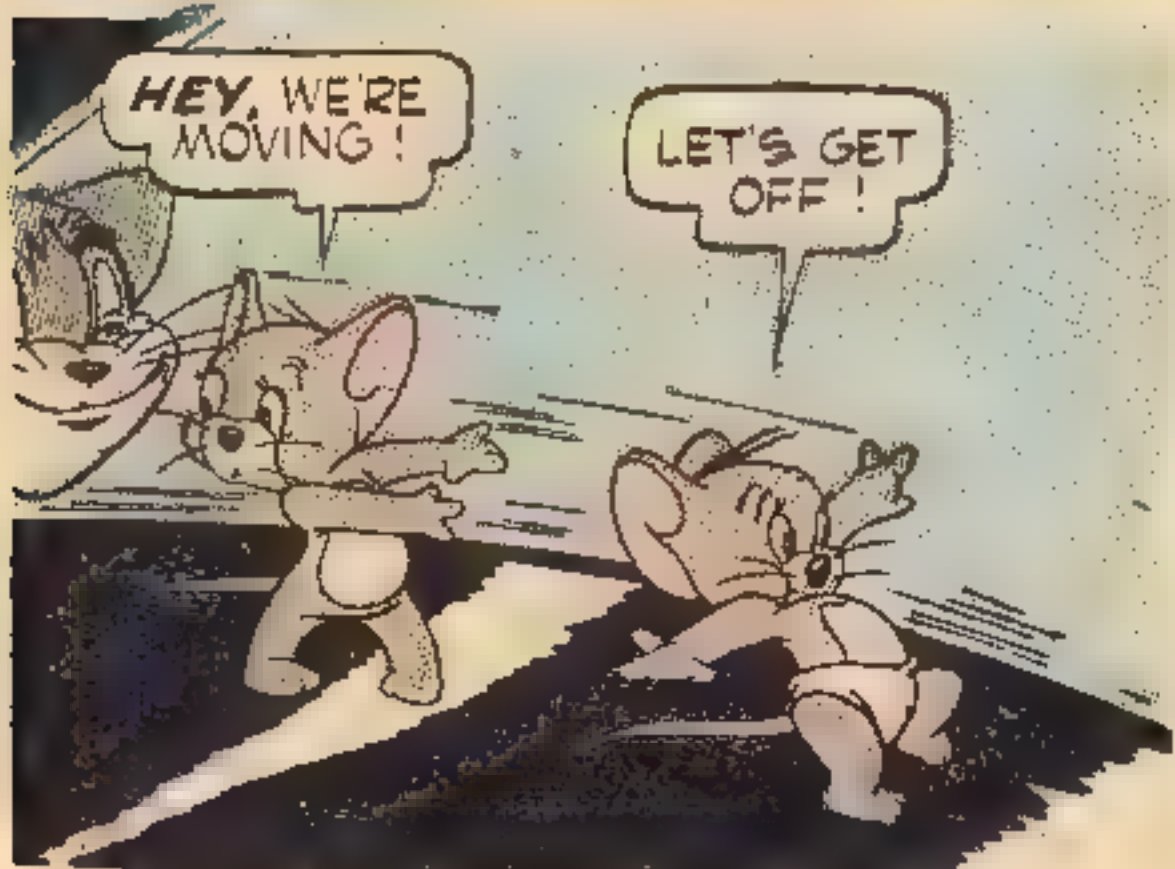
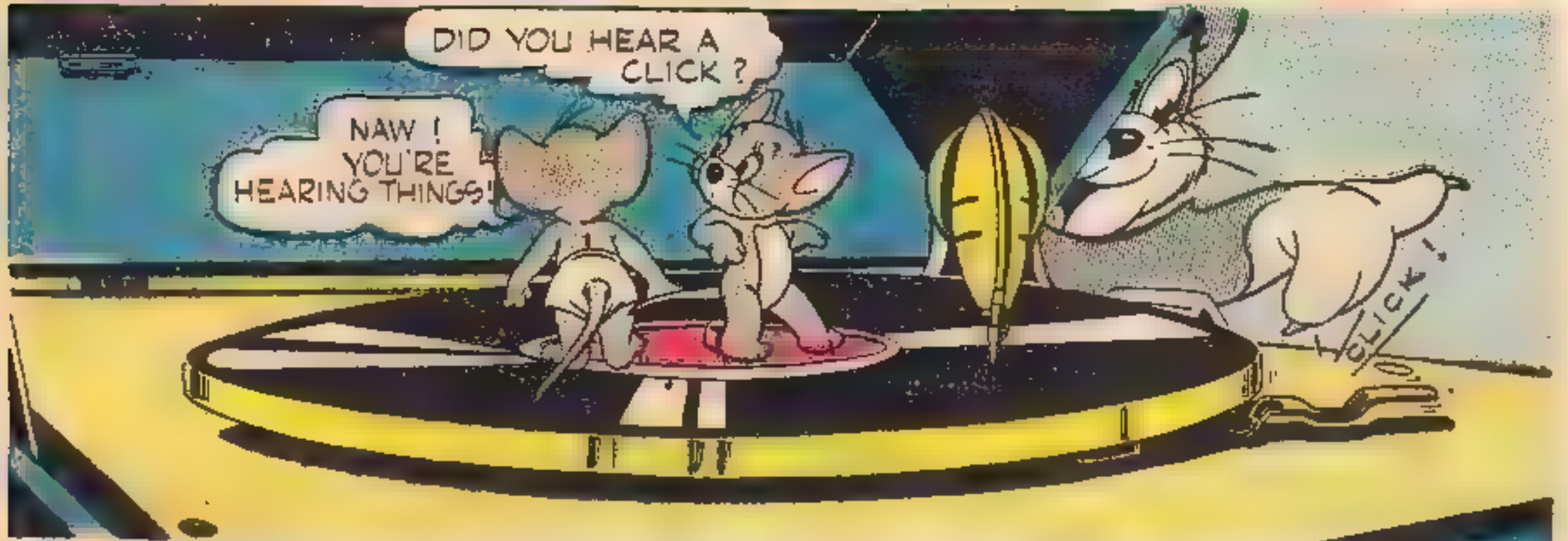
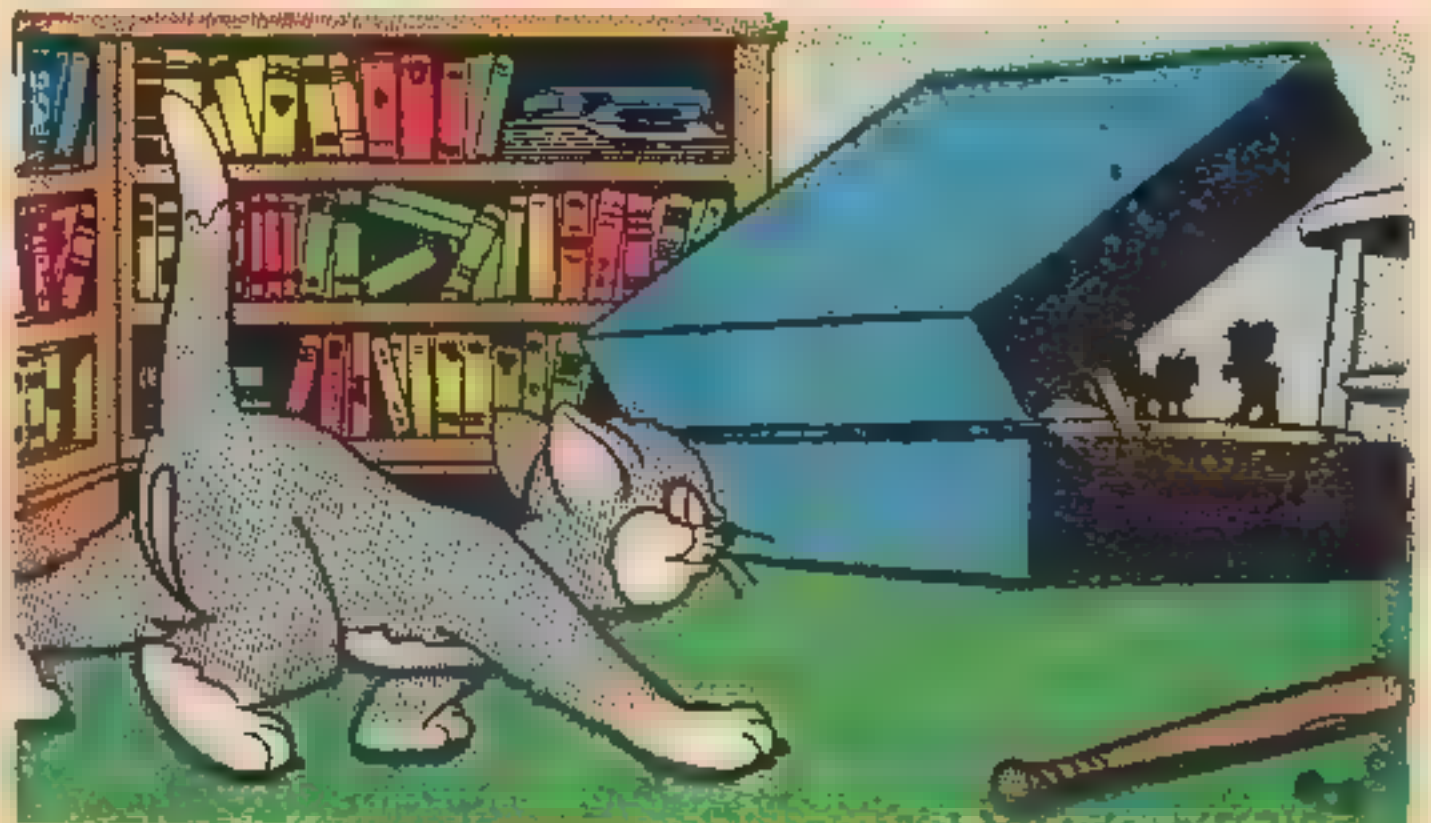
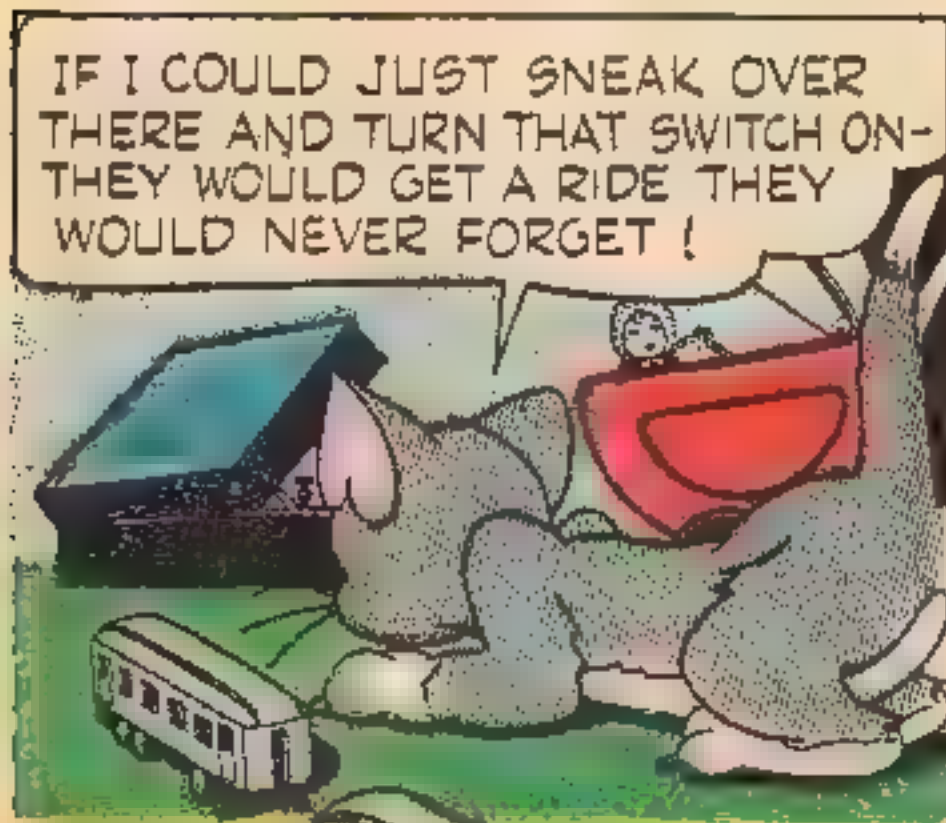
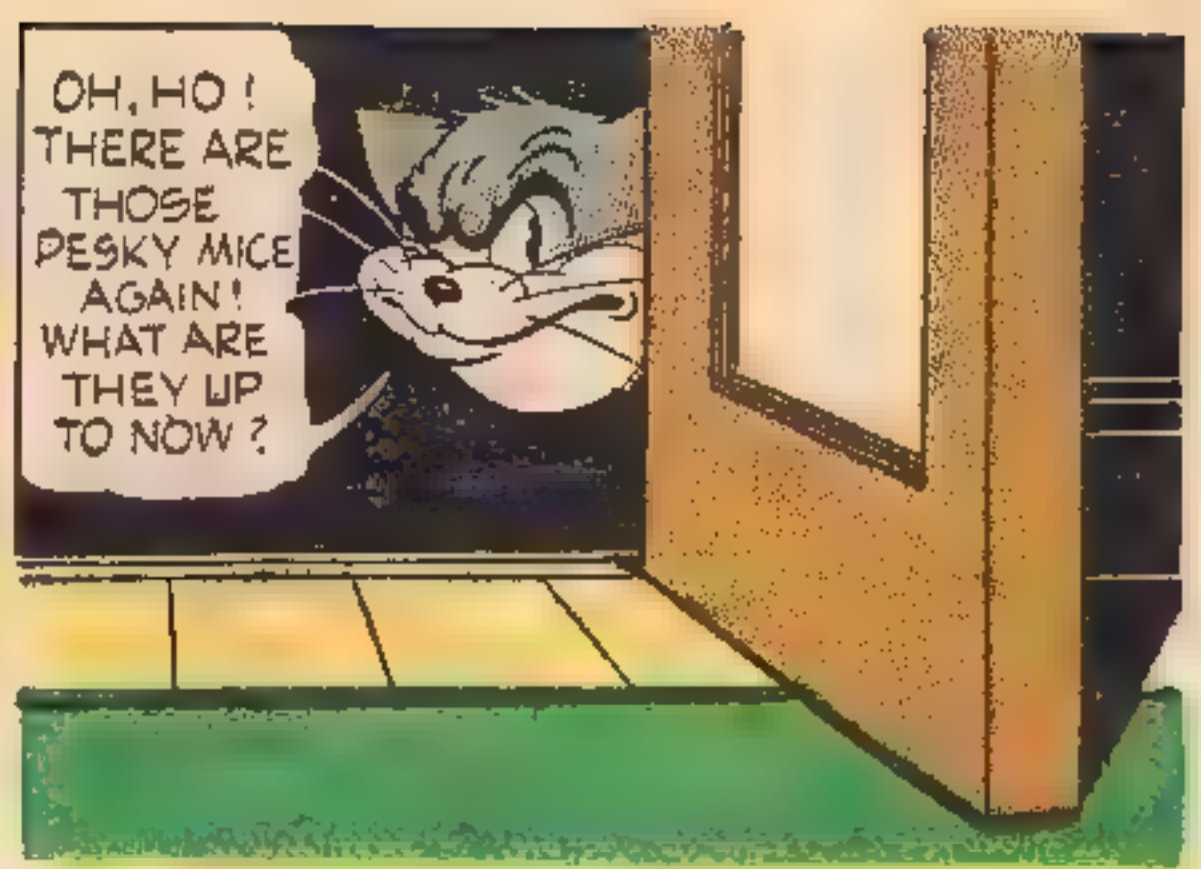
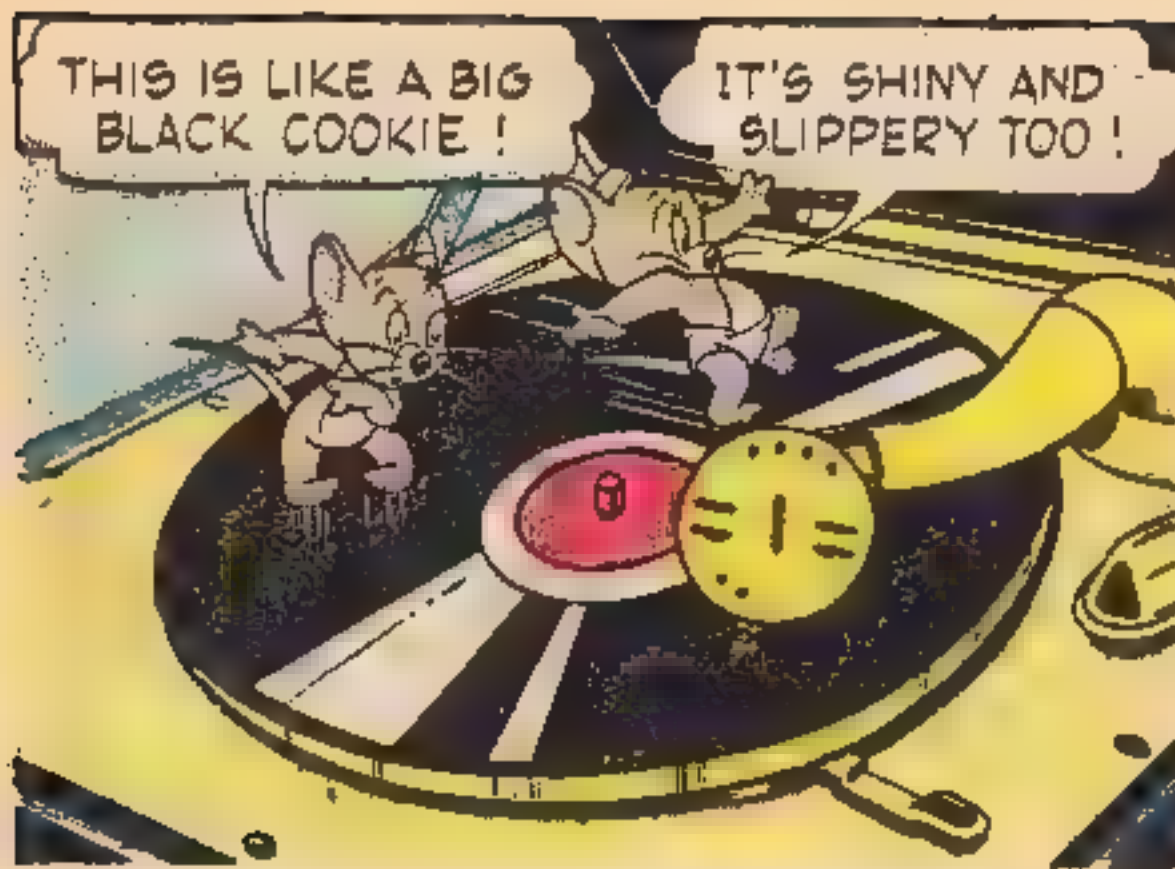


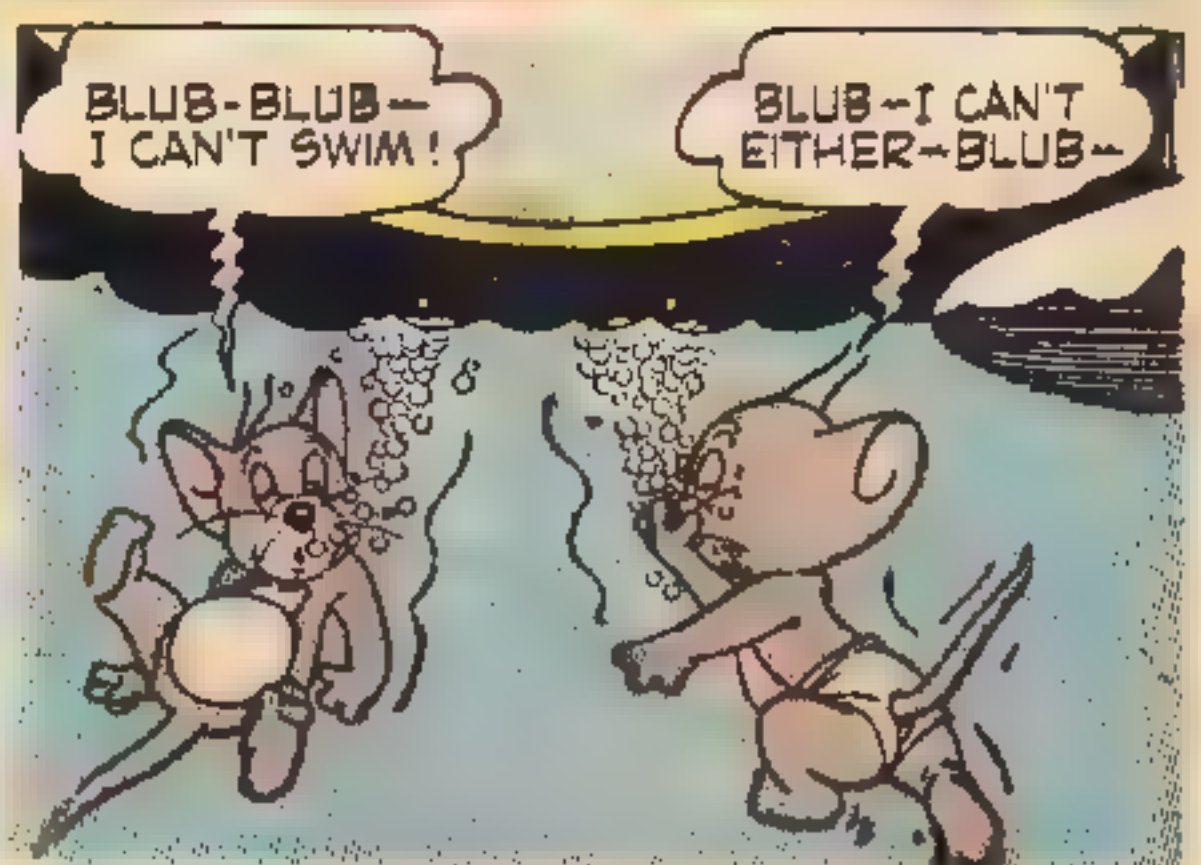
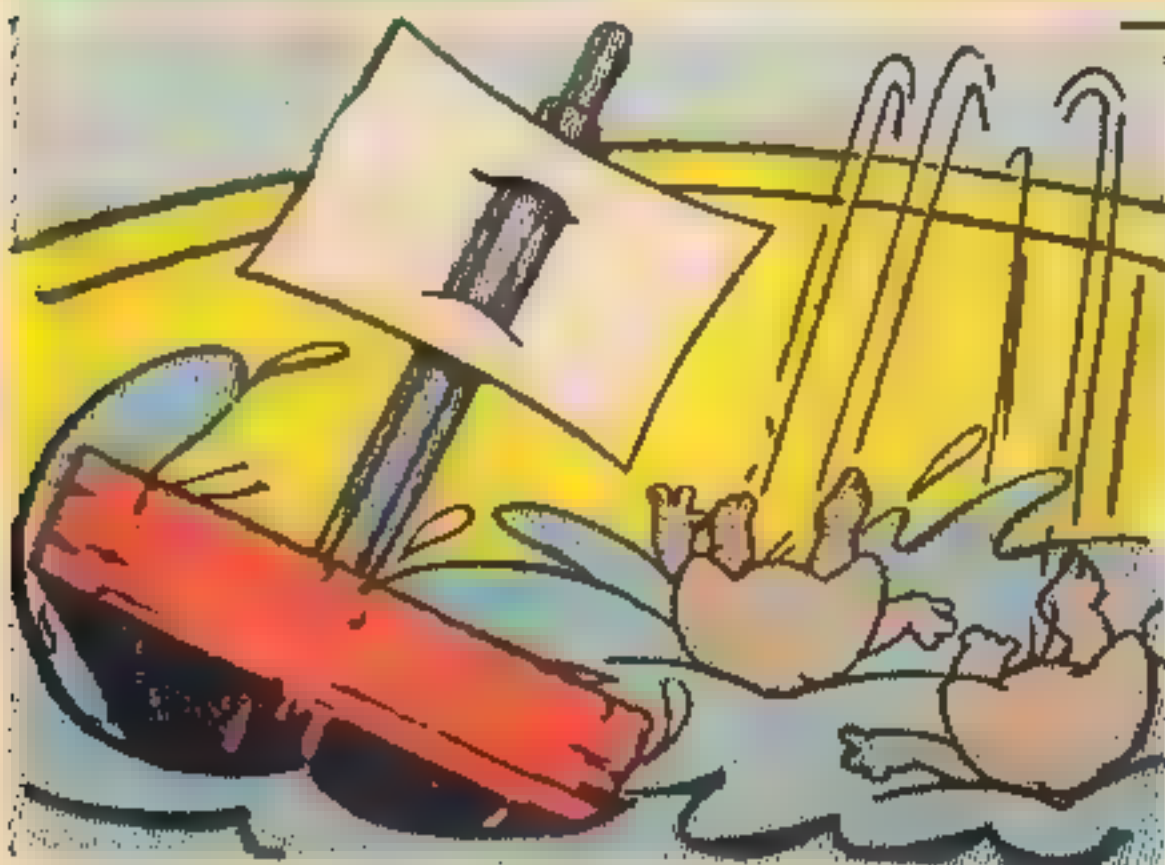
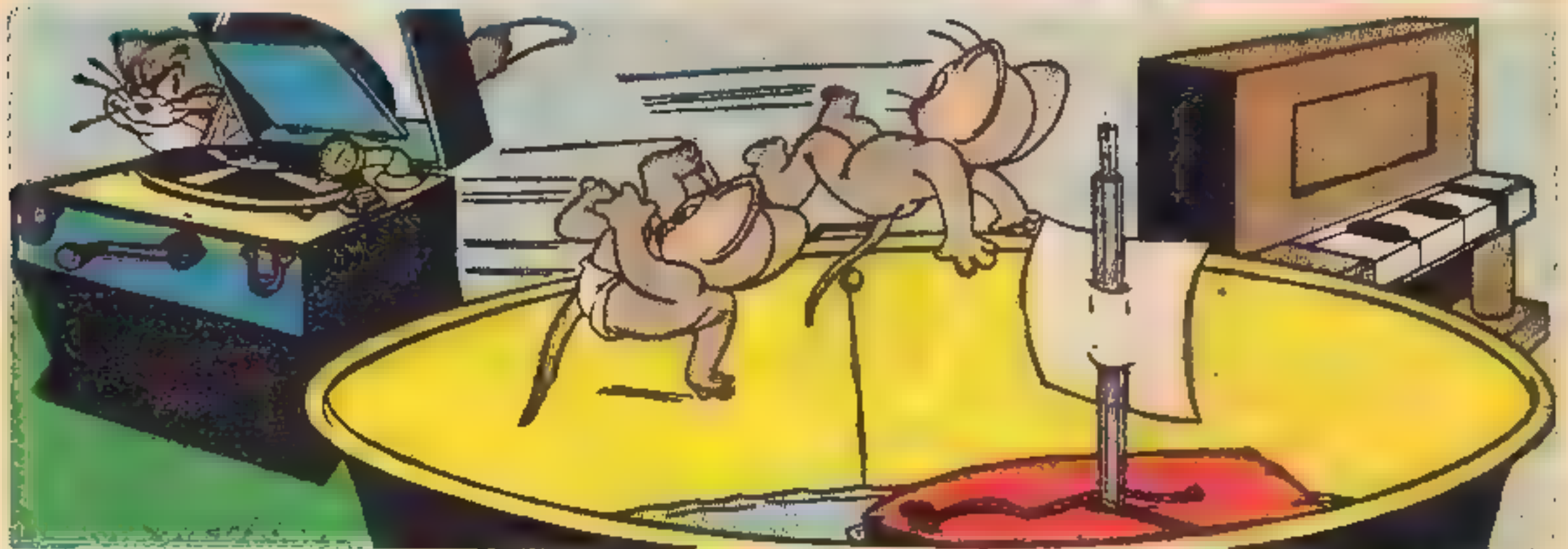
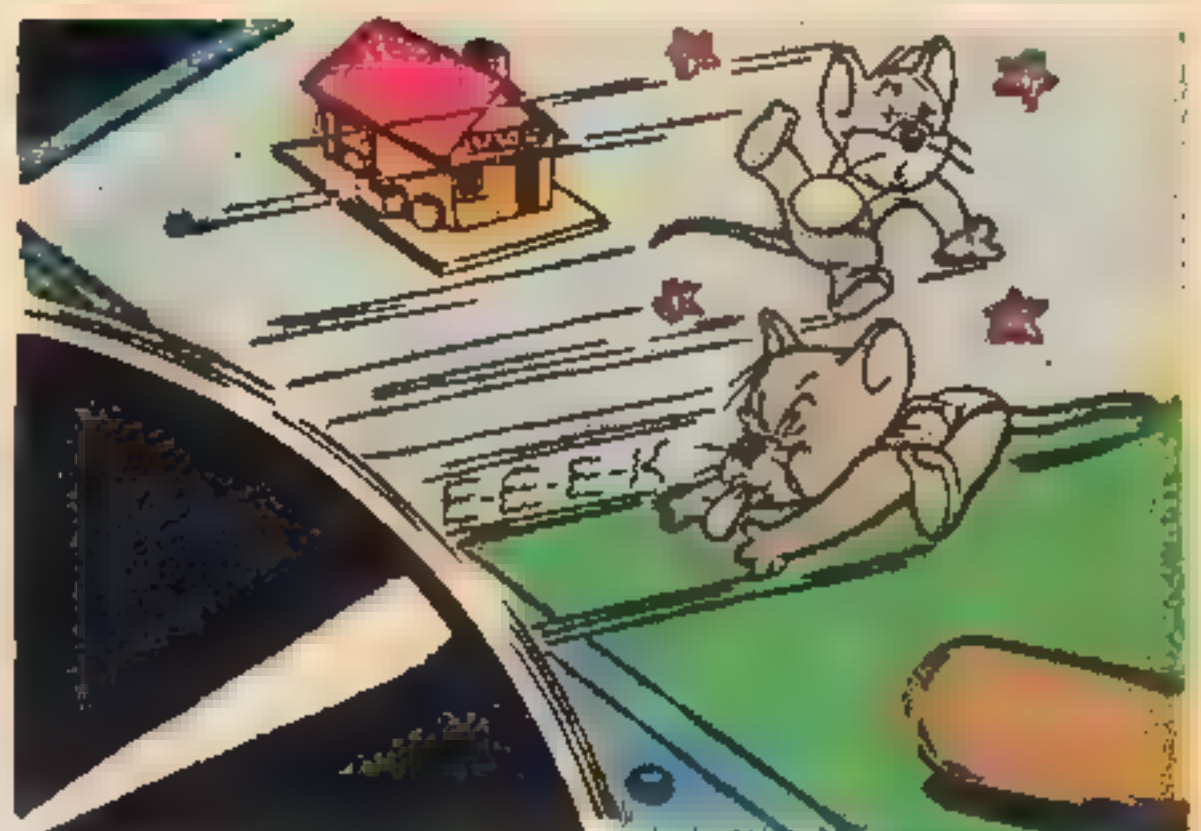
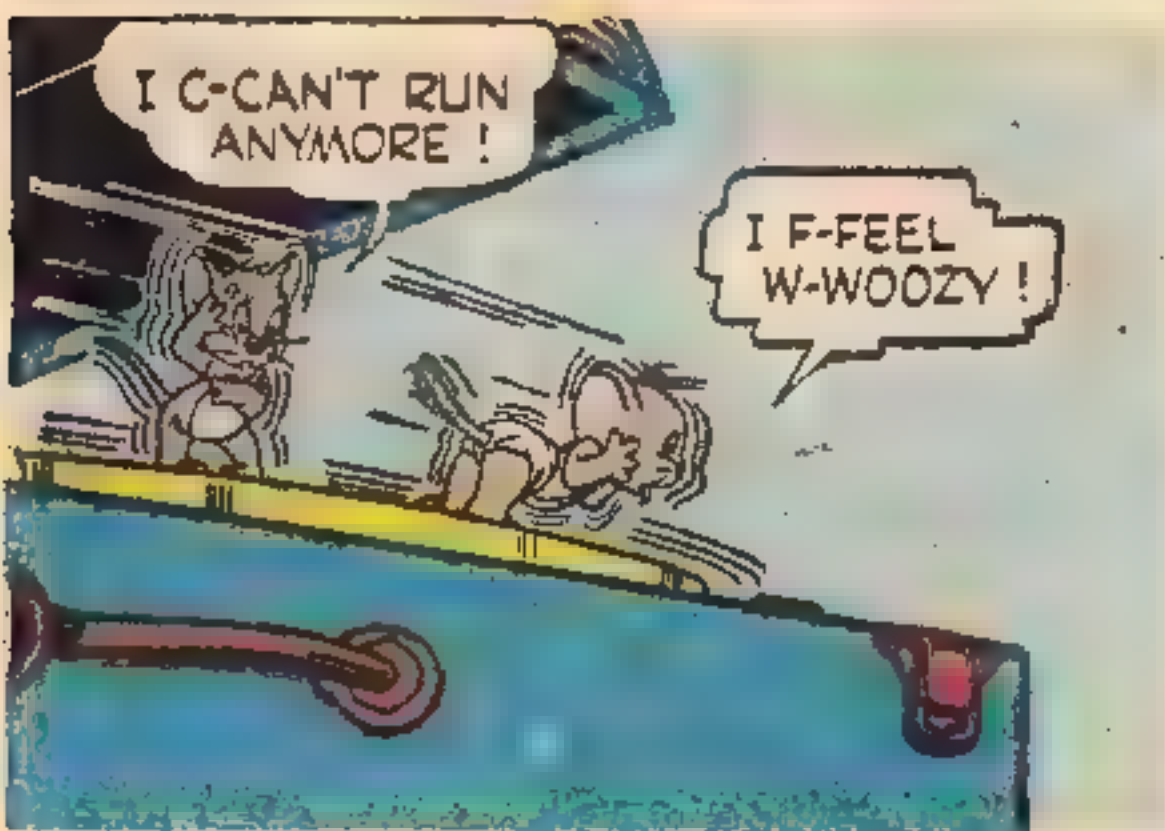
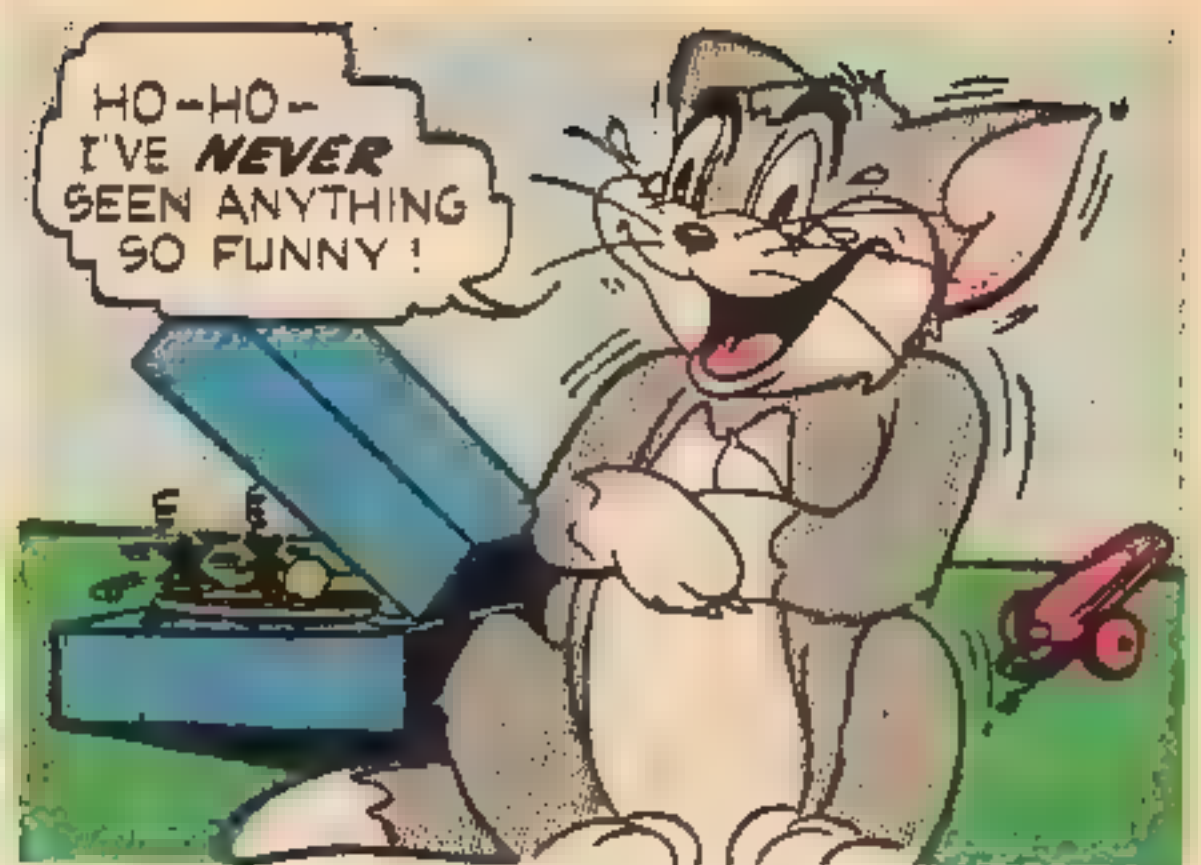
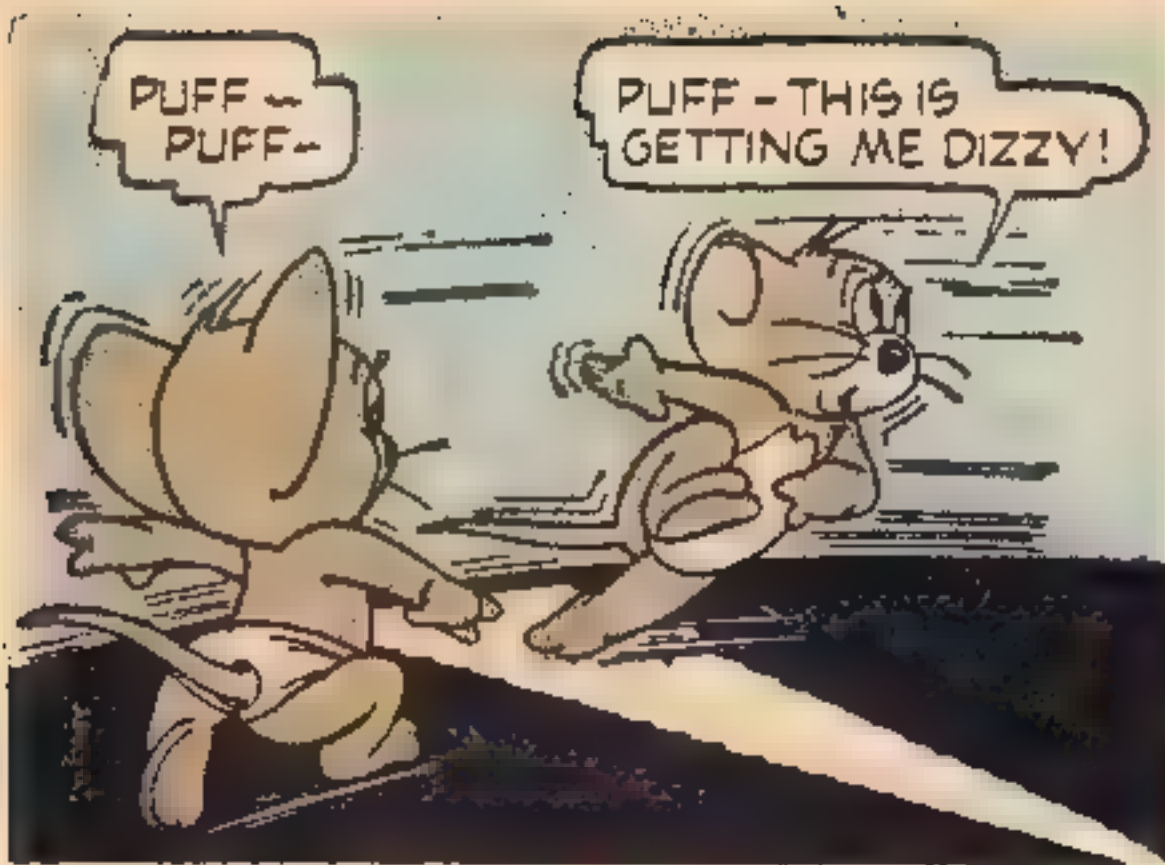
WHEEE

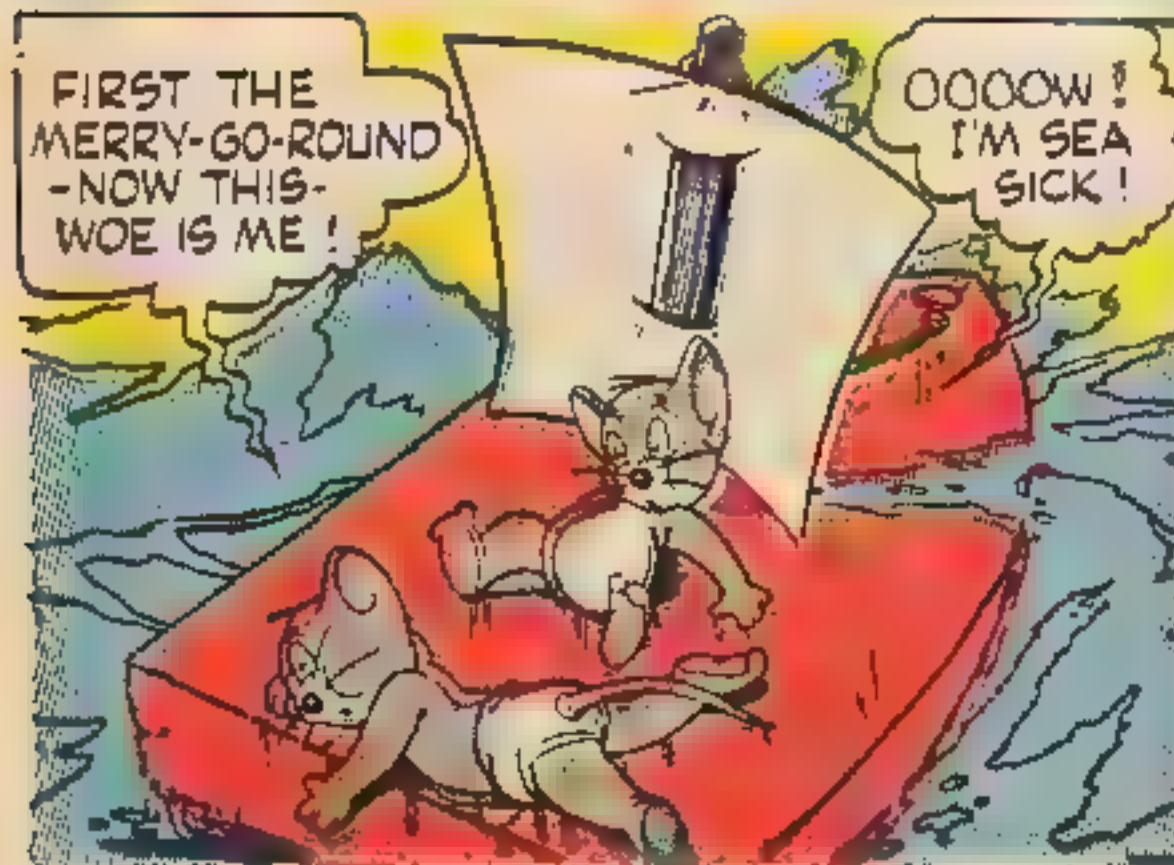
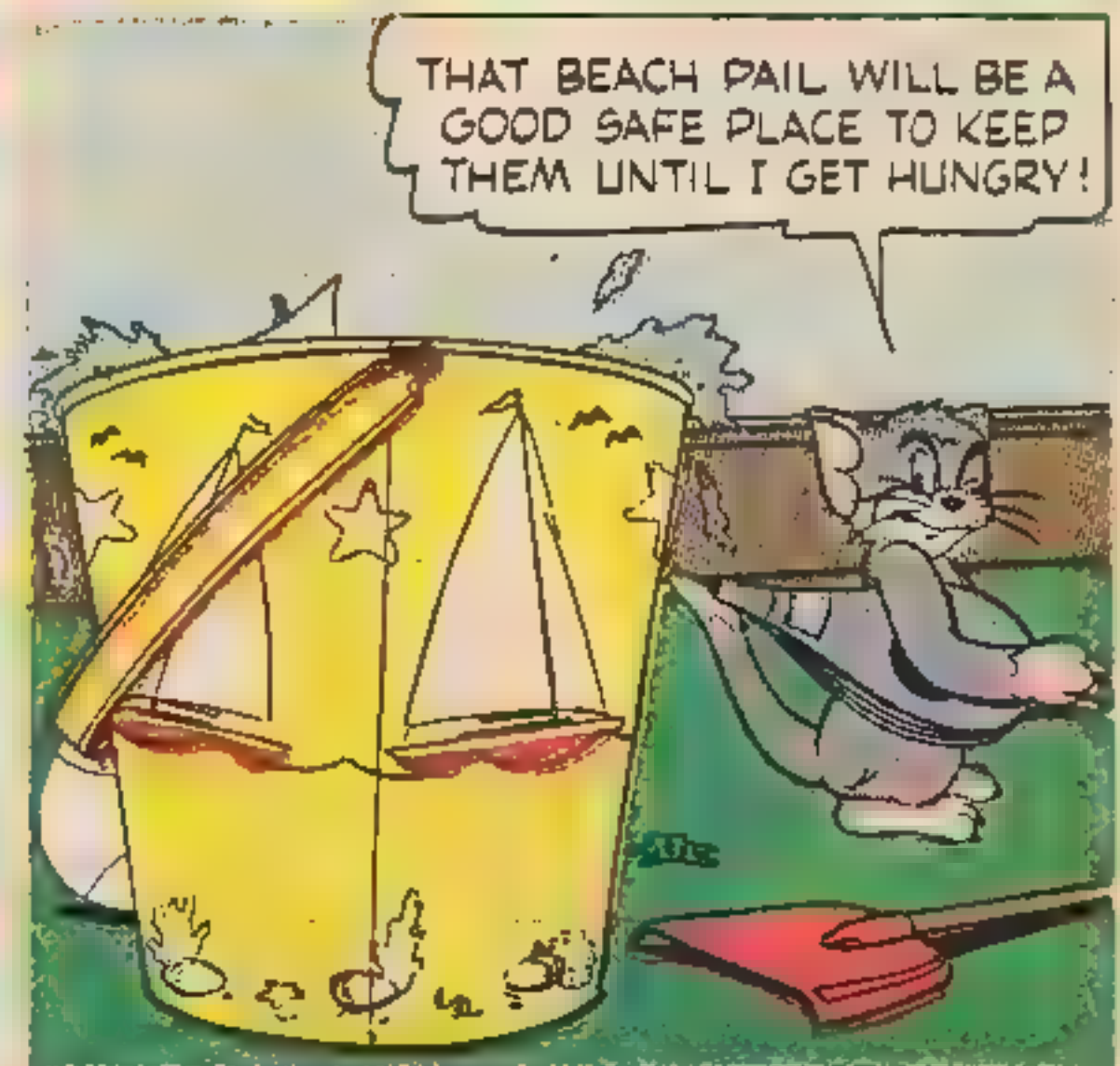
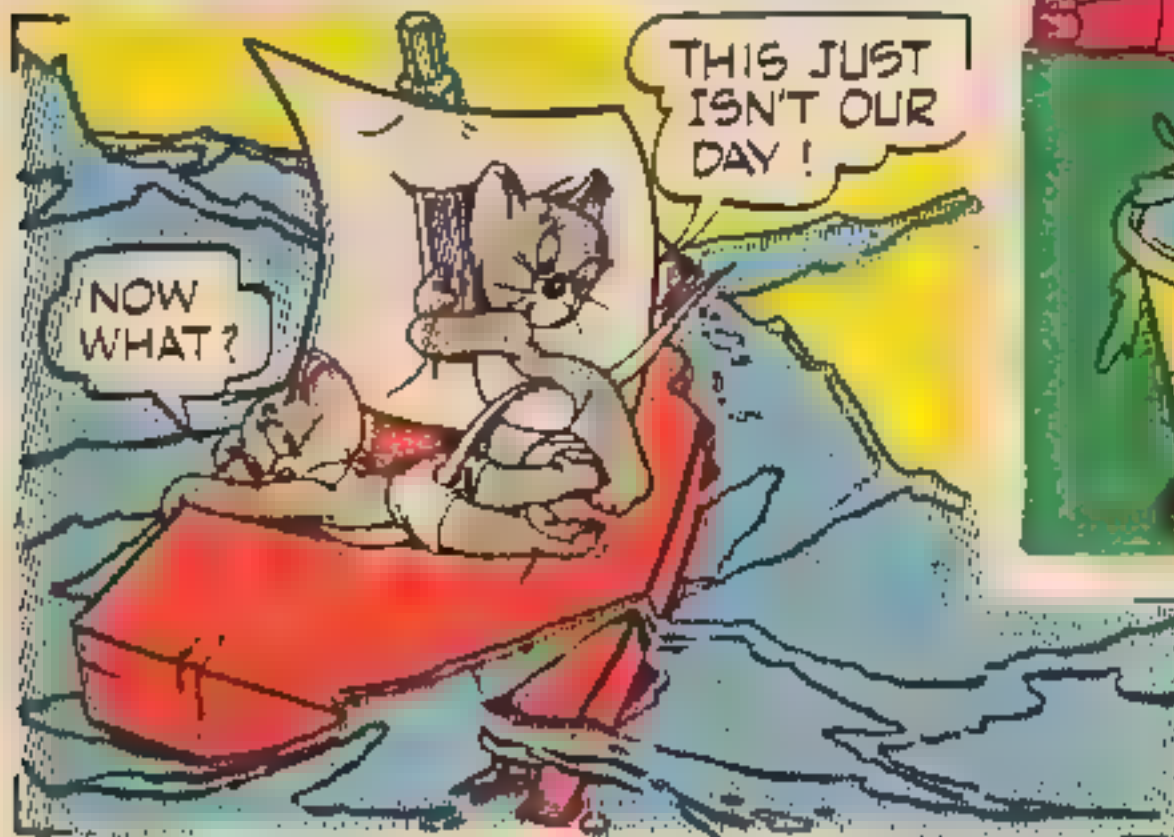
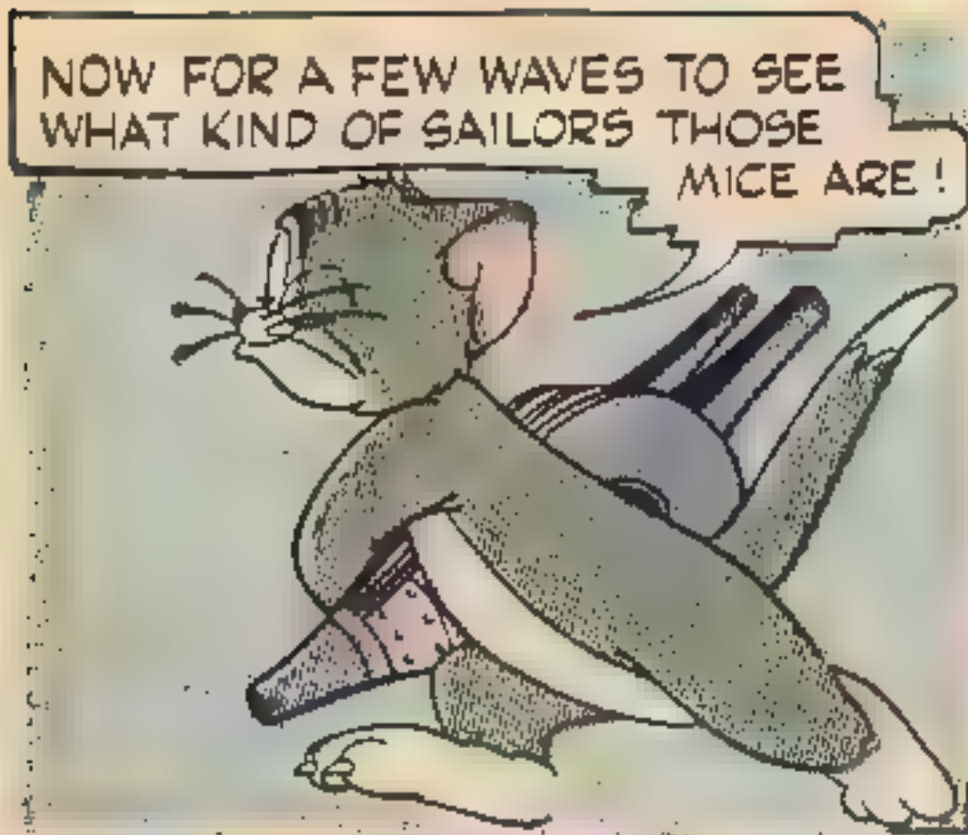
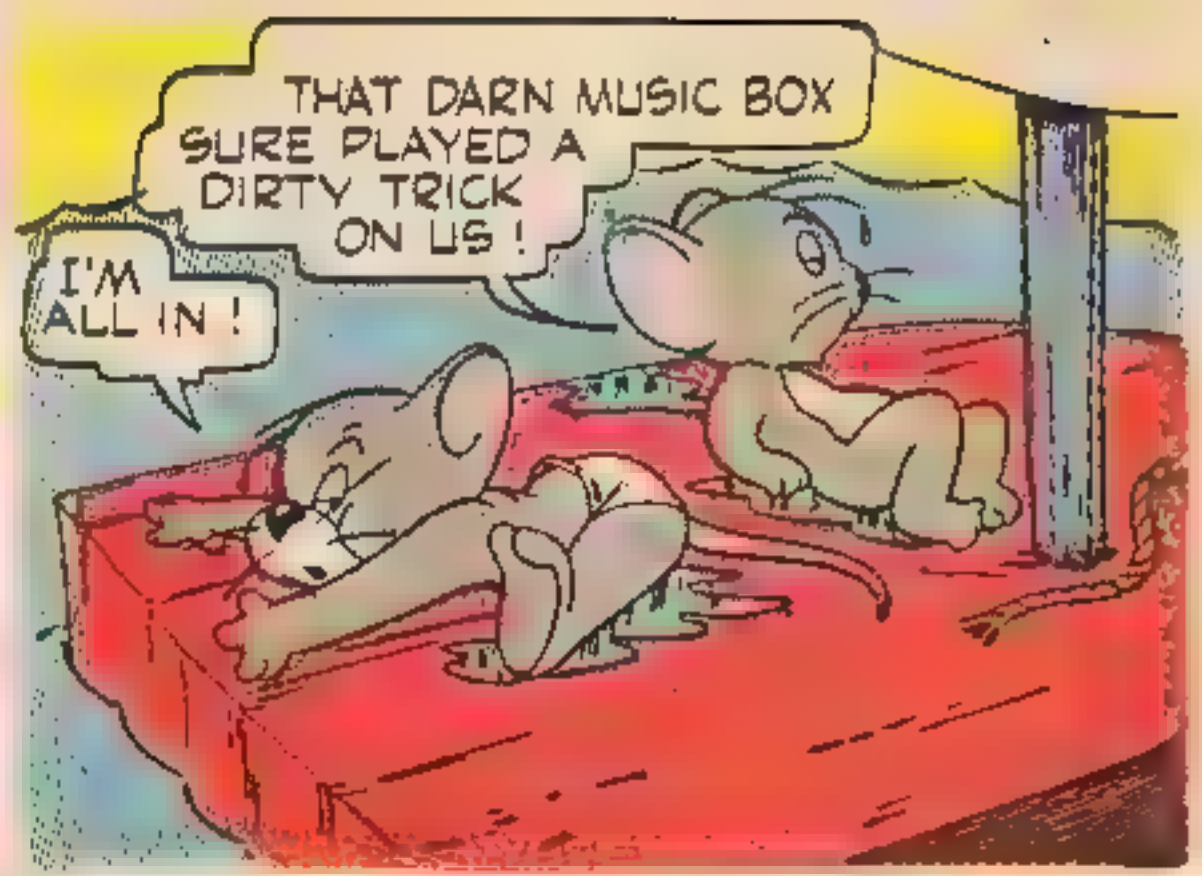
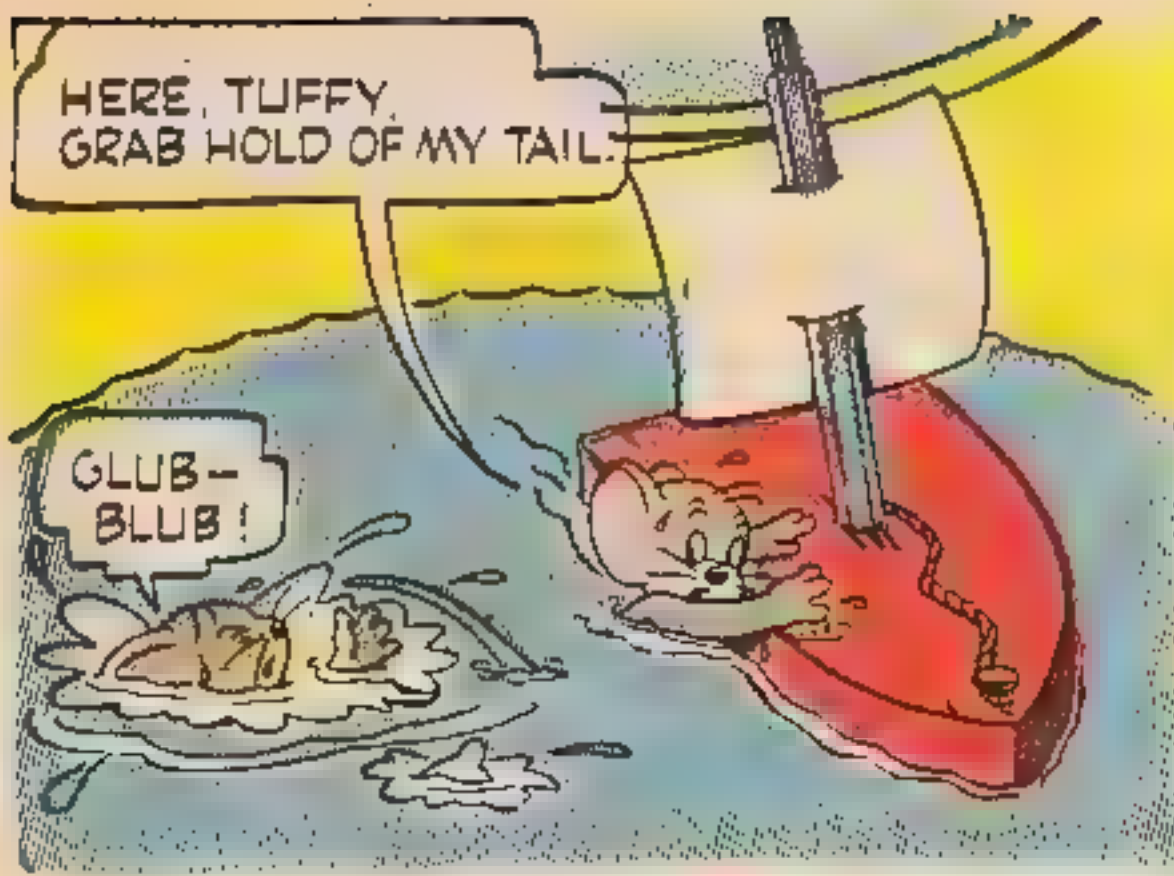
JUST  
LIKE A BIRD!

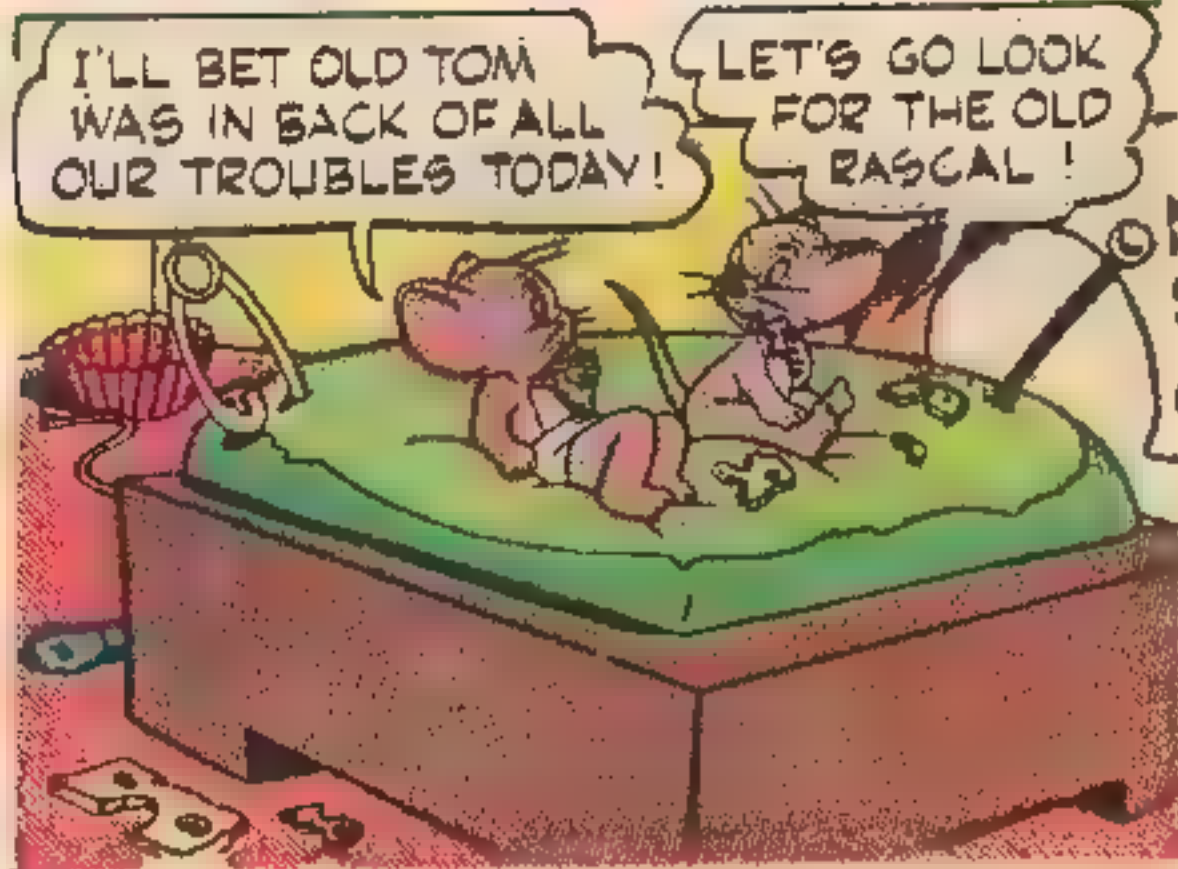
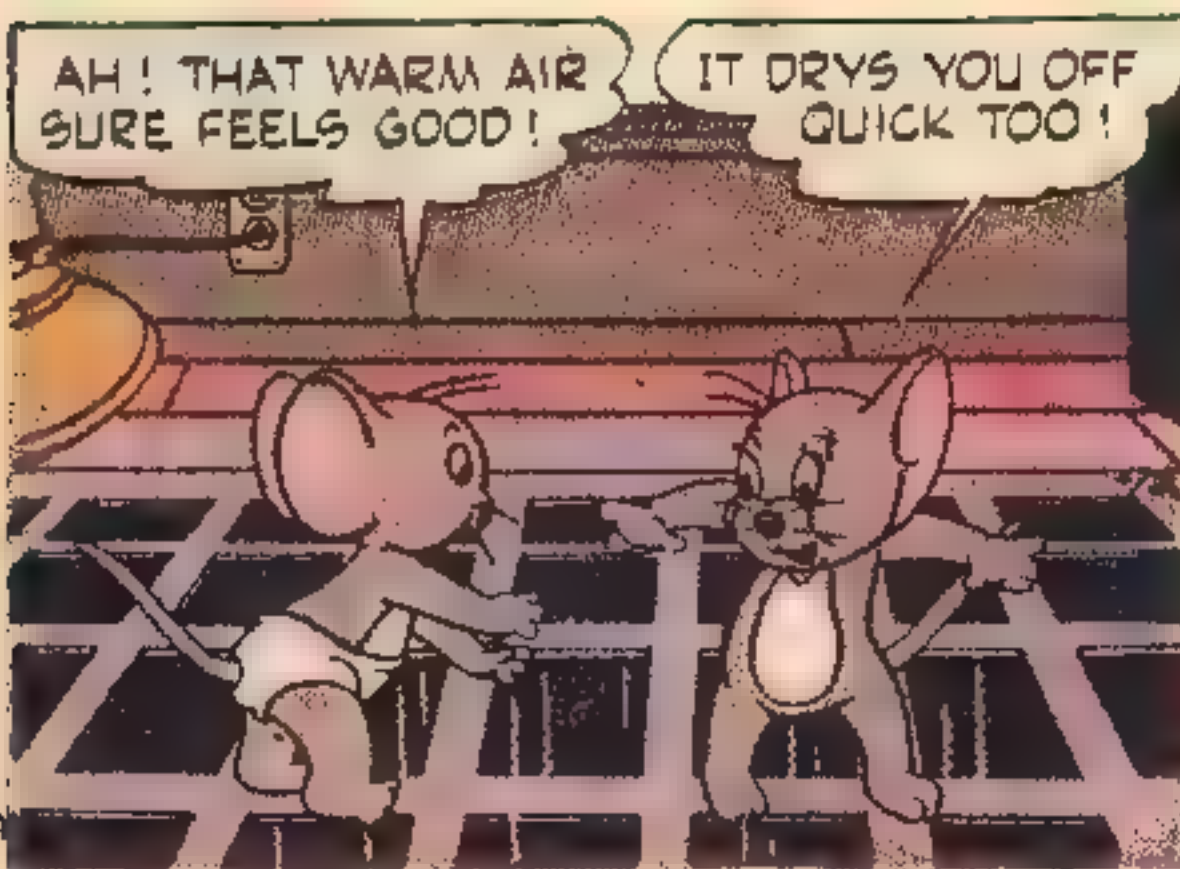
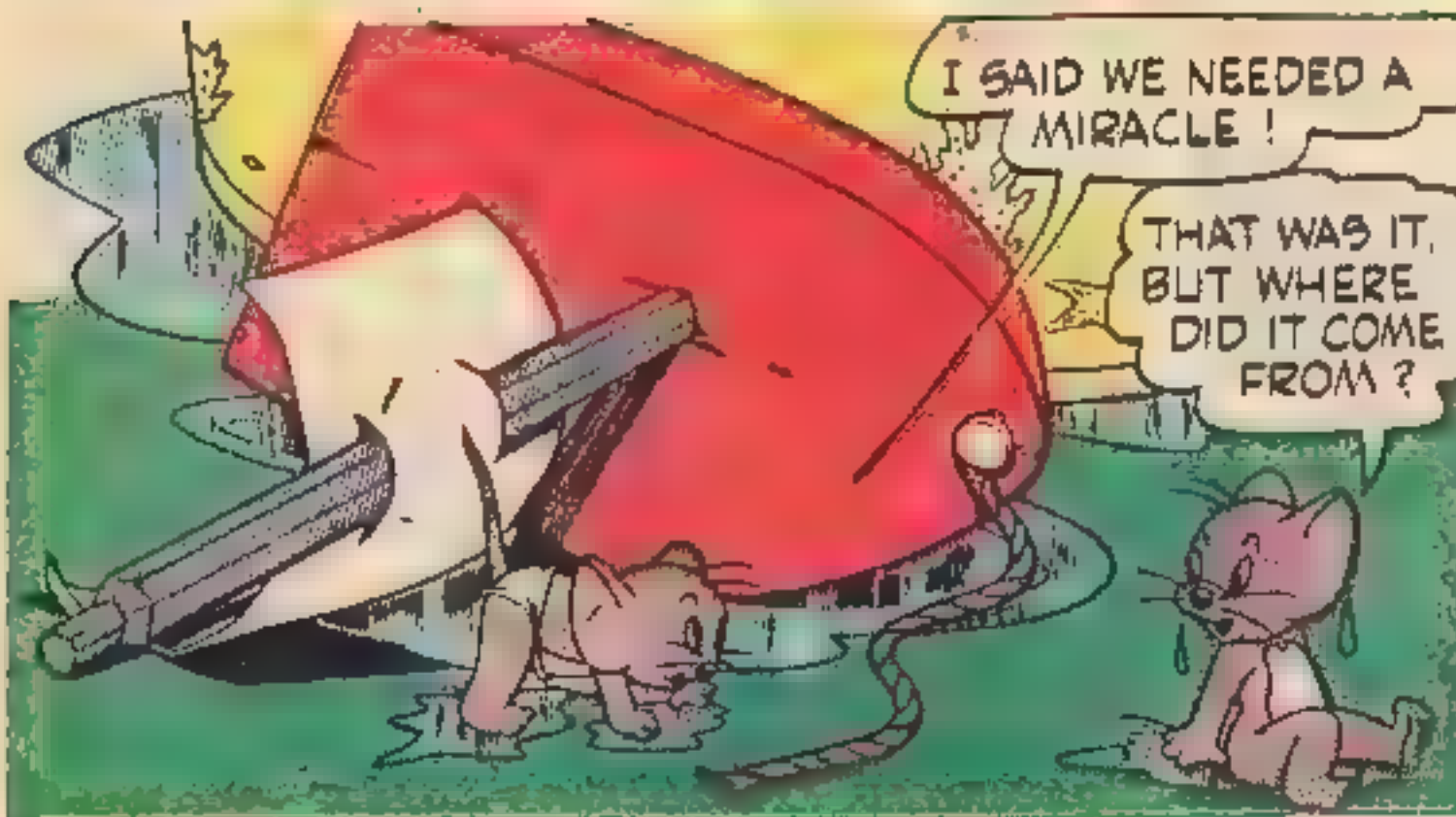
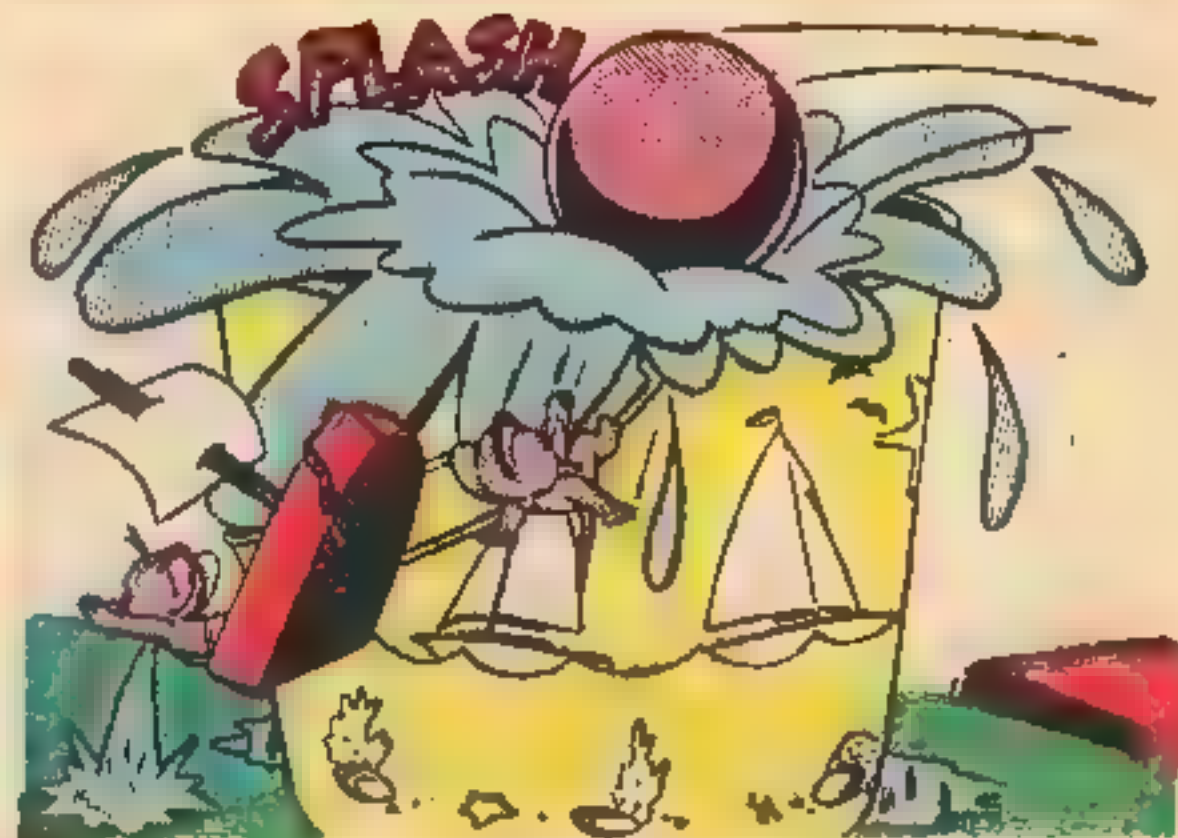
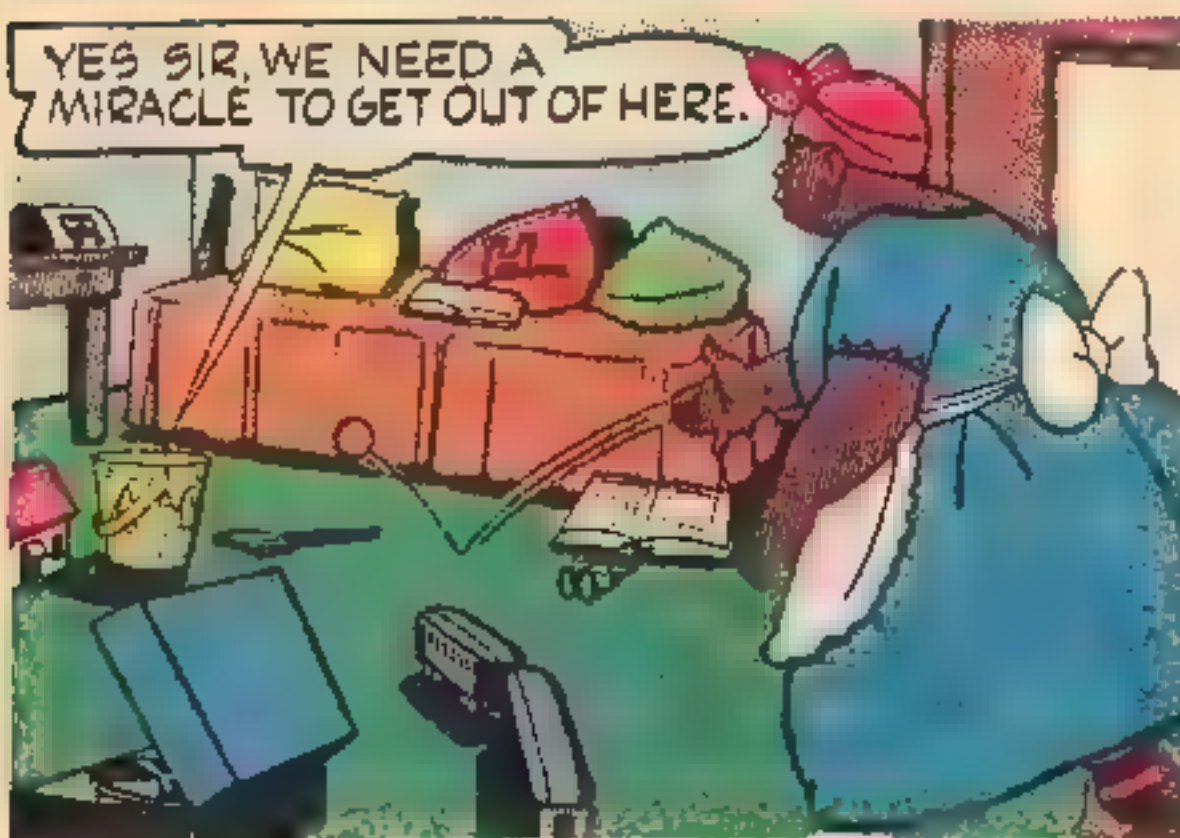
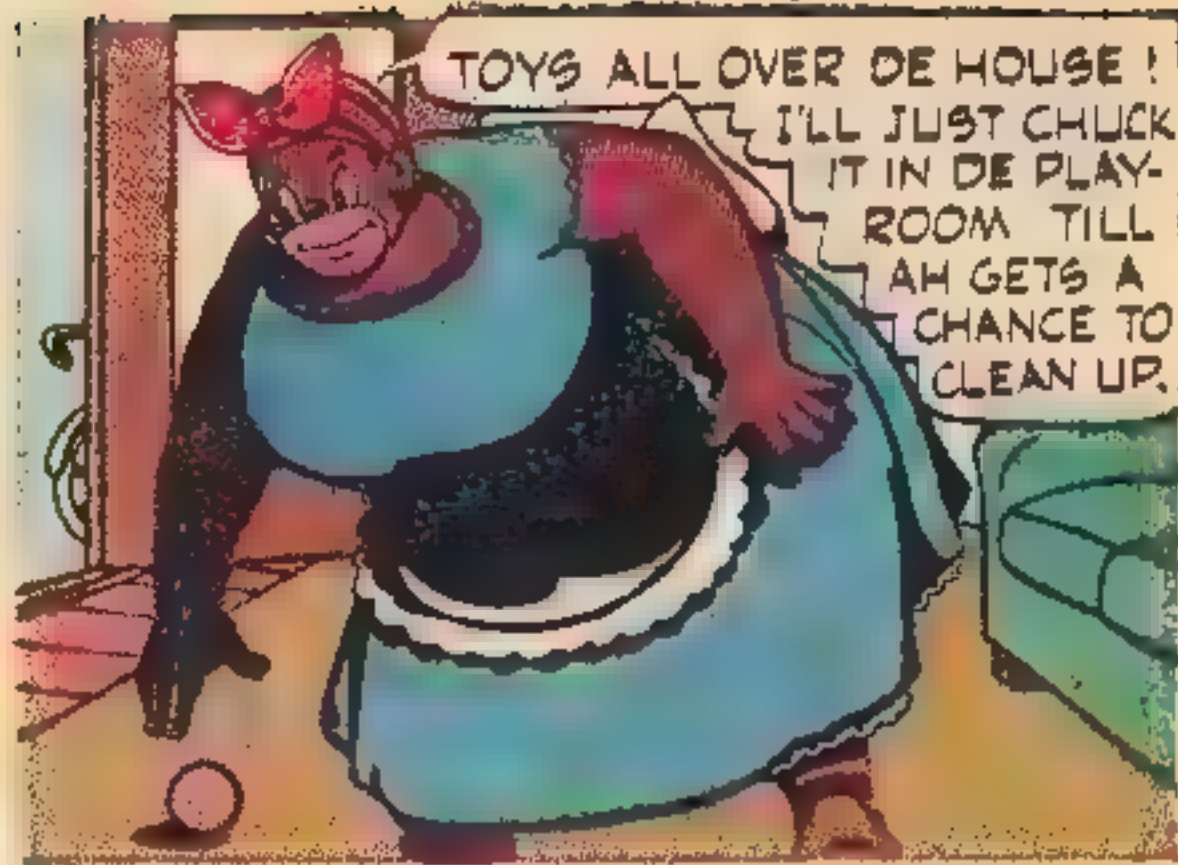
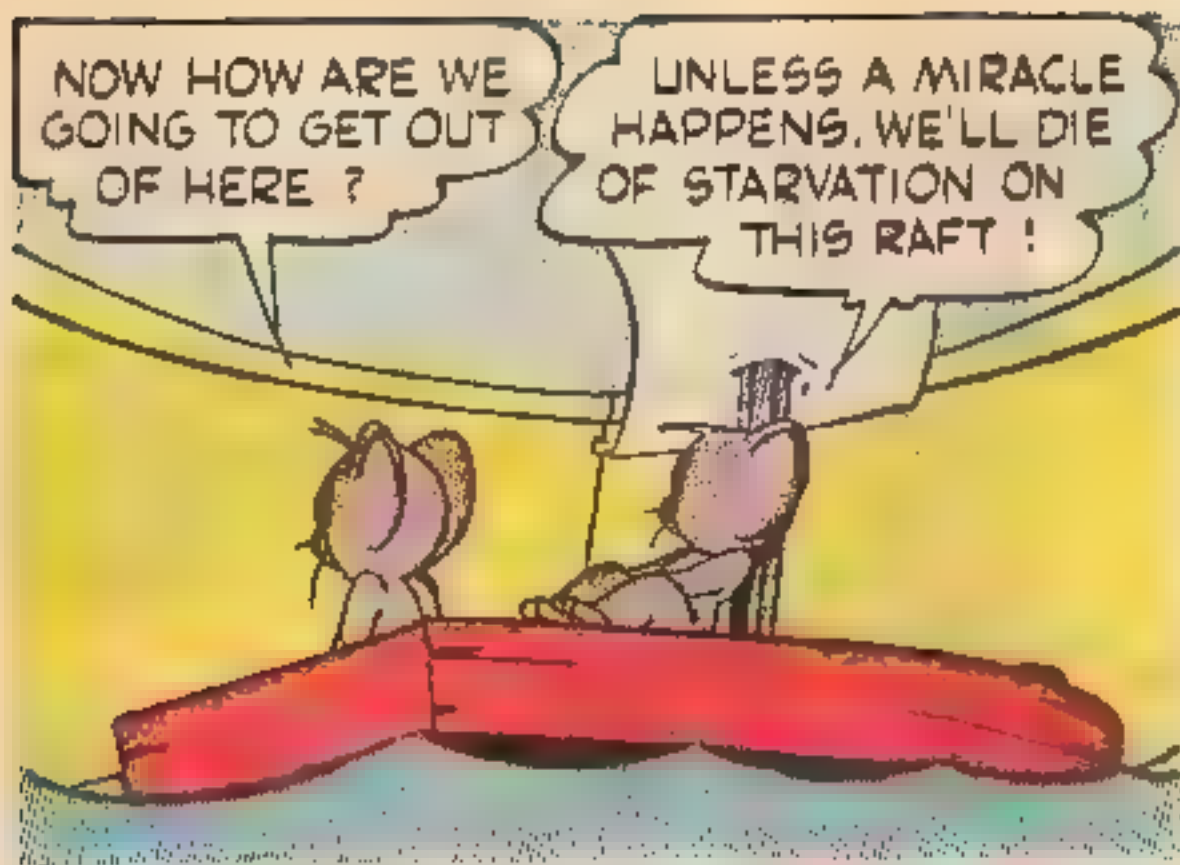
ATTA  
BOY!

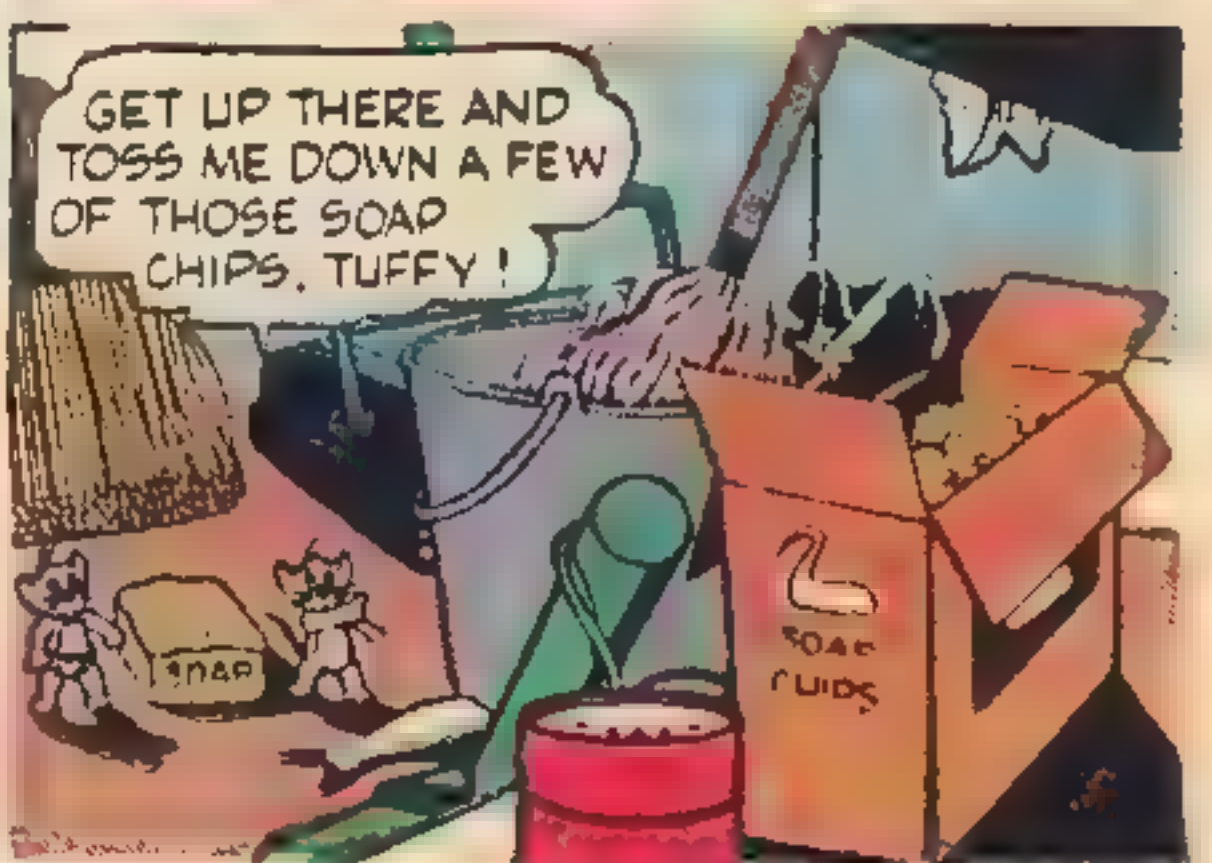
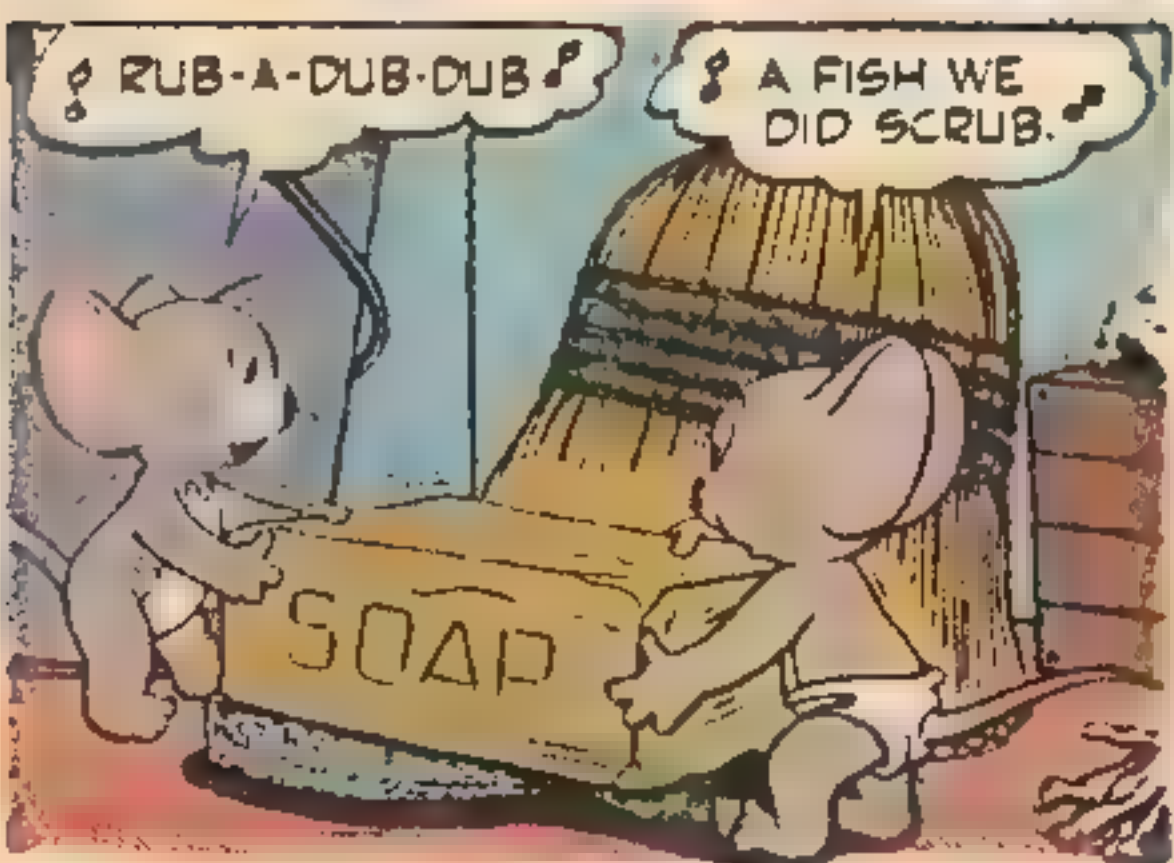
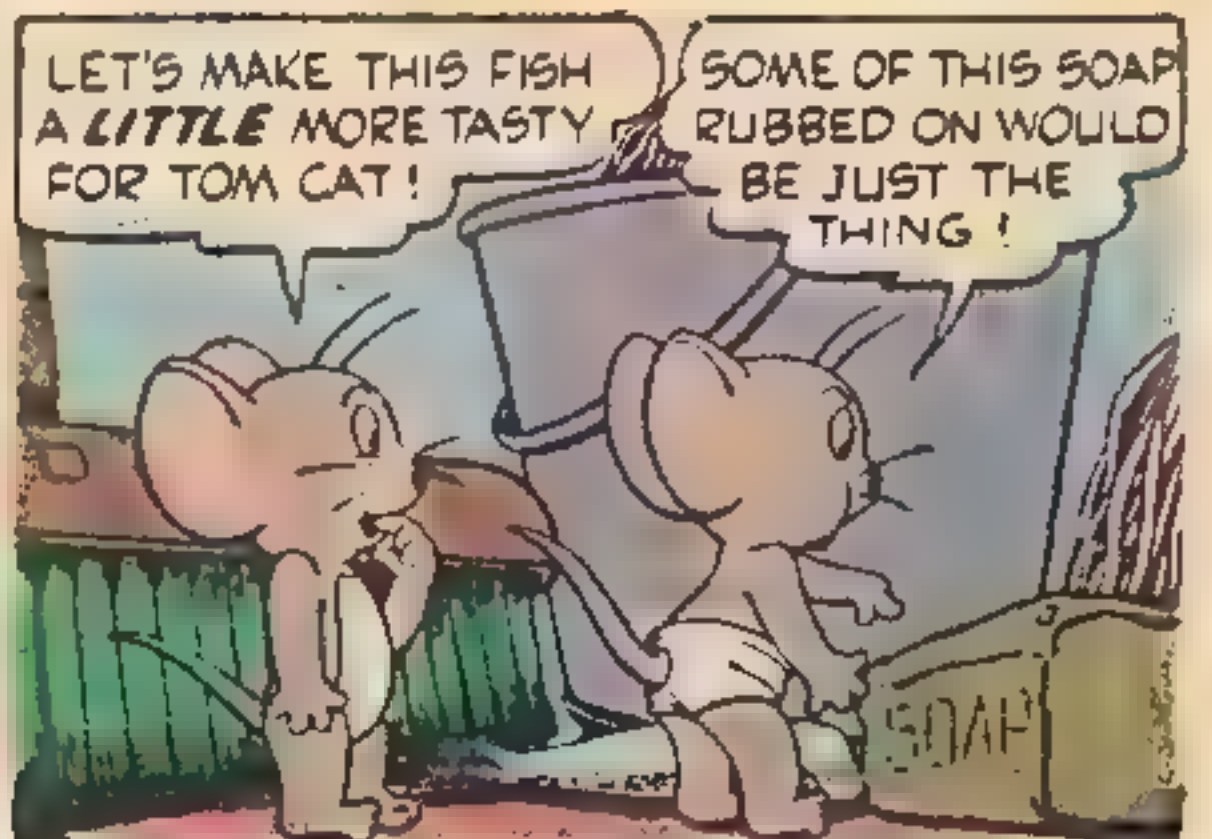
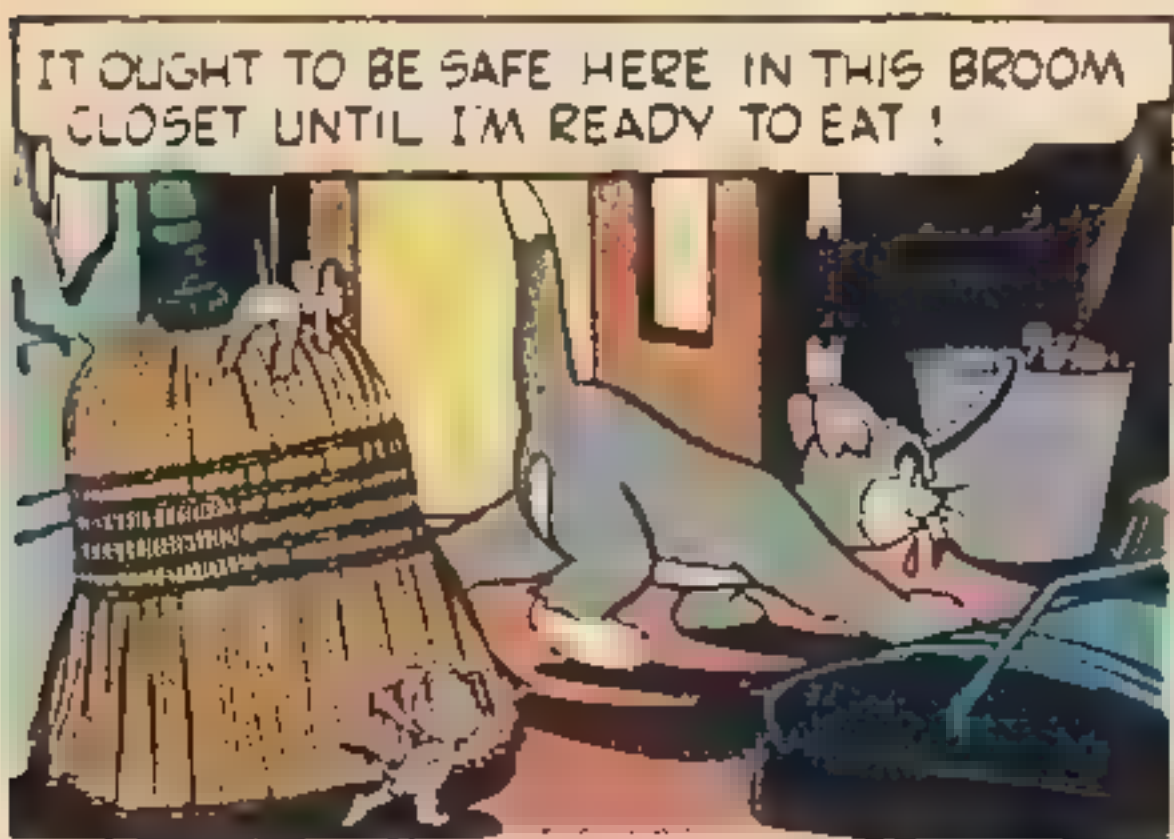
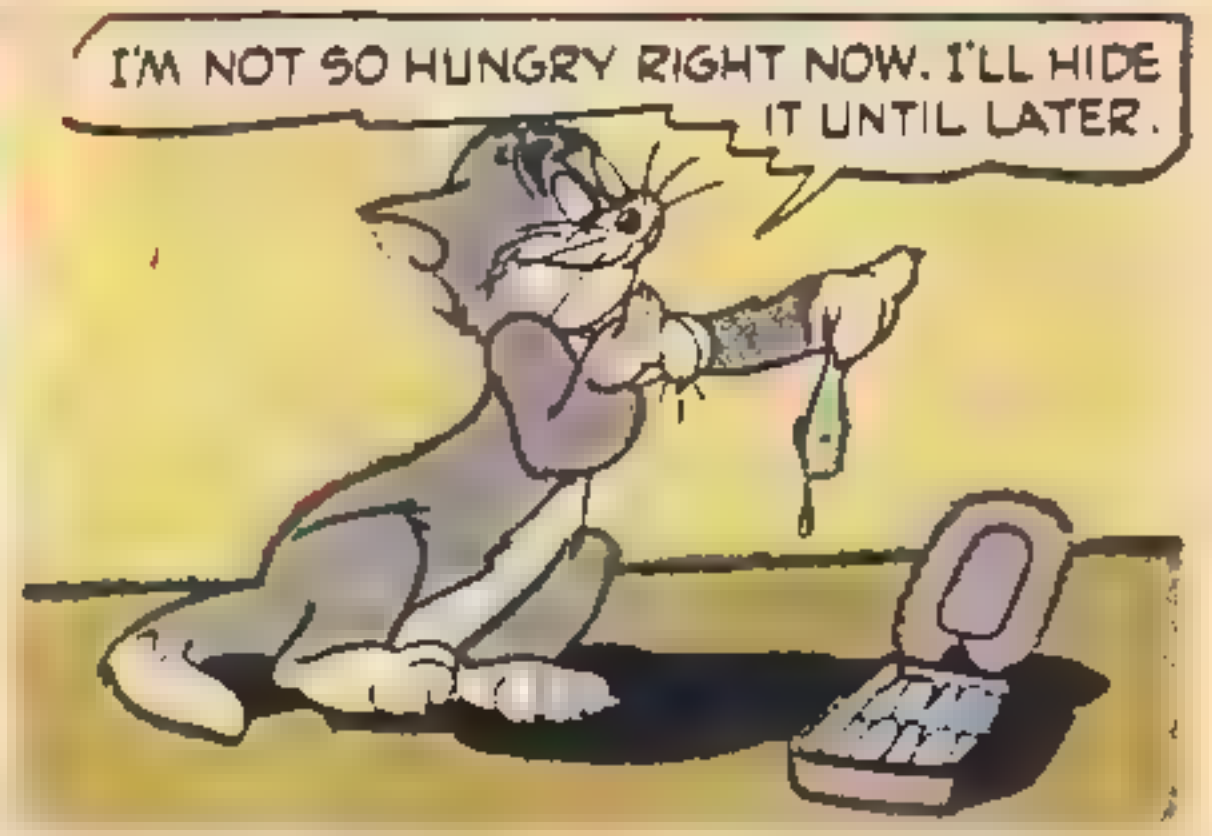
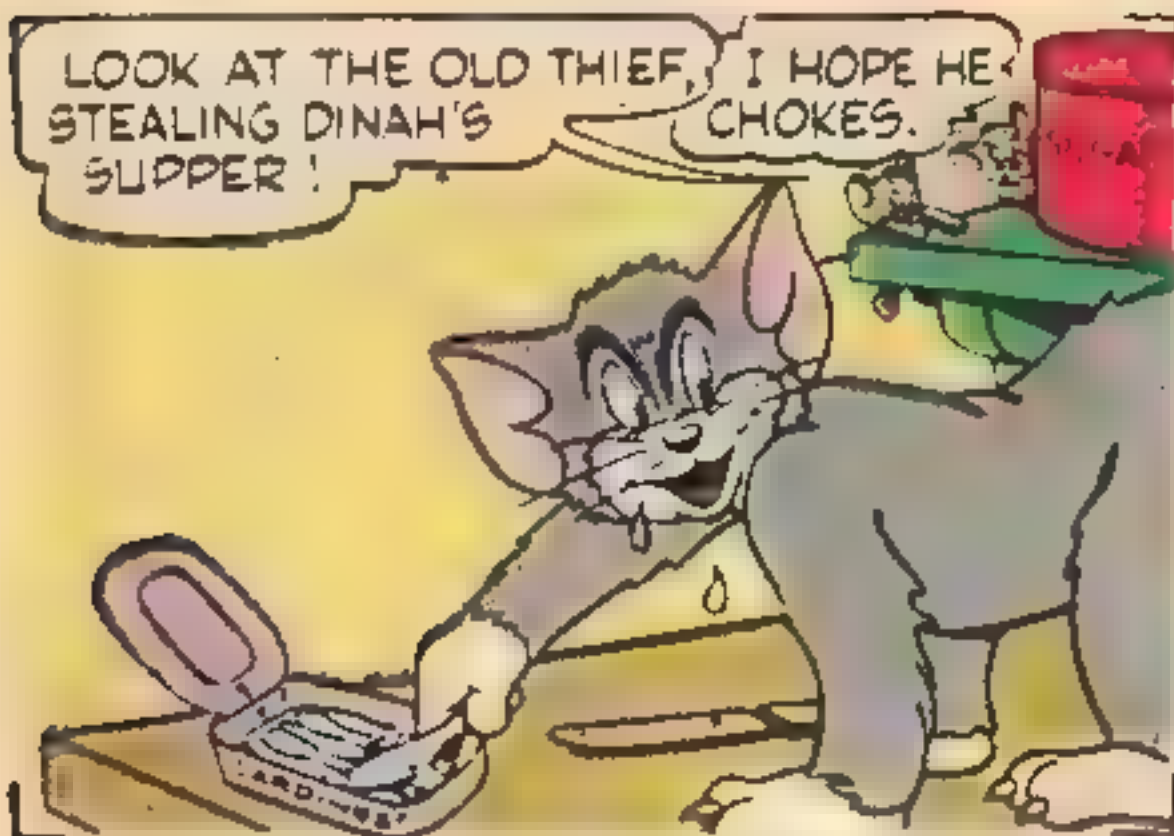
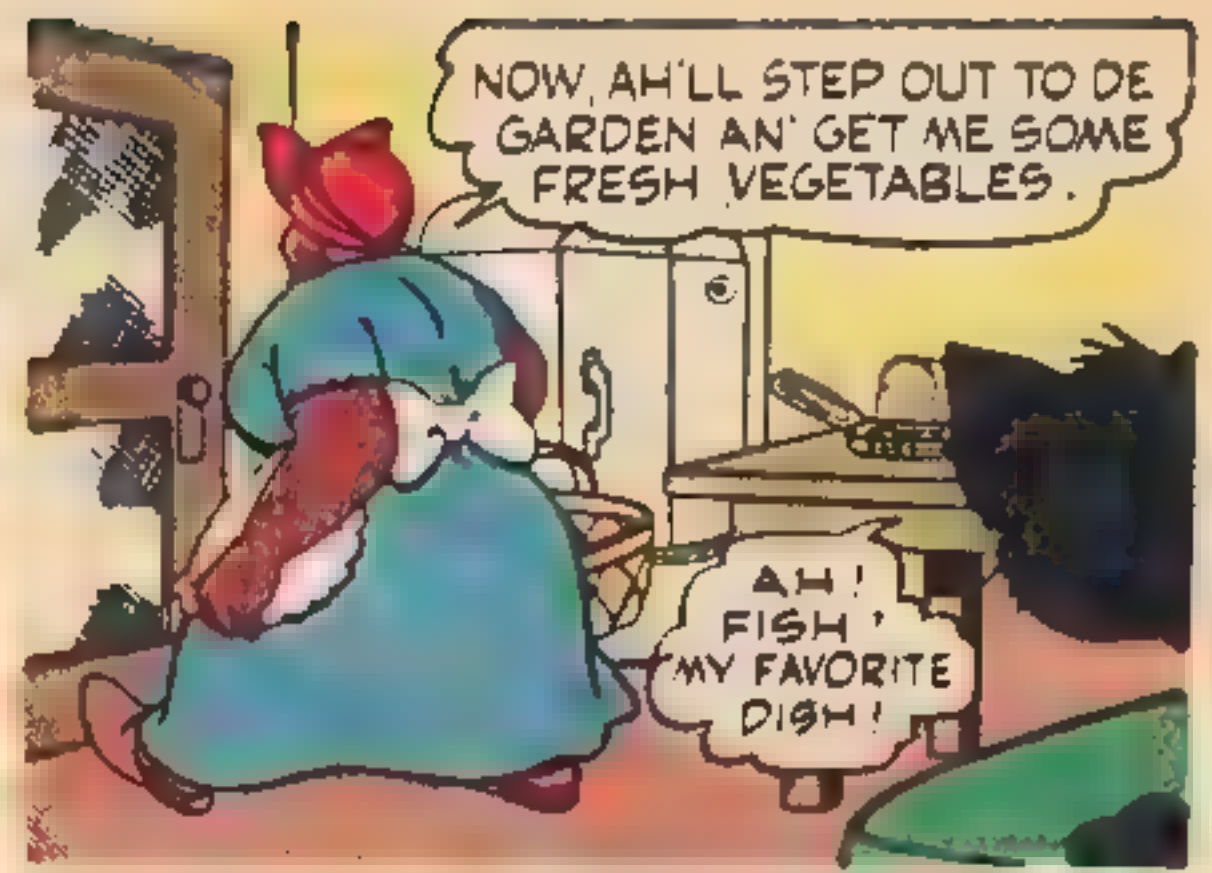


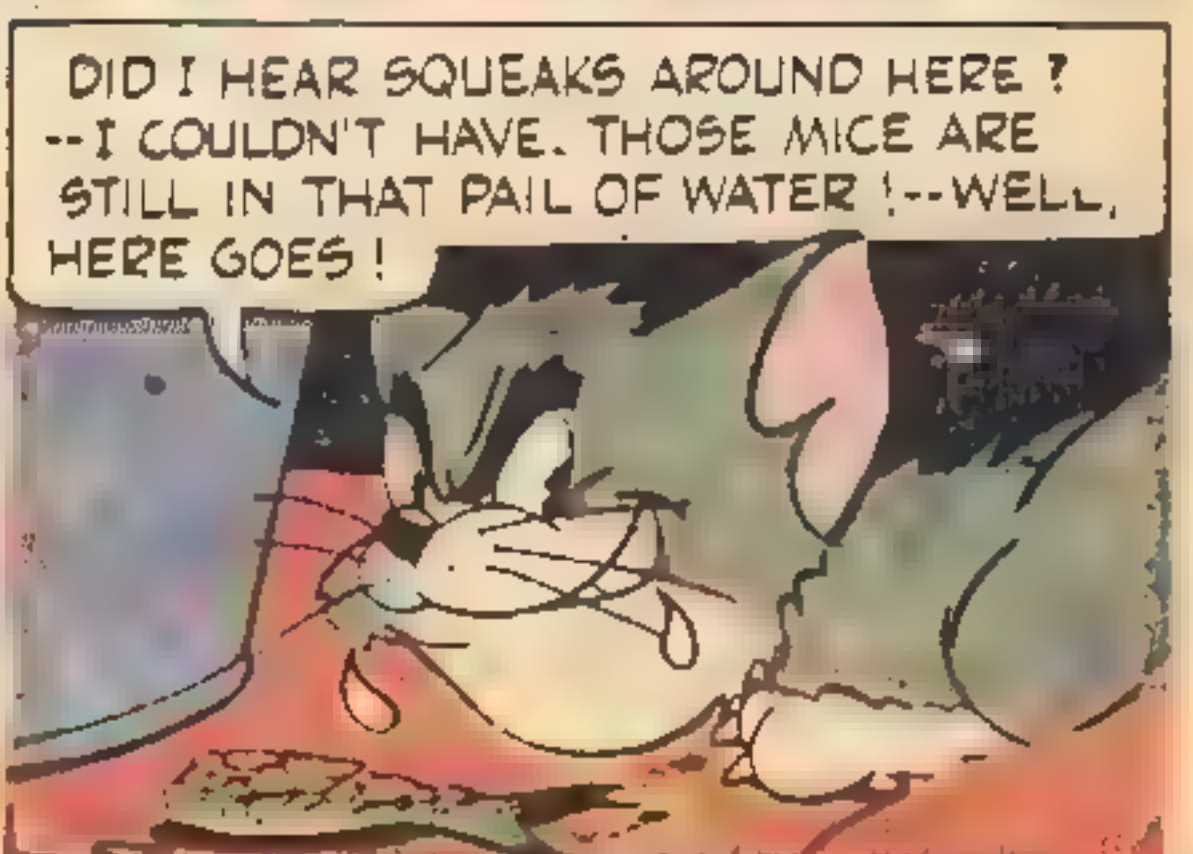
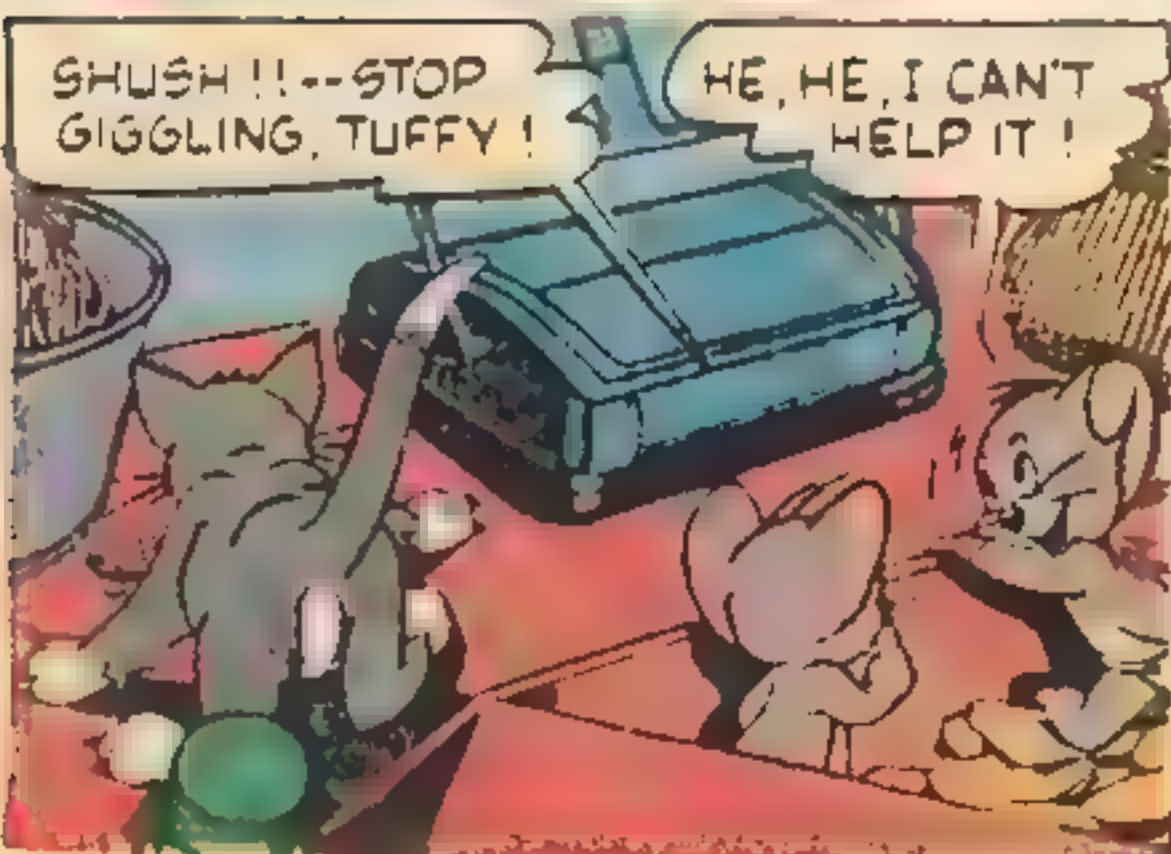
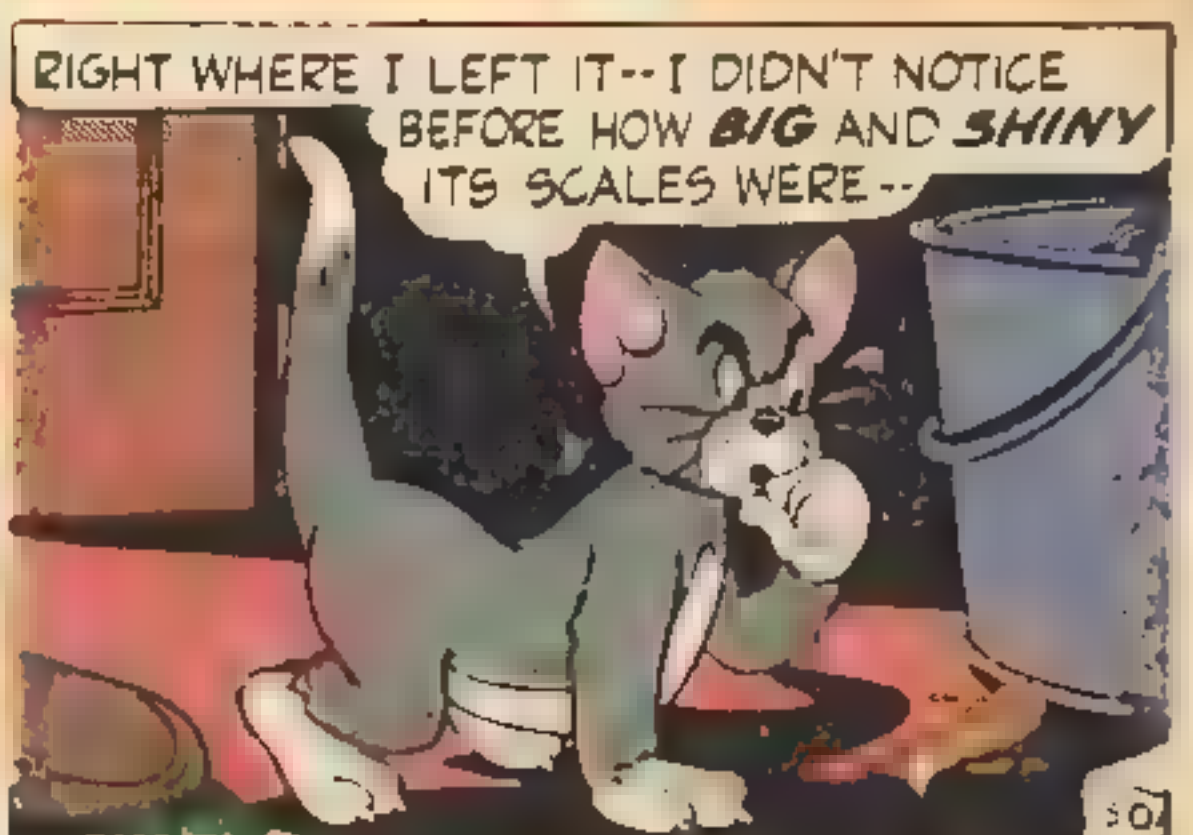
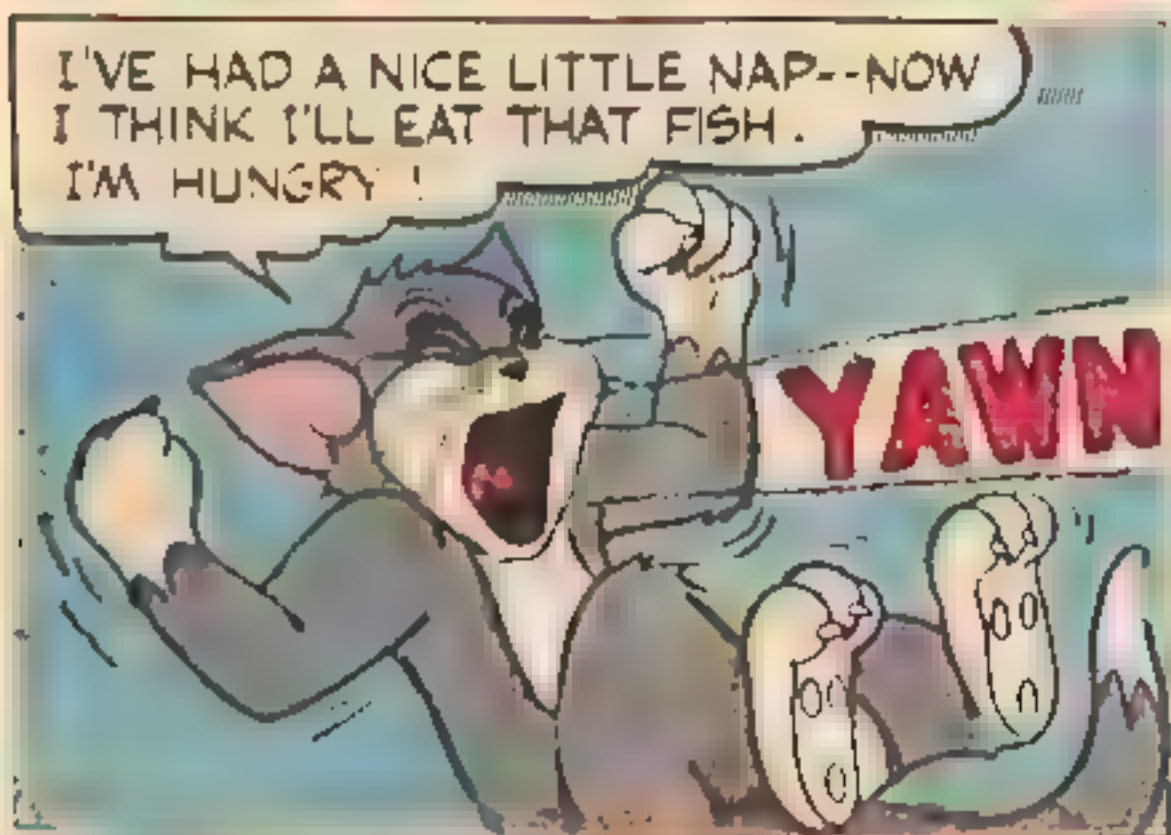
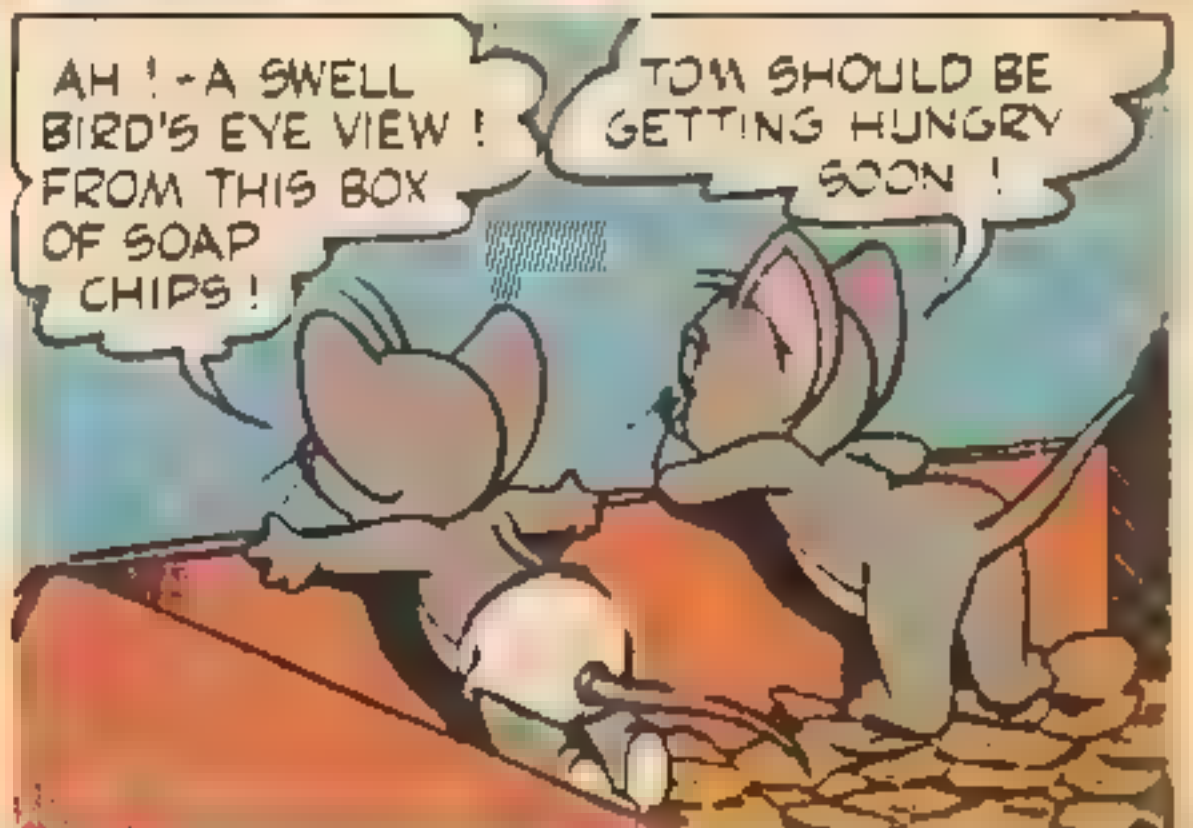
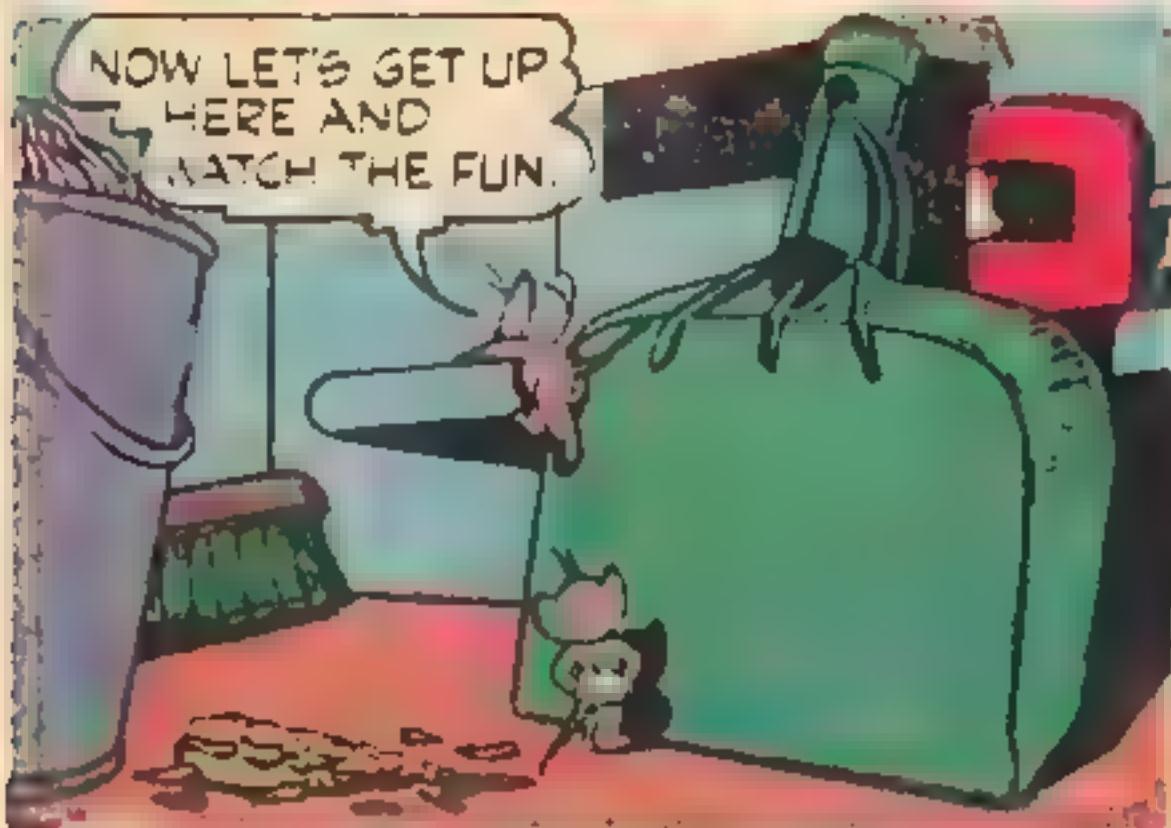
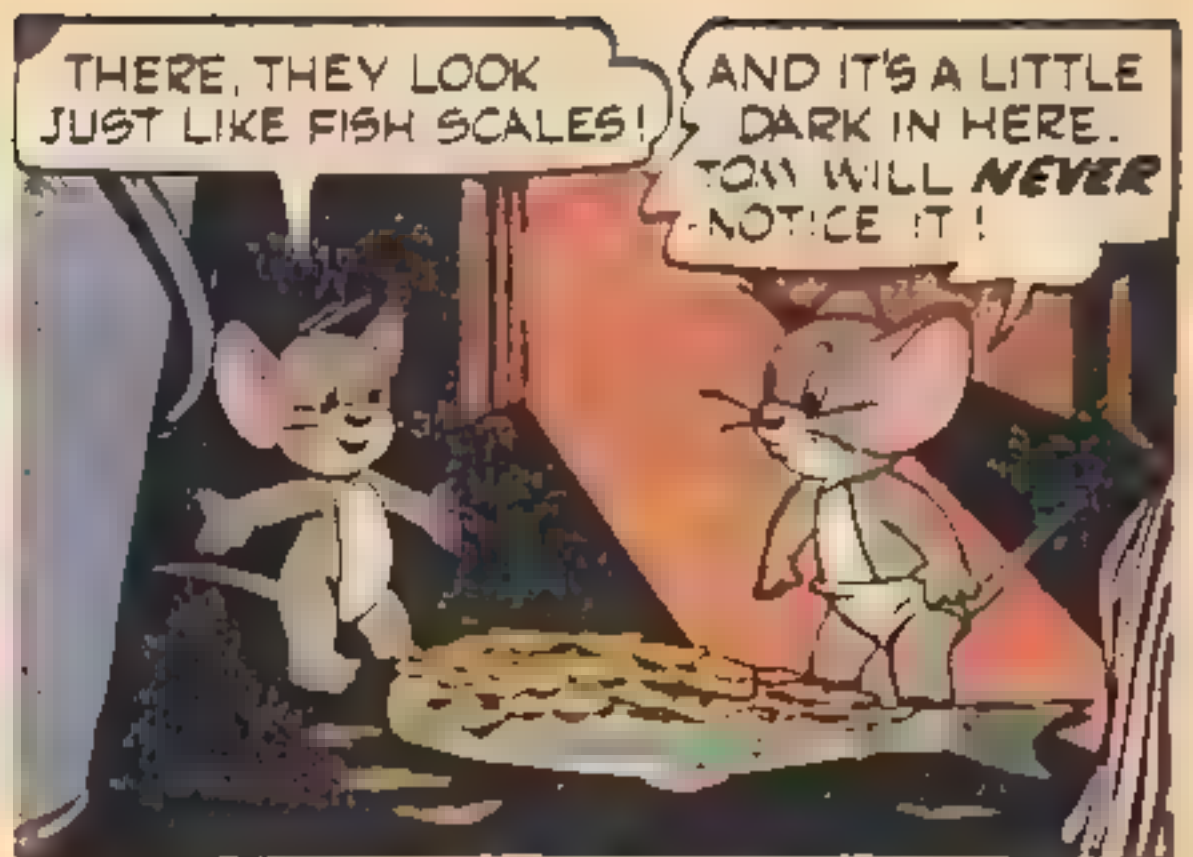
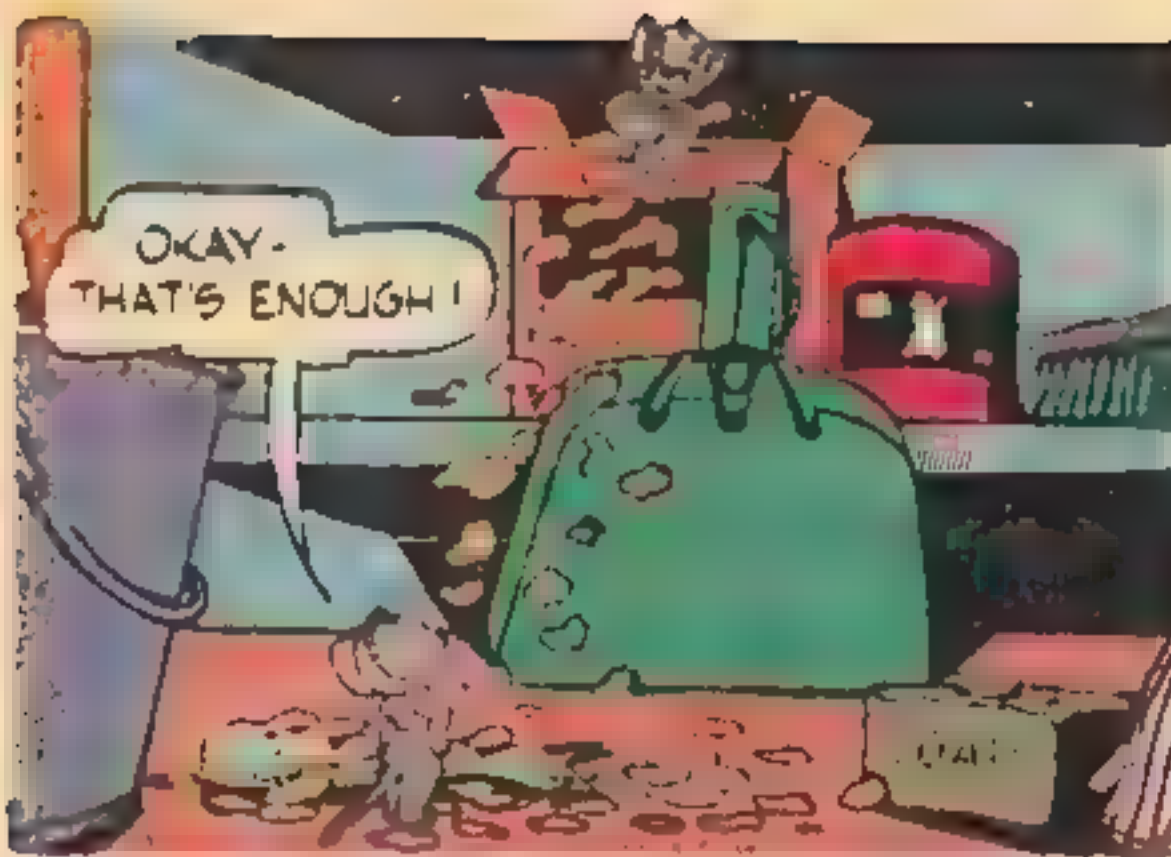


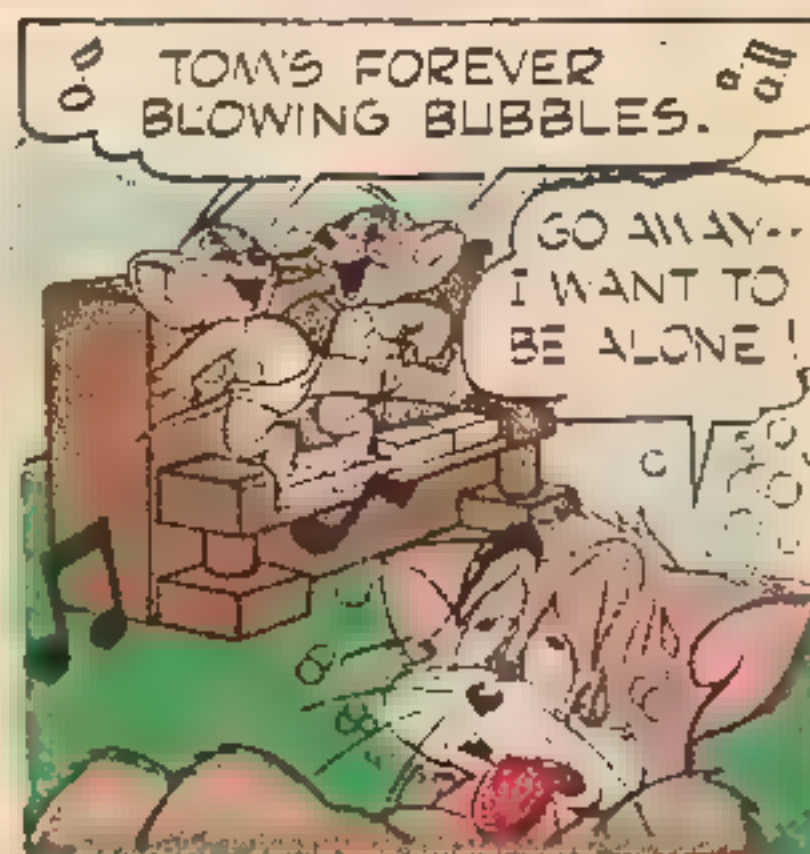
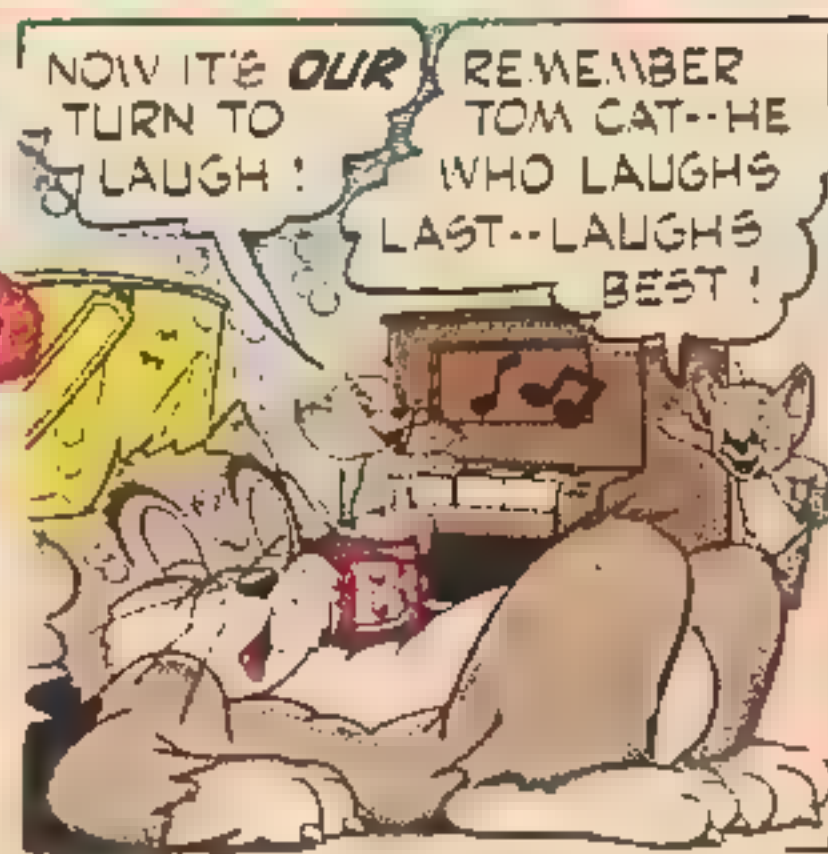
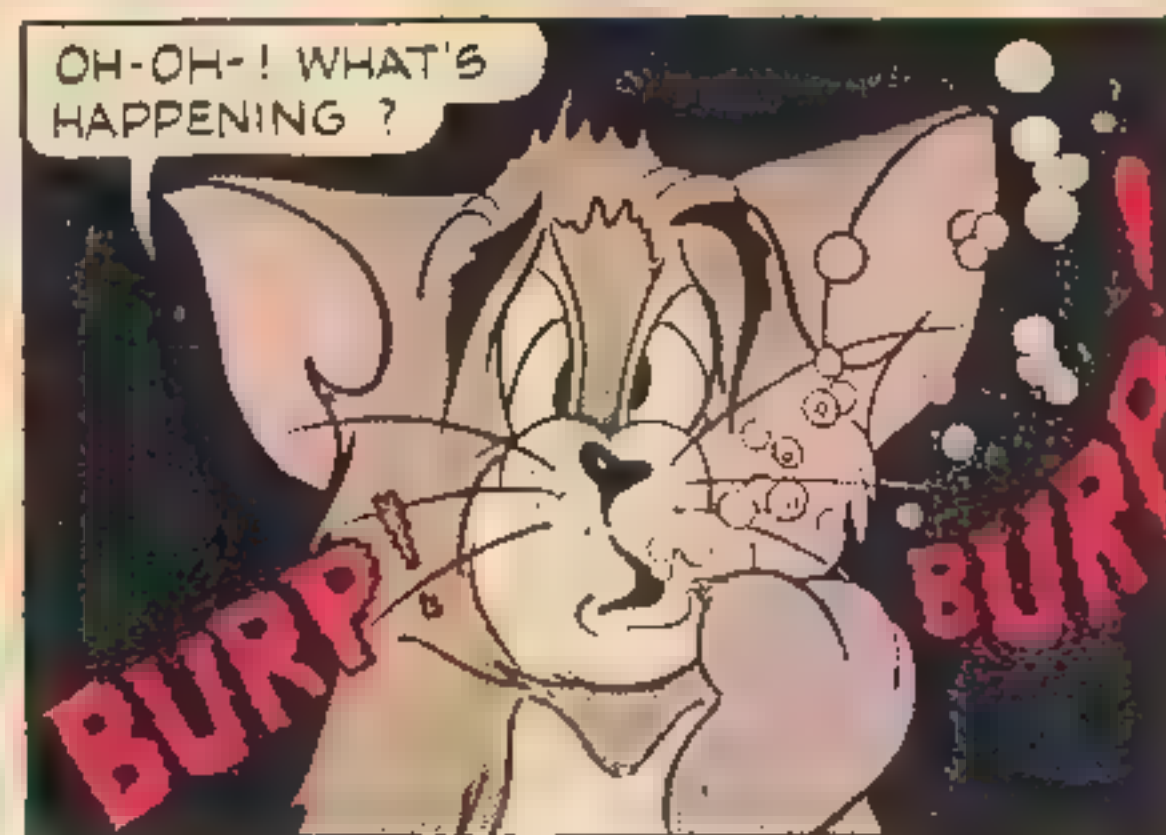
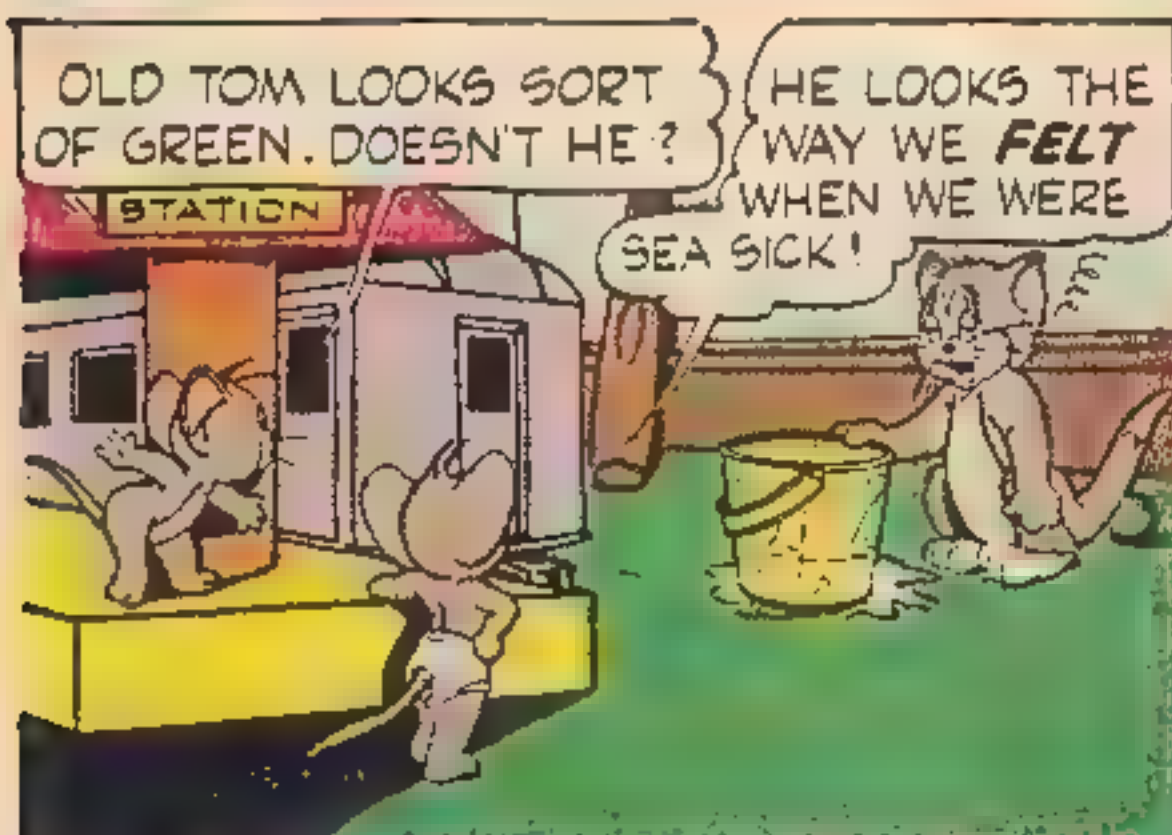
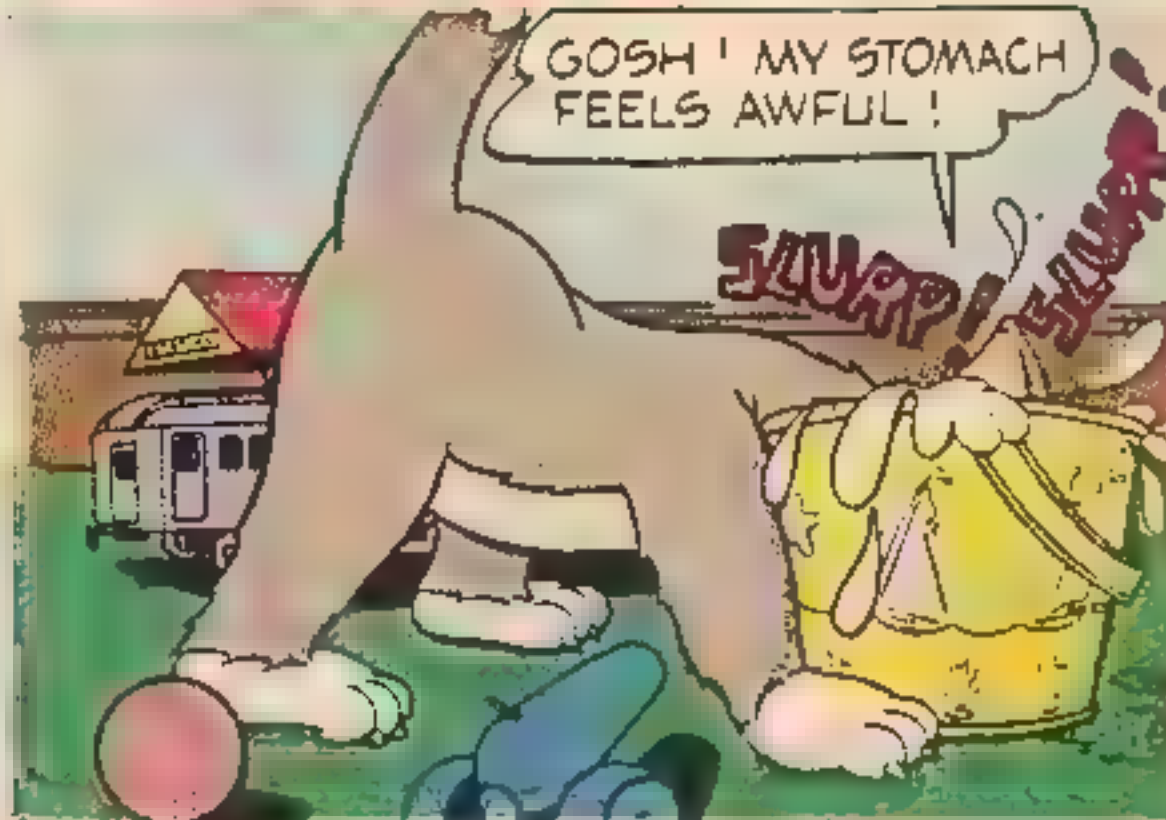
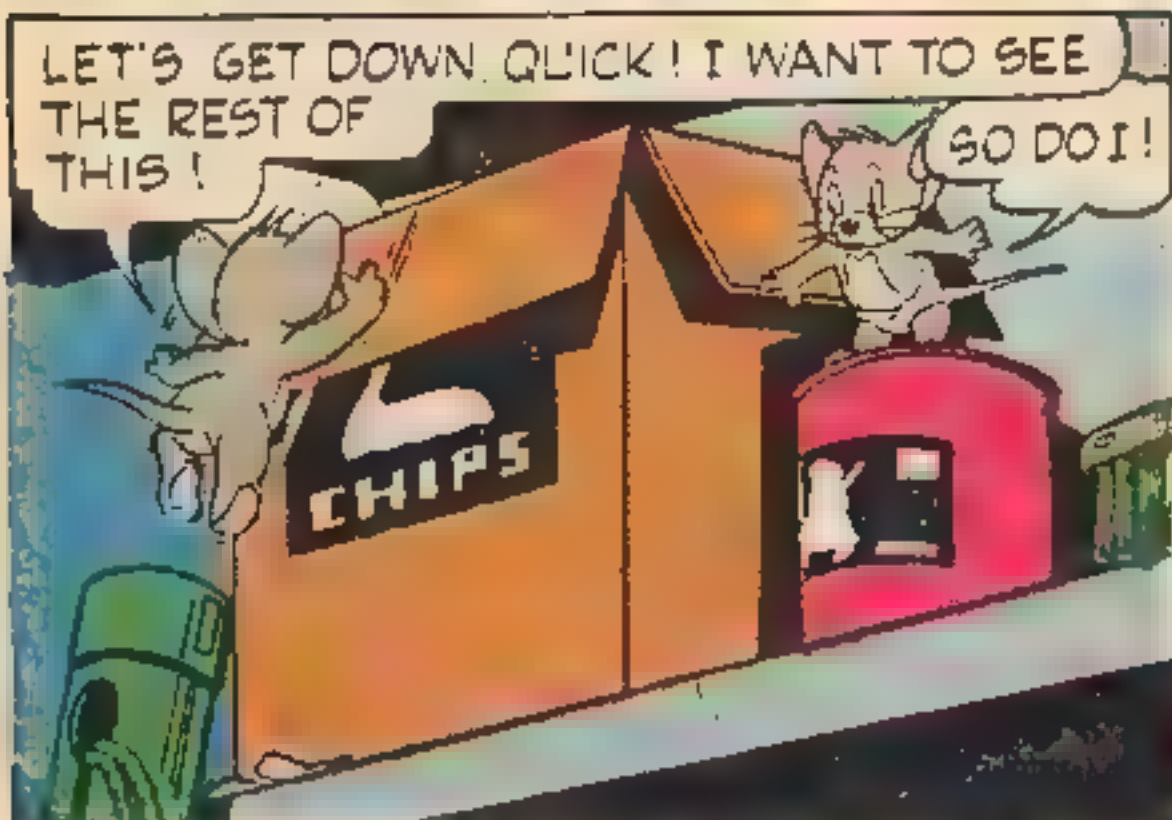
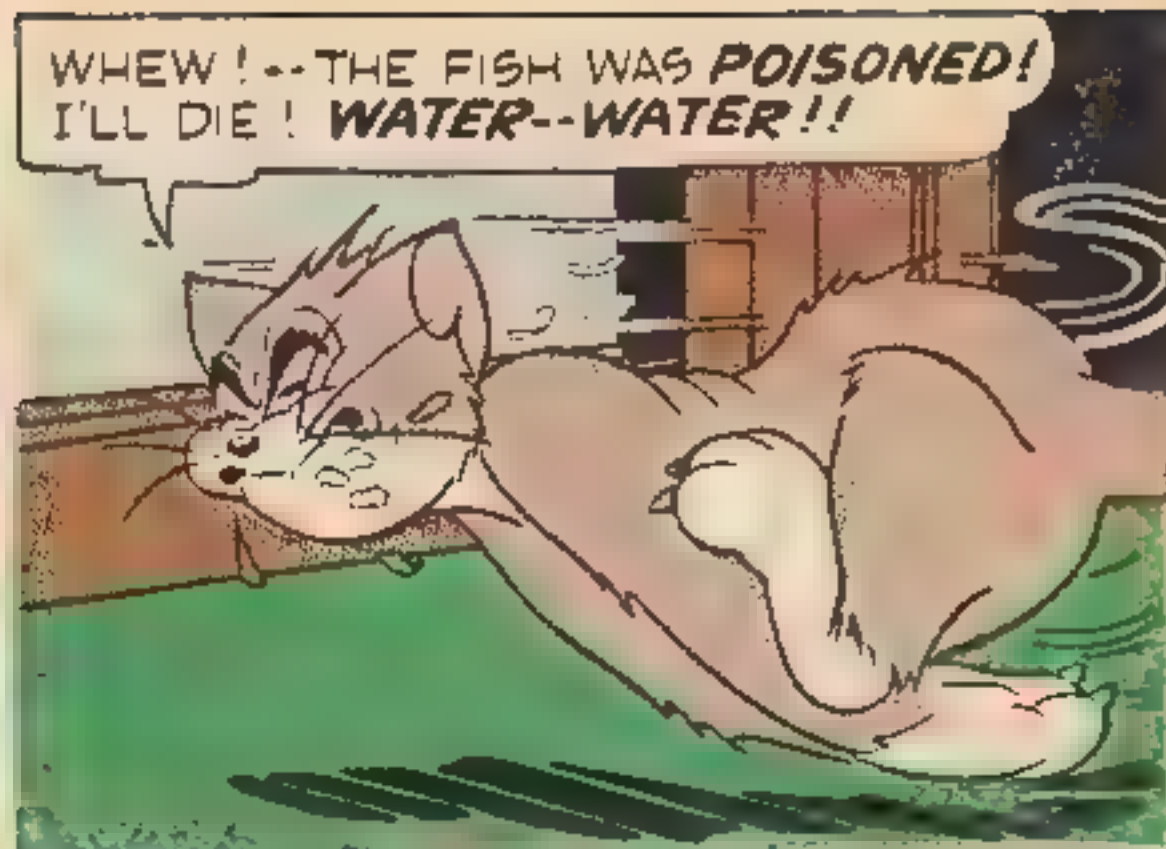












# TIMOTHY'S COMPETITION

Timothy awoke early one morning, stuck his head out from beneath his shell, and surveyed the autumn sky. Yes, it looked like it would be a clear, calm day and he would still be able to ferry his passengers across the Mill Stream.

Then he glanced down the stream aways and said, "Hm-m-m!" Then he said "Ha!" And finally he said, "Guess I'd better see into this matter," and started off.

Soon he came to the spot on the bank which had attracted his attention, and he stopped. There on the shore stood Danny Beaver, busily constructing a raft. It was sturdy, built to withstand the swift Mill Stream currents, and was obviously being made for just one purpose.

"Good morning, Danny," said Timothy, breezily. "Nice little raft you have there."

"Um-hum," answered Danny, his mouth full of nails.

"Going to take a trip?"

"Huh-uh," Danny drove a nail in with great fervor.



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"Going to build a house boat?"

"Nope."

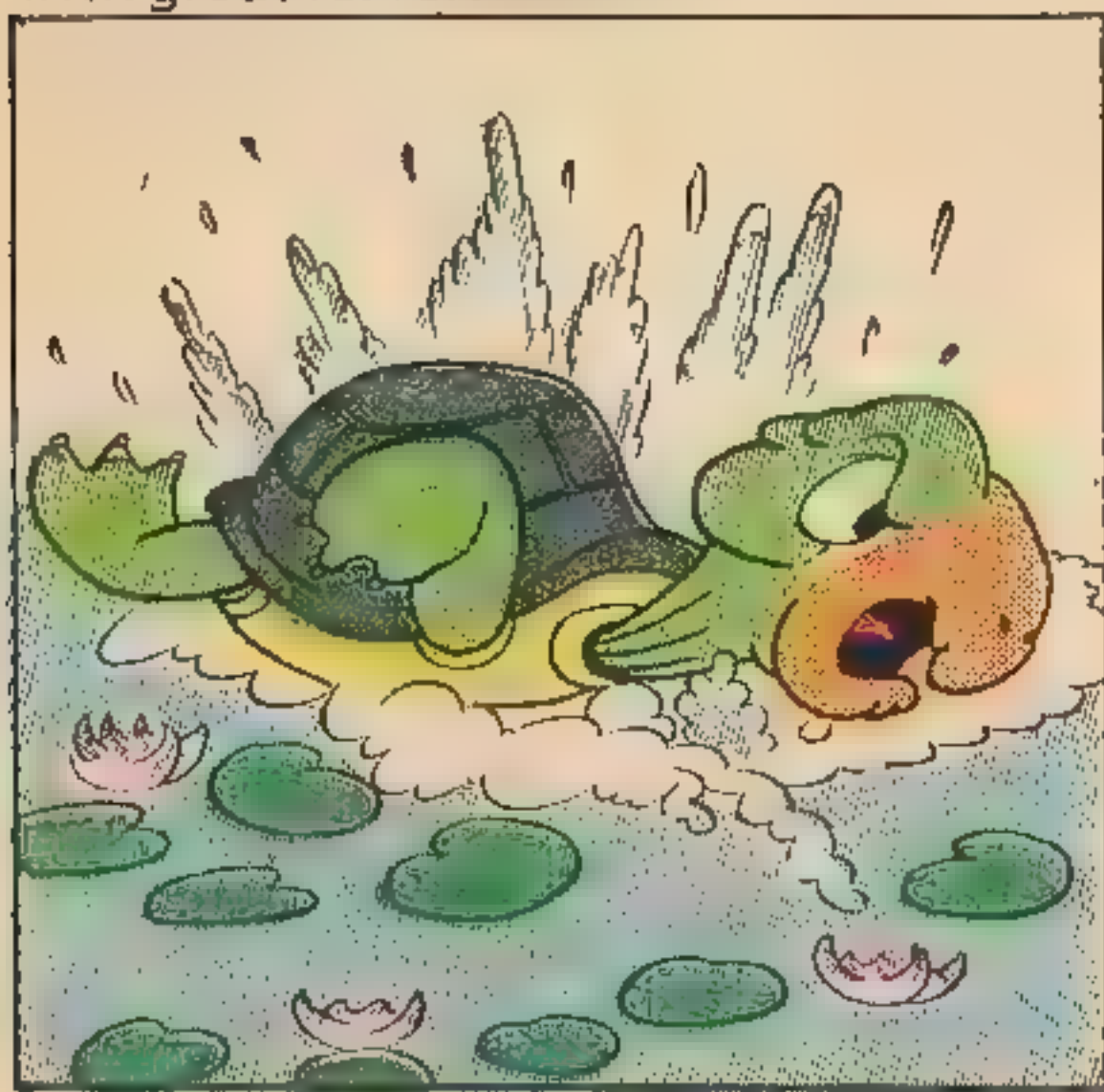
"Well, then—" and just then Timothy's eye was caught by a sign prominently displayed on the side of the raft. It read "Ferry Service. Ride in Complete Comfort and Safety."

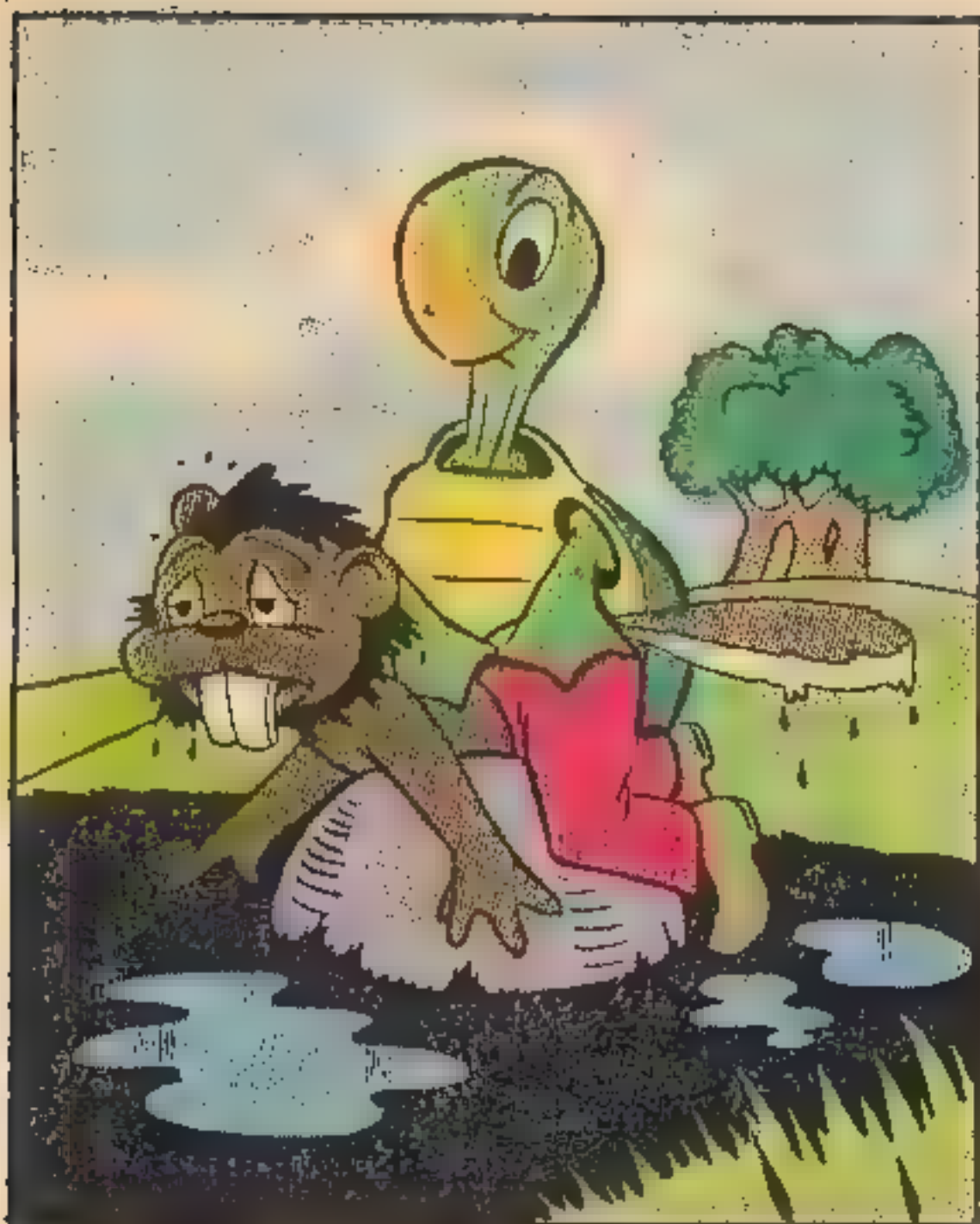
"Ferry boat service!" Timothy gasped. "Why, that's MY business."

"You mean it WAS. Everyone for himself, I always say." And Danny disappeared under the water.

"Gosh!" said Timothy. "Gee! I never thought this would ever happen." Then he brightened a bit, as he thought, "Ah, well, maybe business won't be so good for him."

But to Timothy's dismay, Danny's business flourished, while Timothy's fell off more and more. When word got around the forest that Danny had a ferry service where the passengers didn't have to worry about falling off, soon everyone was using the little beaver's ferry, and business was booming. And poor Timothy sat all day long on his side of the stream, and watched—and worried.





The days passed, getting colder and windier, and Danny built a little shack on his raft, to protect his customers from the rains. His business had grown so heavy that he hardly had a minute to rest between trips. And Timothy still watched—and worried.

Then one day, when it was windier than usual, Timothy sat watching Danny ferrying a particularly large number of passengers across the stream. It was a party of forest children, going nut-gathering, and Danny, who was inclined to be a bit greedy, had tried to crowd them all on board at once. He had a bit of trouble pulling the raft away from the bank, it was so heavy, and no sooner had he hit midstream than the autumn breezes began to blow harder than ever. The raft teetered from one side to the other as the waves rose higher and higher. Then suddenly one breeze caught the side of the little shack and lifted it off its moorings and away into the air. A sudden gust of rain drenched the children on the raft, and just then it turned over.

Instantly Timothy was into the water—quickly, as fast as he could, he reached the struggling little animals—coming up underneath them, one by one, until he had them all on his back, and carried them to the shore.

Danny, trying to avoid the accident, had been hit on the head by the raft as it fell, and was being carried downstream. As soon as Timothy had counted noses and made sure all the children were safe, he raced after his friend, caught his tail in his strong jaws, and pulled him back to the shore, while the children cheered and jumped about with excitement, from the bank of the stream. Once on shore again Timothy rolled Danny back and forth over a stone until Danny's eyes opened and he gasped for breath, and sat up.

"Are the children safe?" he quavered.

"All safe," Timothy answered.

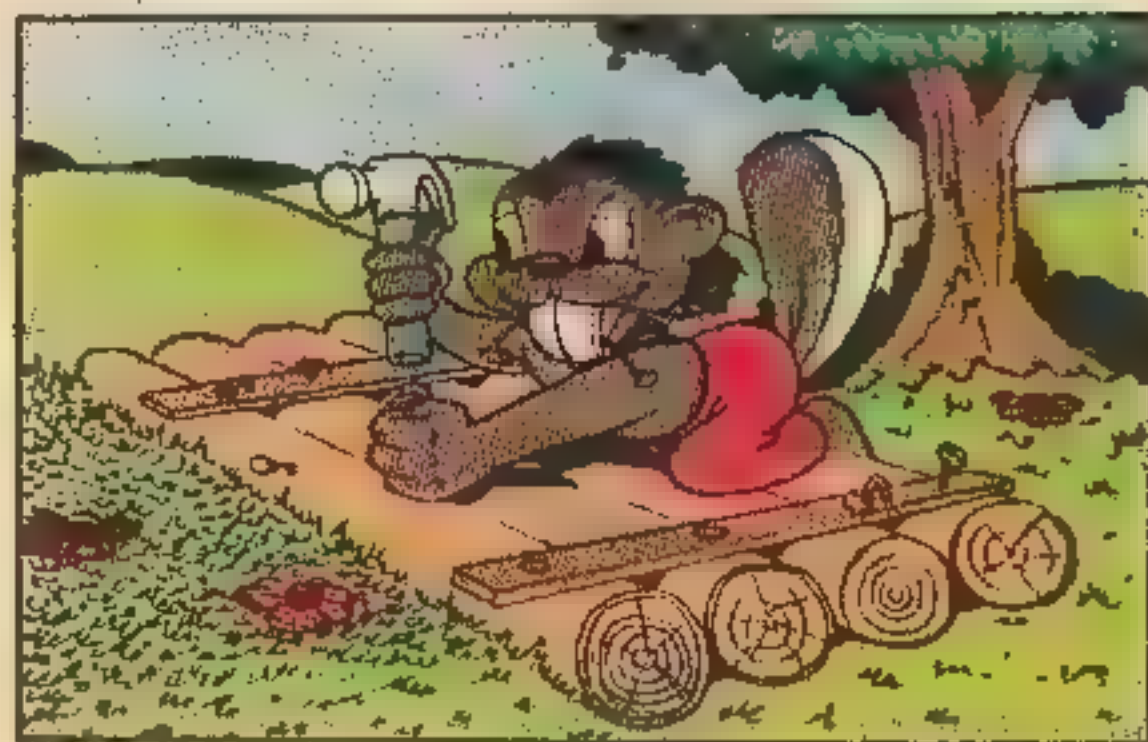
"How can I ever thank you, my good friend. And to think I tried to put you out of business—why, if it hadn't been for you we might all have been drowned."

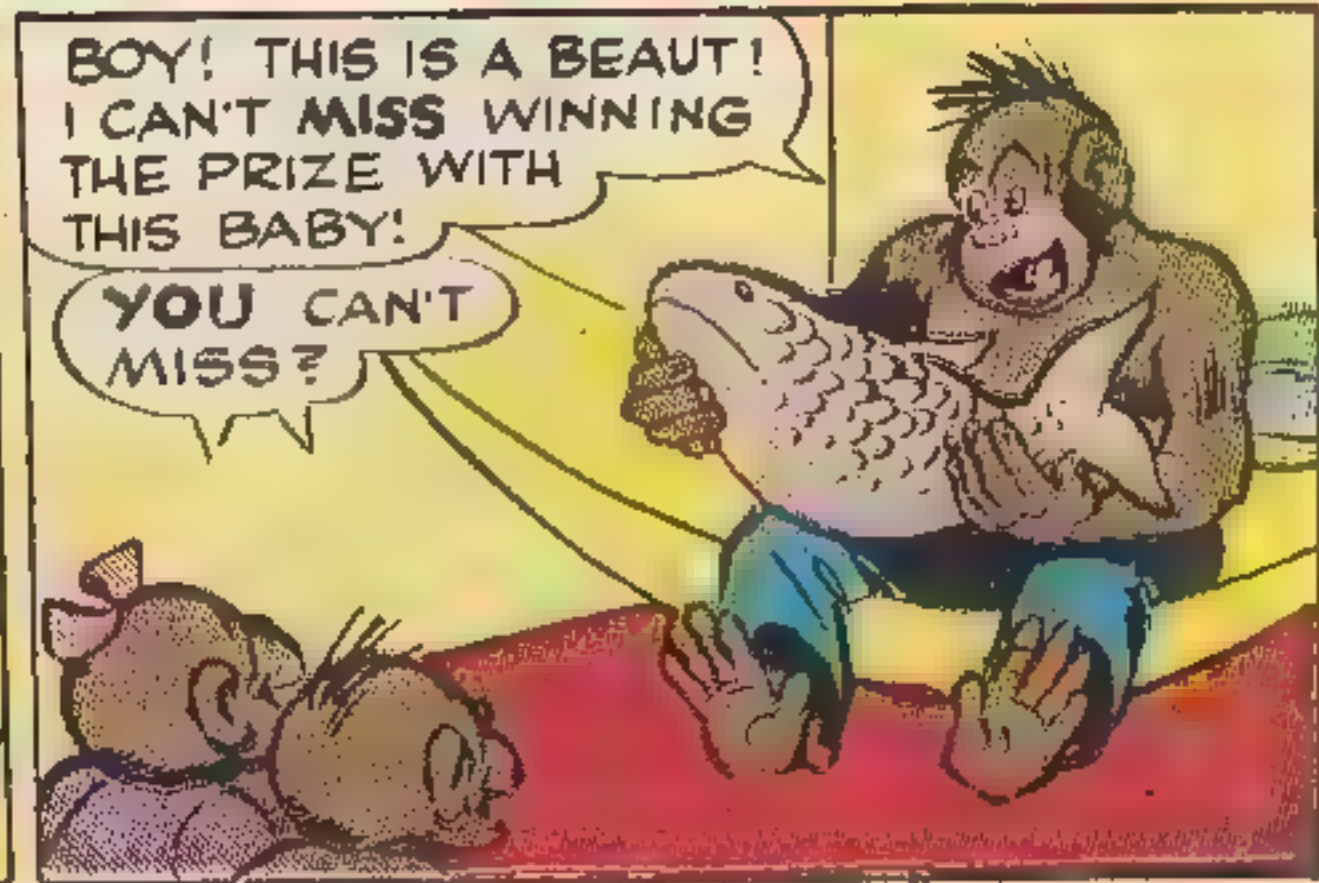
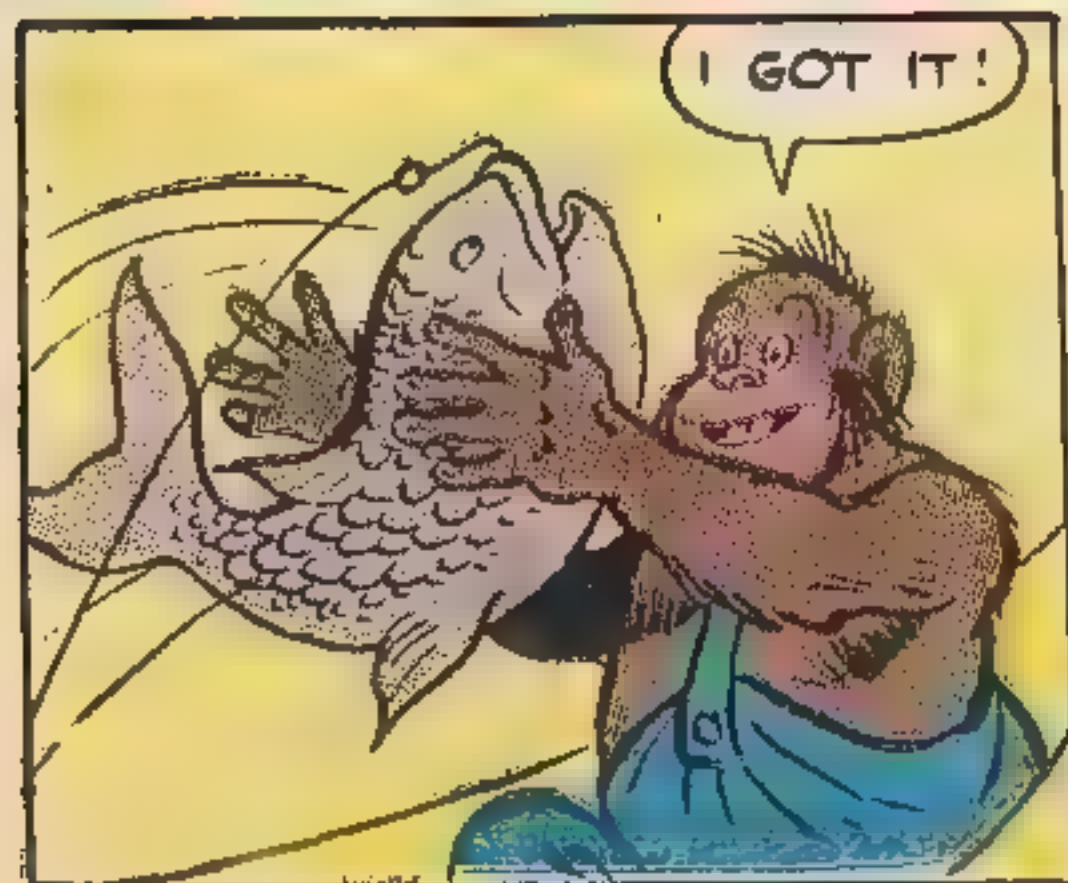
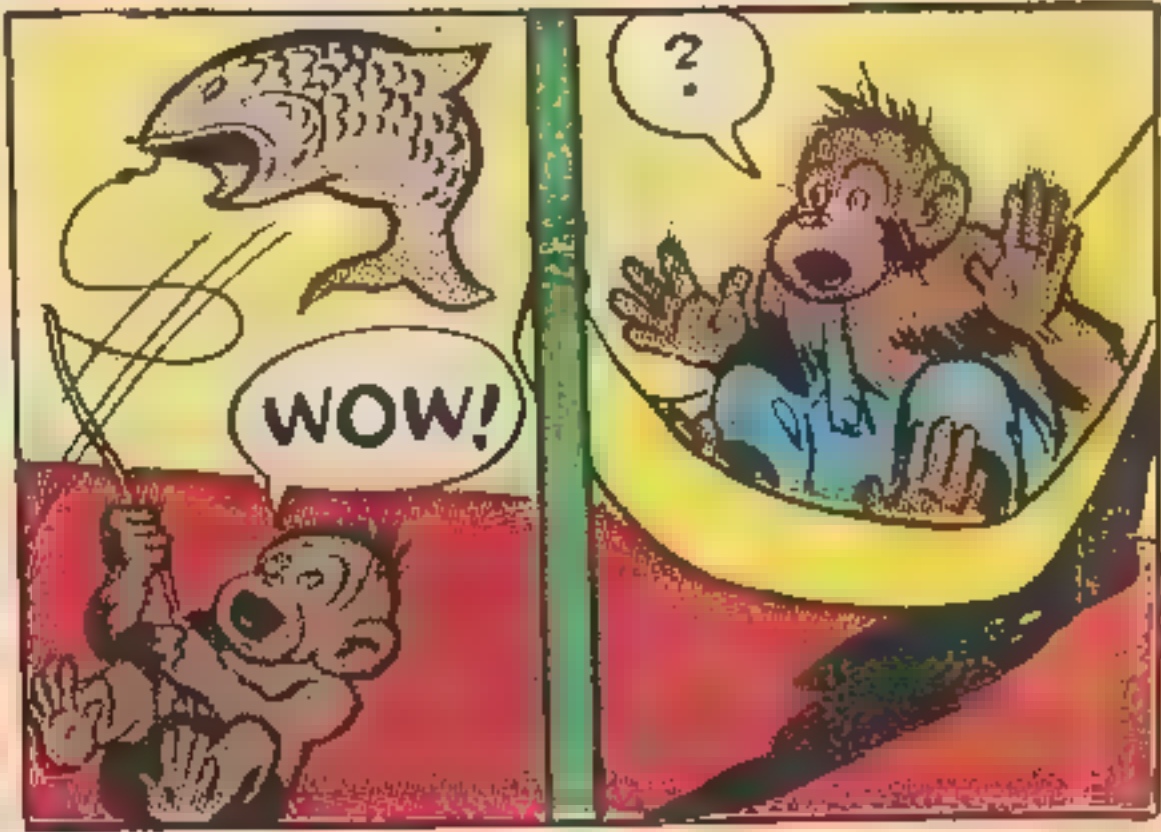
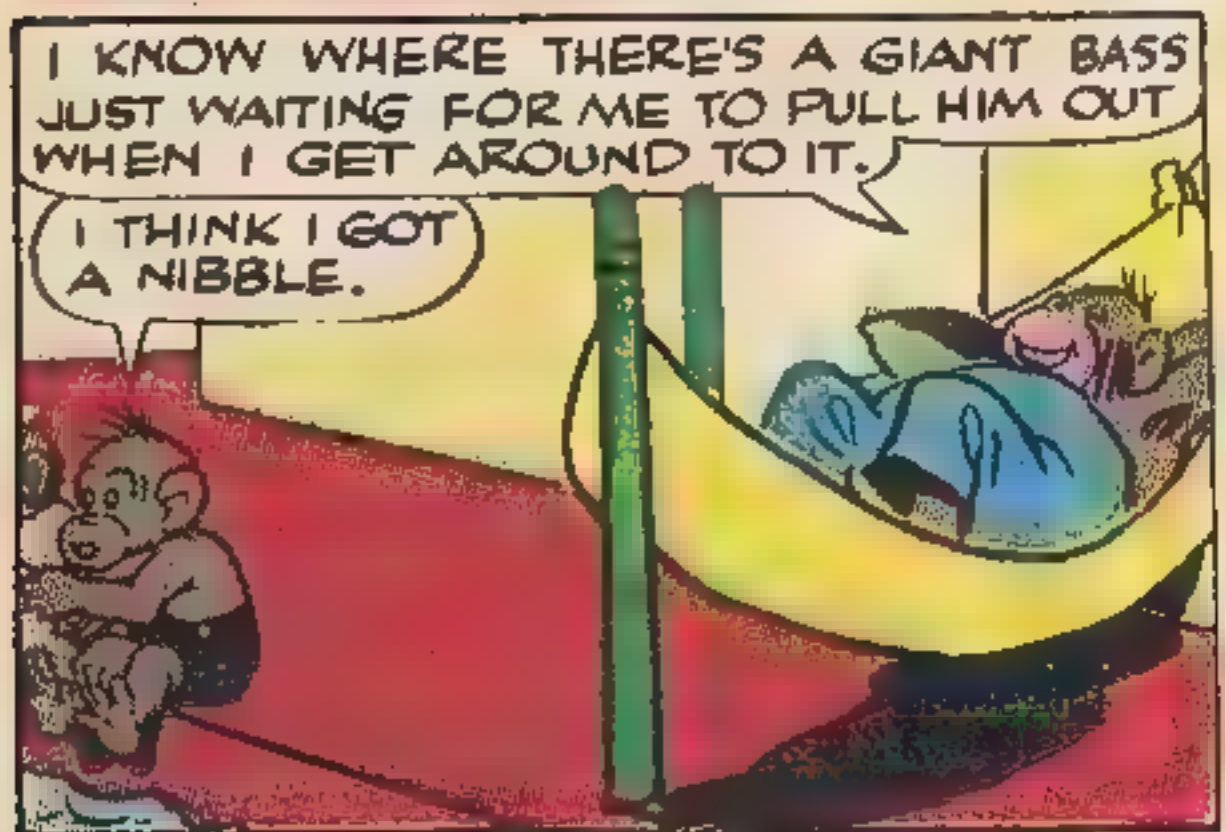
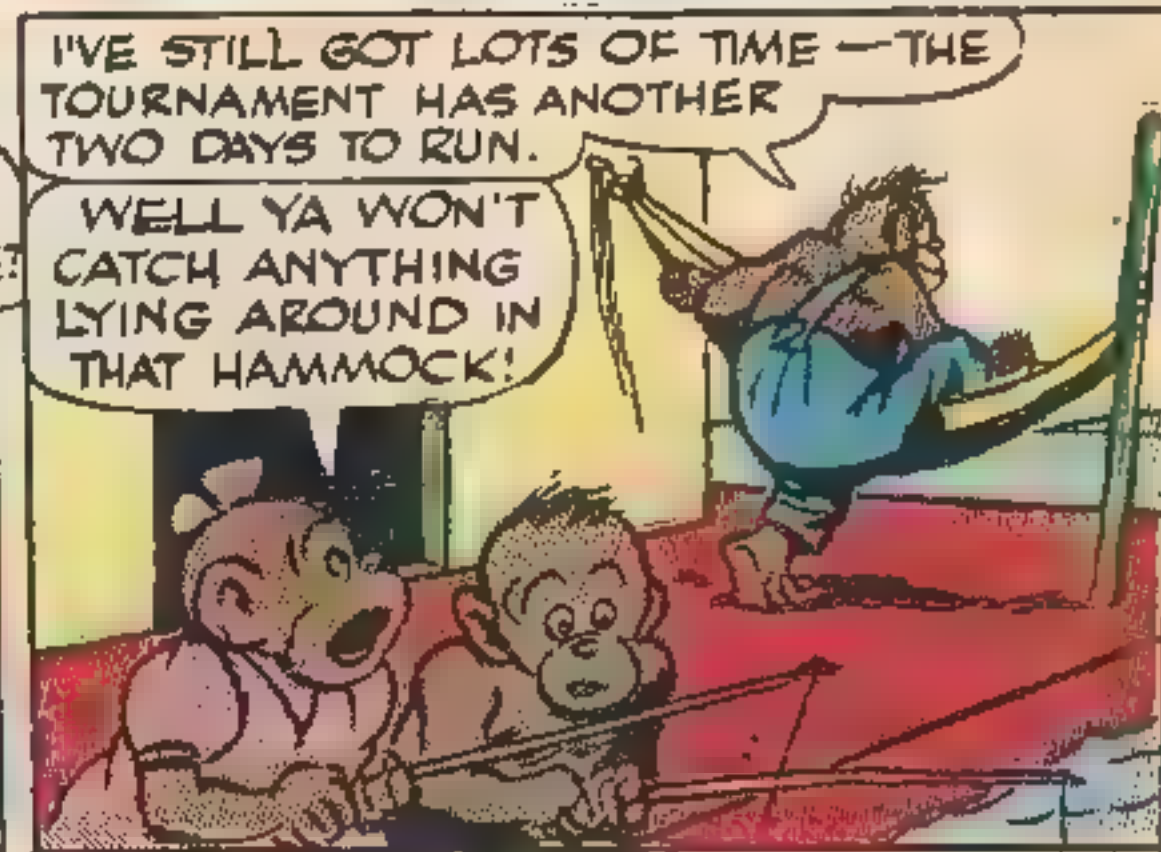
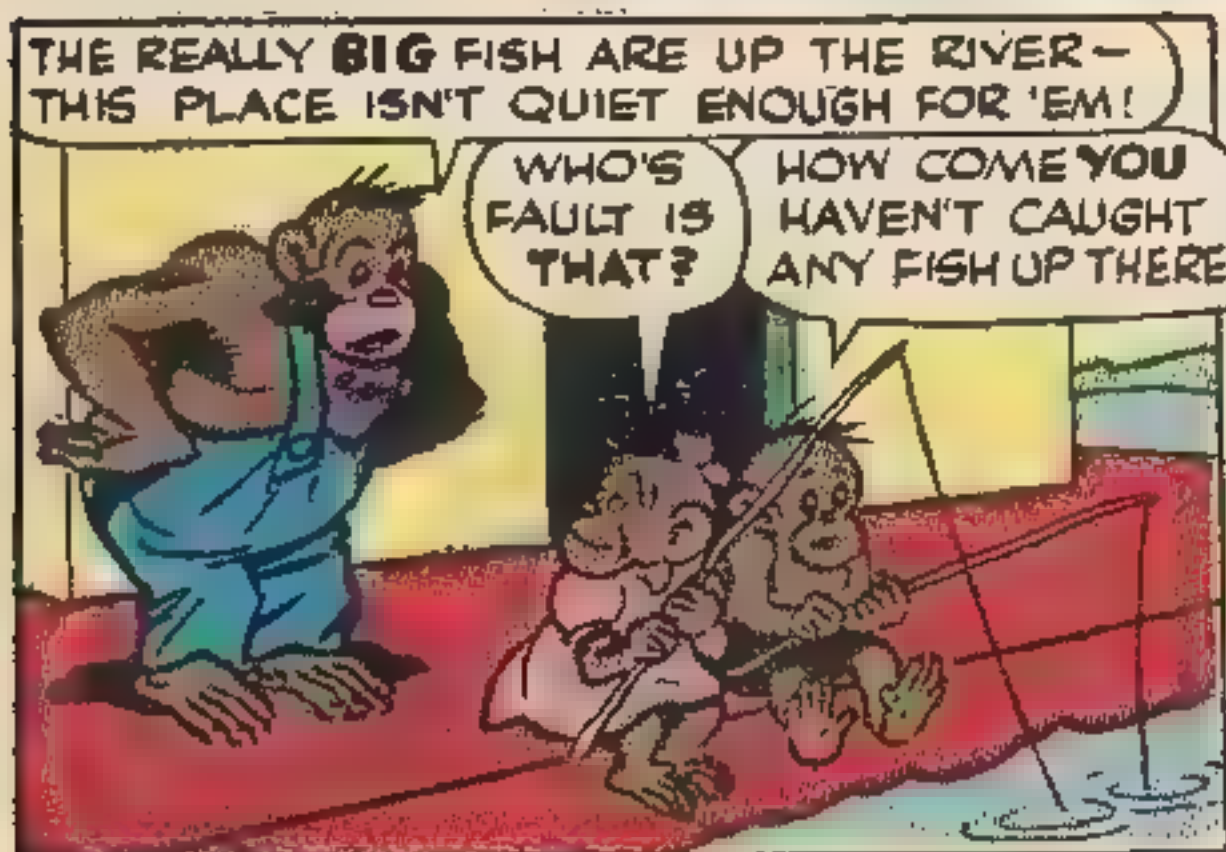
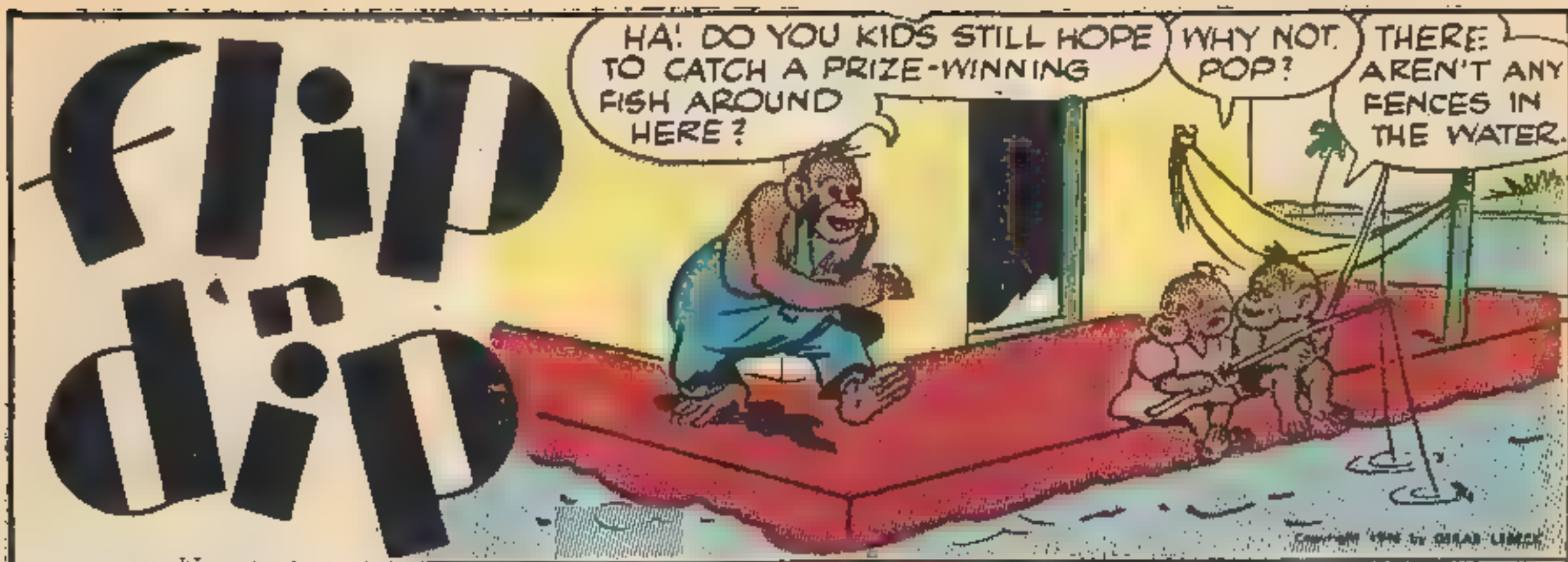
"Yes, but perhaps if I had been busy with passengers of my own, I might not have been able to reach you so quickly. You see? Most times things work out for the best, after all—"

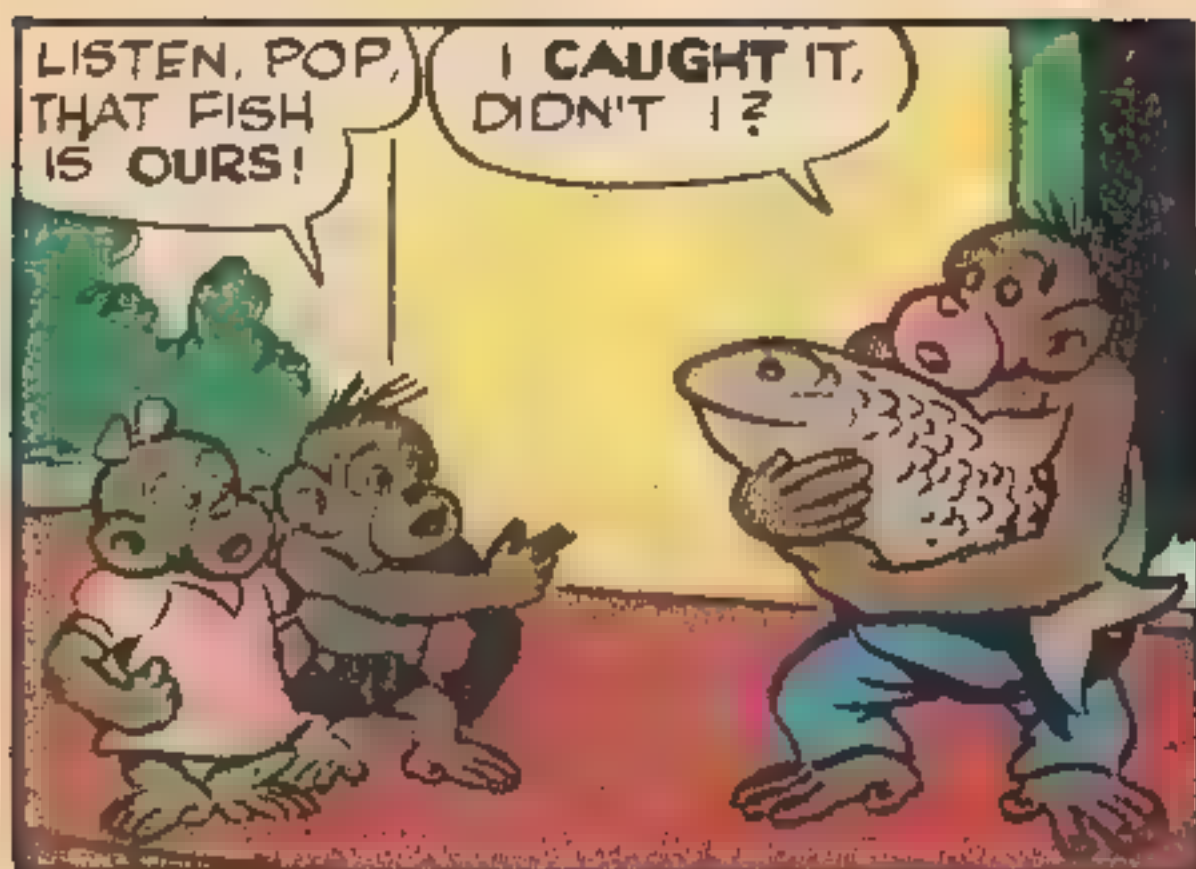
#### TURTLE & BEAVER FERRY CO.



And I think perhaps Timothy was right—most times things do. For from that day on, the two formed a partnership which soon grew to be the best ferry service that had ever been on the Mill Stream.

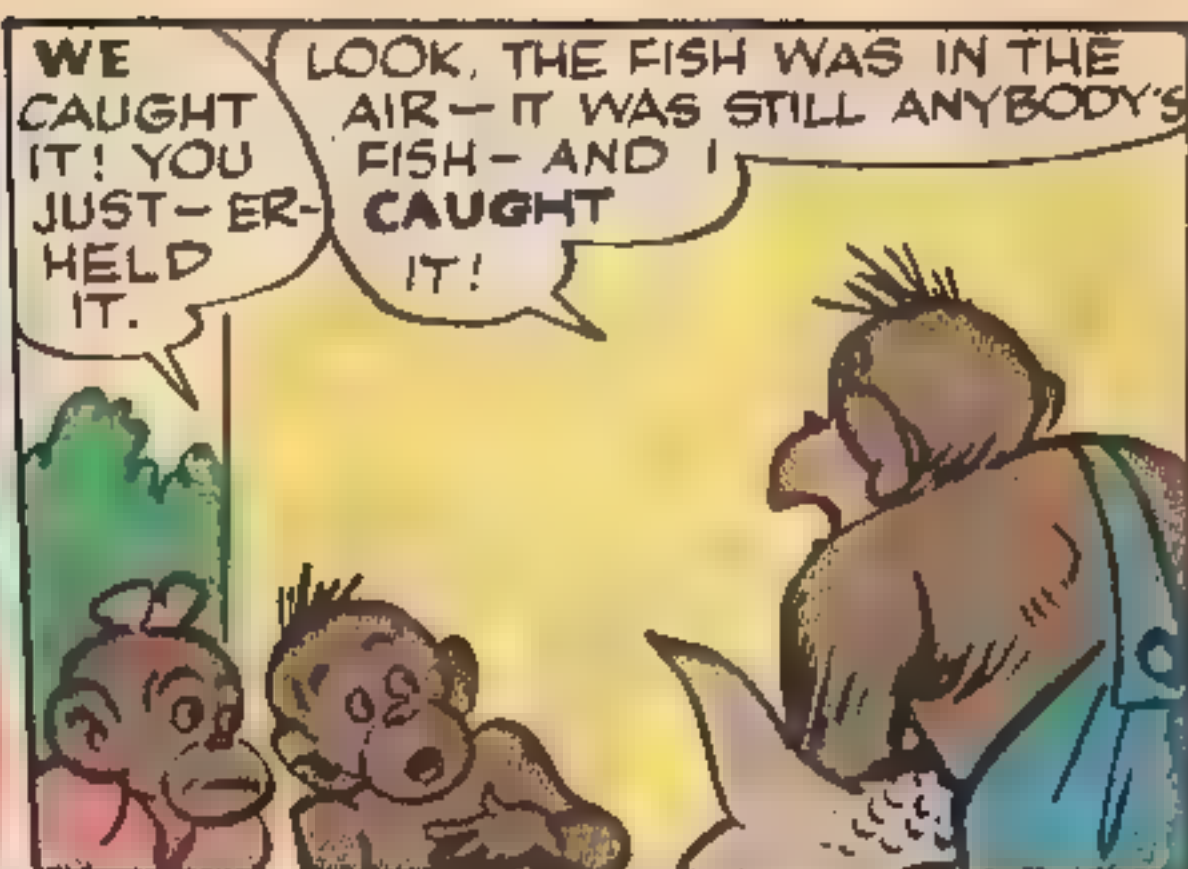






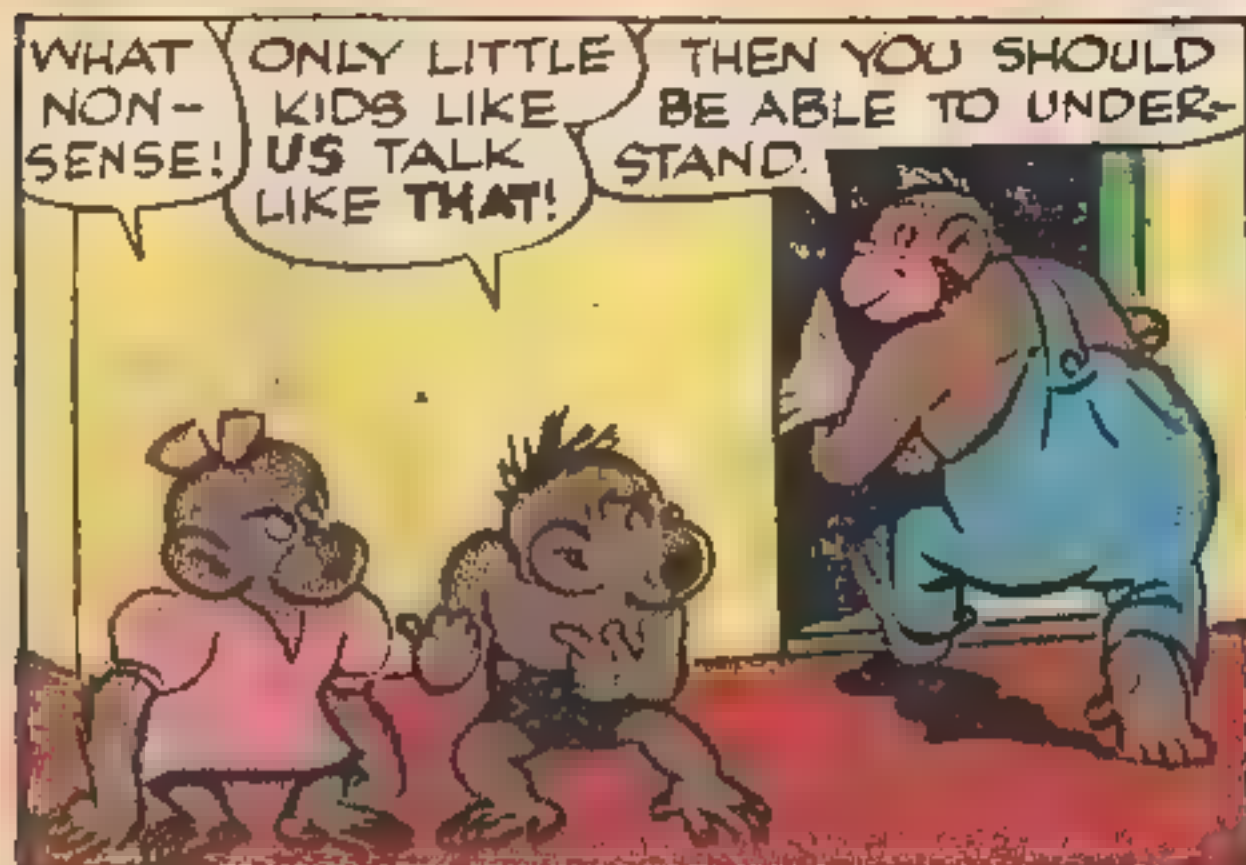
LISTEN, POP,  
THAT FISH  
IS OURS!

I CAUGHT IT,  
DIDN'T I?



WE  
CAUGHT  
IT! YOU  
JUST-ER-  
HELD  
IT.

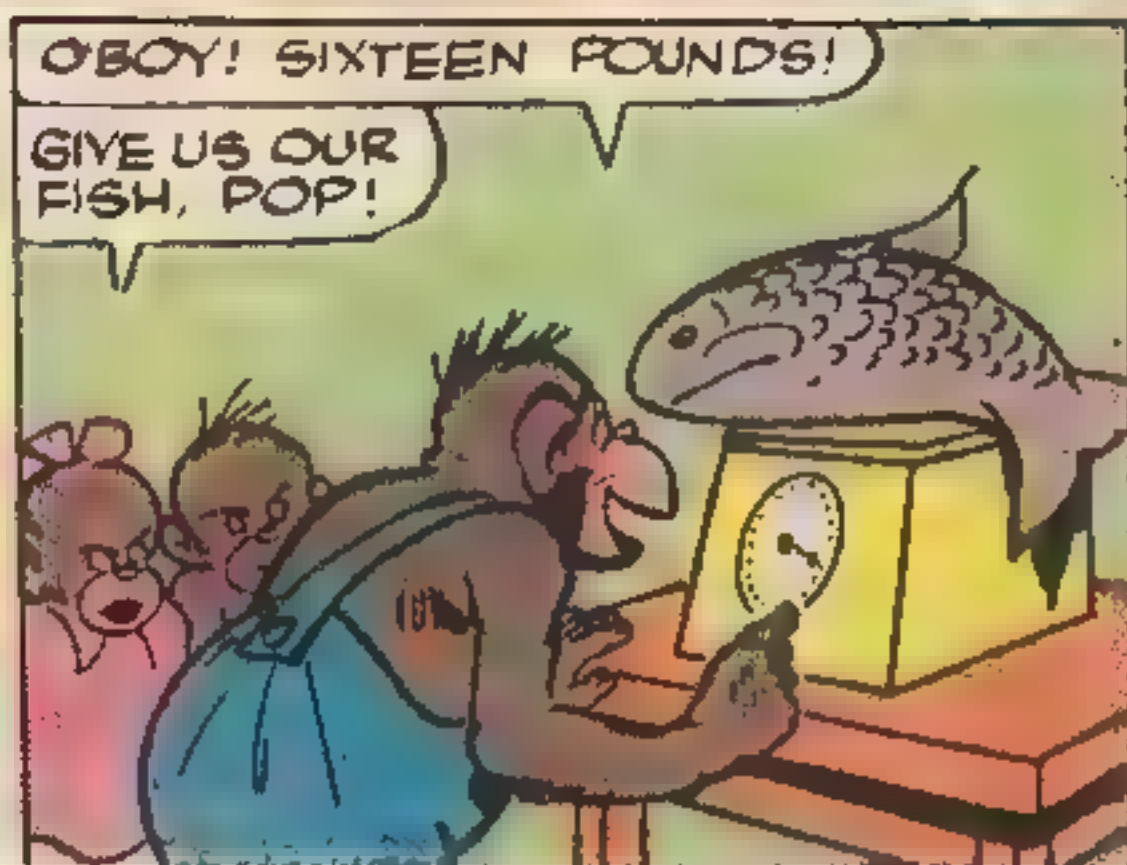
LOOK, THE FISH WAS IN THE  
AIR - IT WAS STILL ANYBODY'S  
FISH - AND I  
CAUGHT  
IT!



WHAT  
NON-  
SENSE!

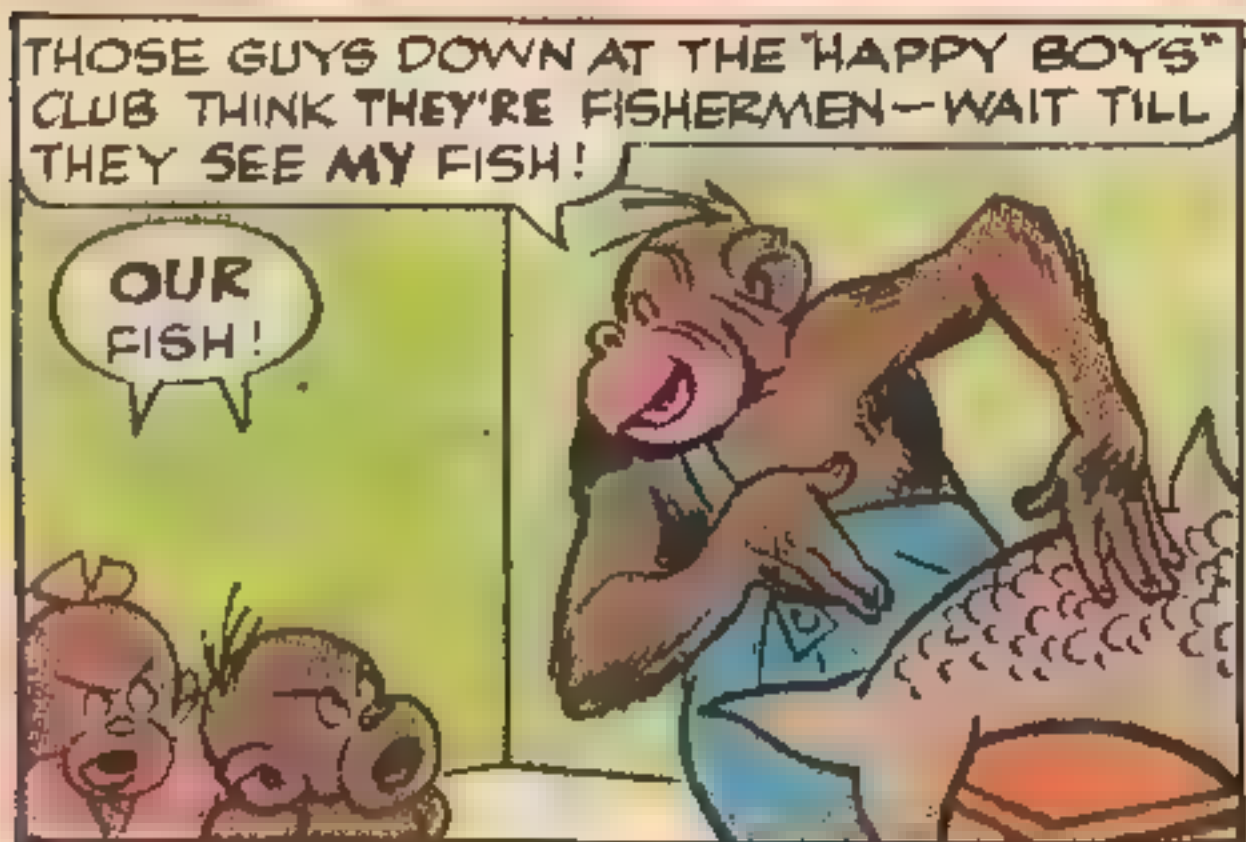
ONLY LITTLE  
KIDS LIKE  
US TALK  
LIKE THAT!

THEN YOU SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO UNDER-  
STAND.



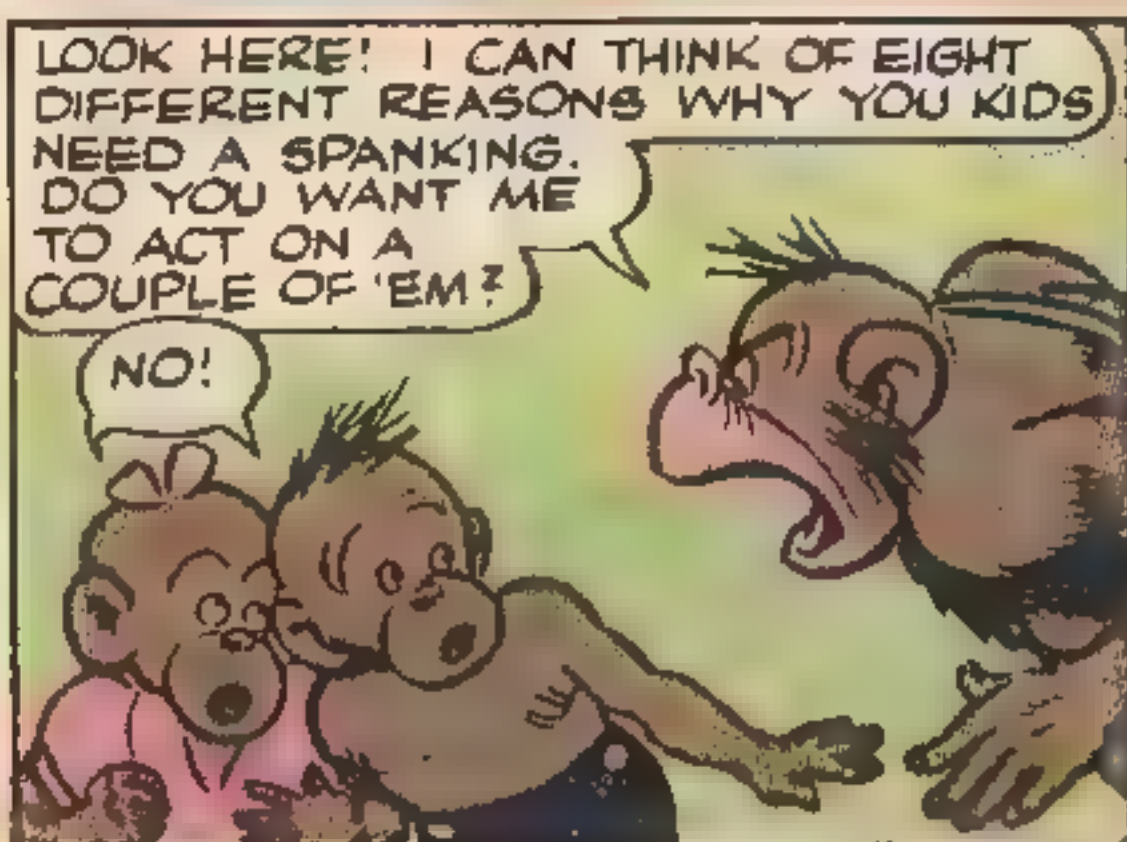
OBOY! SIXTEEN POUNDS!

GIVE US OUR  
FISH, POP!



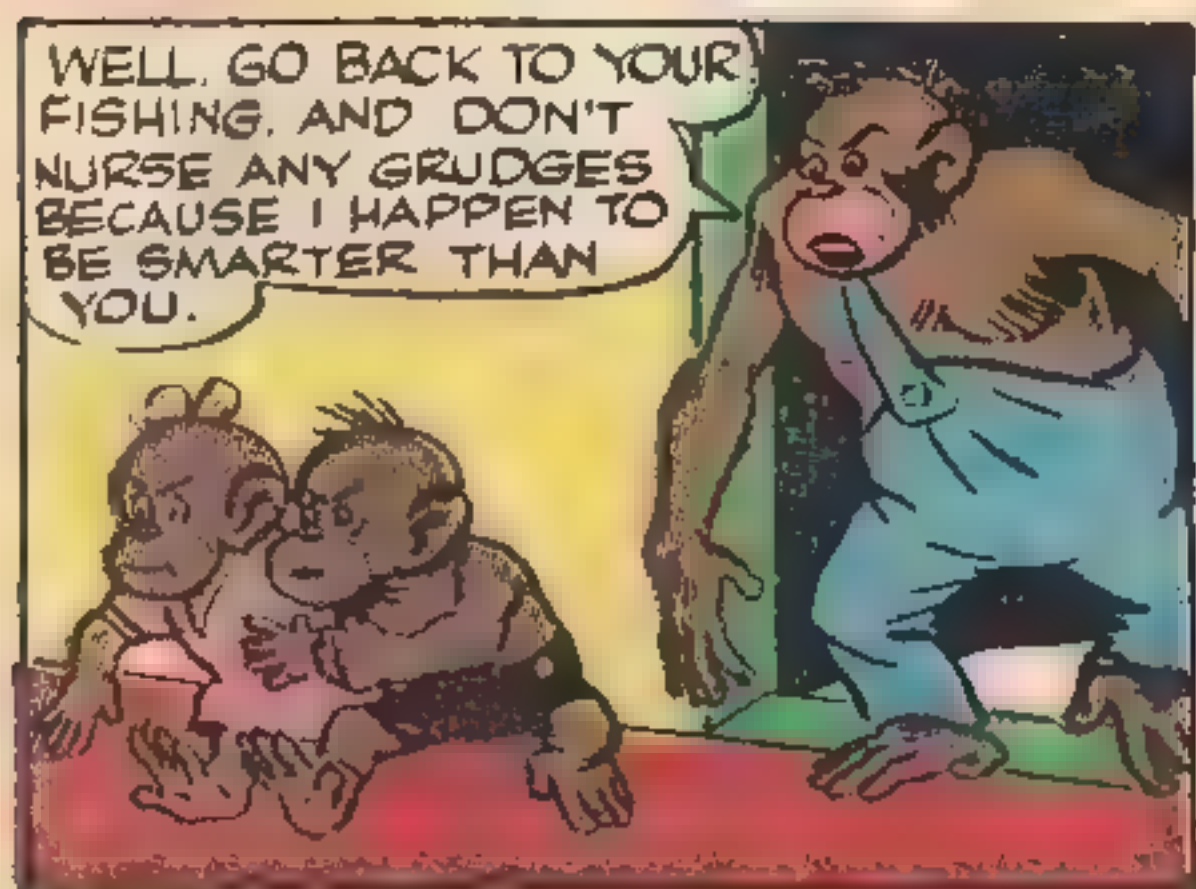
THOSE GUYS DOWN AT THE 'HAPPY BOYS'  
CLUB THINK THEY'RE FISHERMEN - WAIT TILL  
THEY SEE MY FISH!

OUR  
FISH!

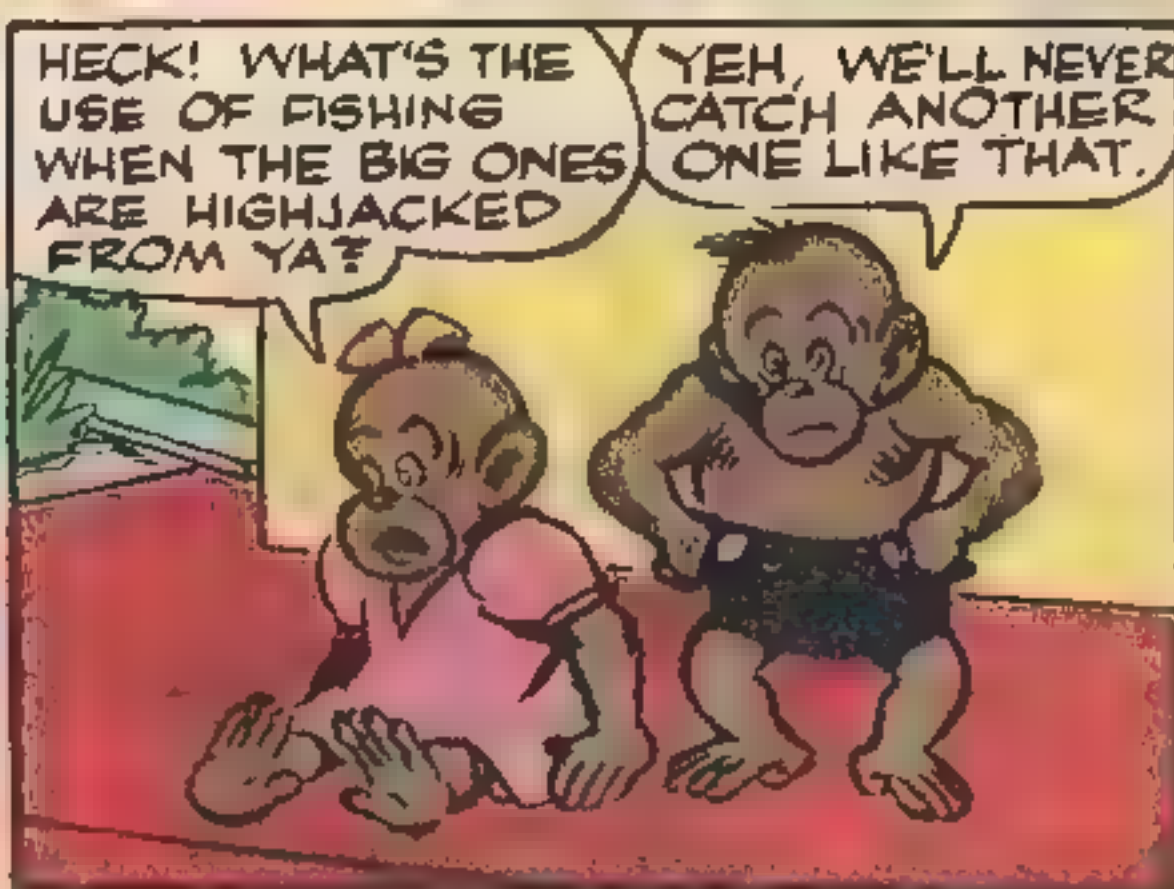


LOOK HERE! I CAN THINK OF EIGHT  
DIFFERENT REASONS WHY YOU KIDS  
NEED A SPANKING.  
DO YOU WANT ME  
TO ACT ON A  
COUPLE OF 'EM?

NO!



WELL, GO BACK TO YOUR  
FISHING, AND DON'T  
NURSE ANY GRUDGES  
BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO  
BE SMARTER THAN  
YOU.



HECK! WHAT'S THE  
USE OF FISHING  
WHEN THE BIG ONES  
ARE HIGHJACKED  
FROM YA?

YEH, WE'LL NEVER  
CATCH ANOTHER  
ONE LIKE THAT.

KEEP AN EYE ON THE PLACE, KIDS—  
I'M OFF TO THE CLUB TO PLACE A  
FEW BETS ON MY  
FISHING SKILL.

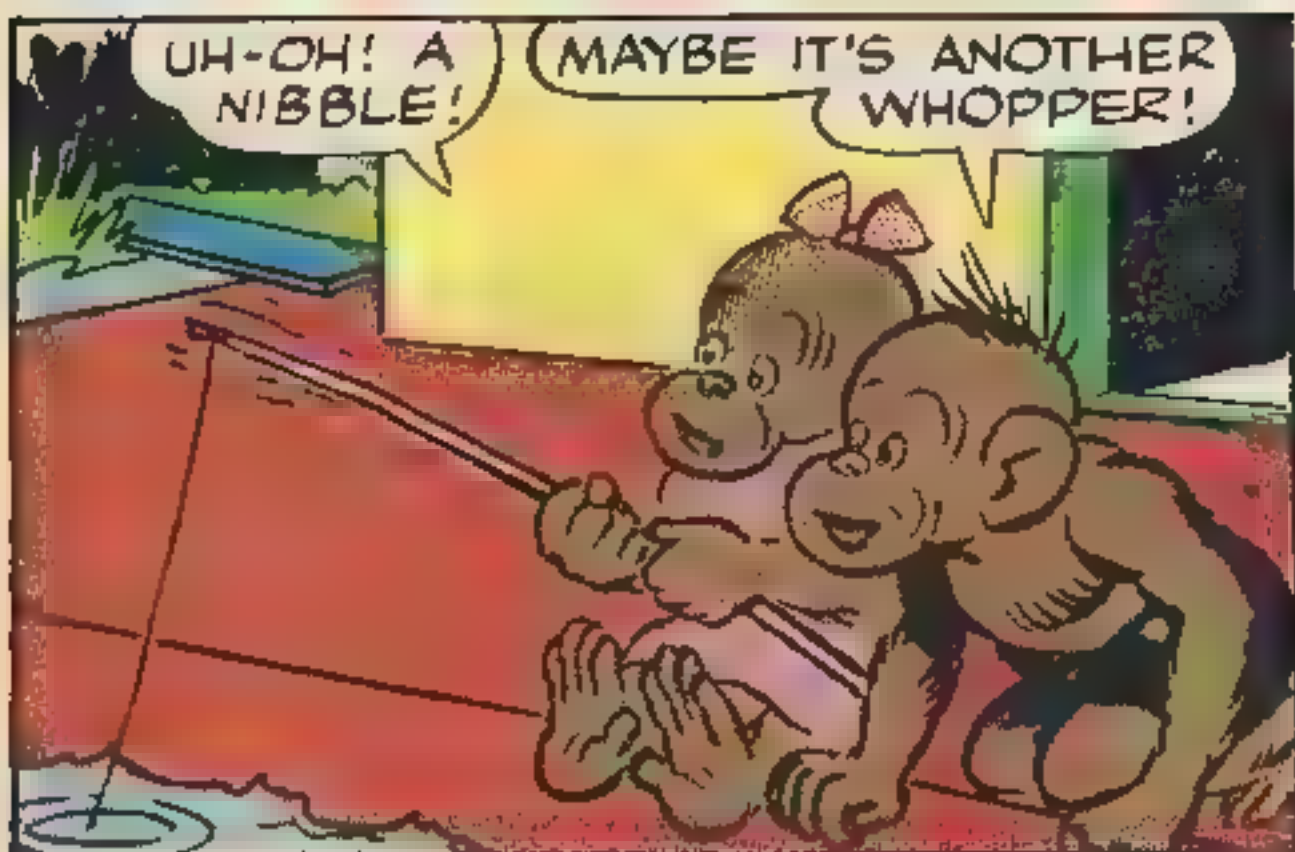


CAN YA BEAT THAT? NOW THAT HE'S  
GOT PRACTICALLY THE BIGGEST FISH  
IN THE RIVER, HE'S GOIN'  
TO BET THAT HE WINS THE TOURNAMENT.  
POP IS  
SOME SPORT!

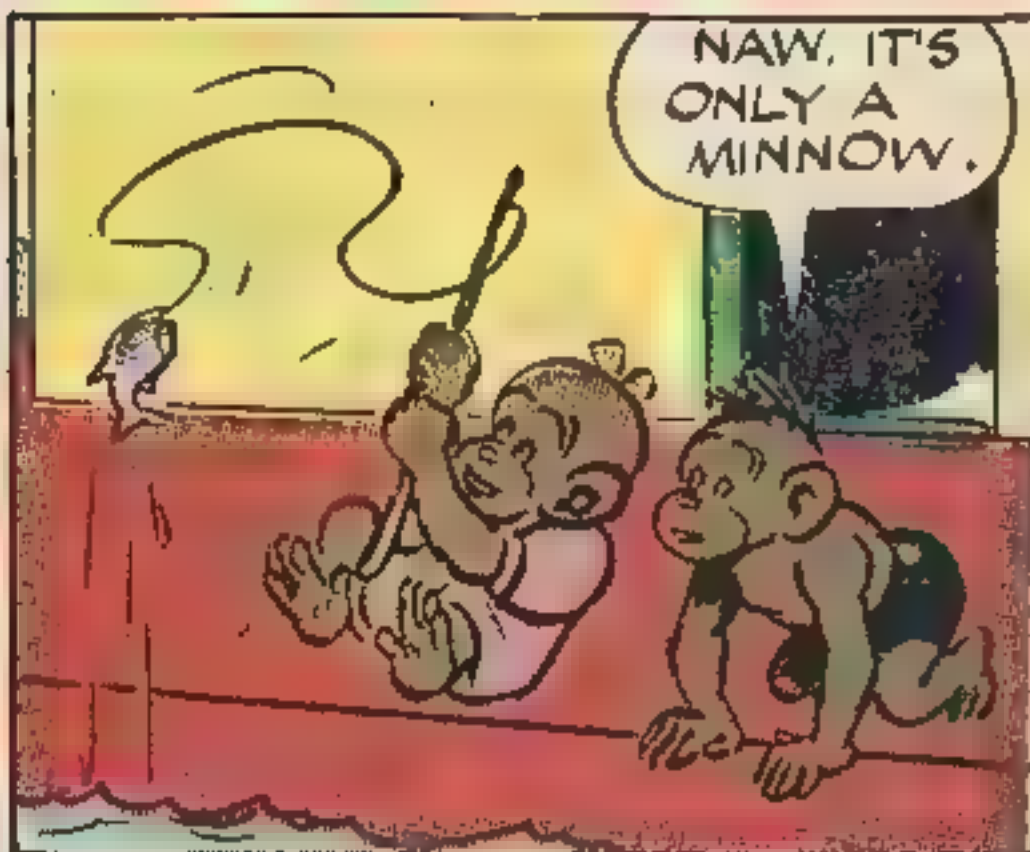


UH-OH! A  
NIBBLE!

MAYBE IT'S ANOTHER  
WHOPPER!

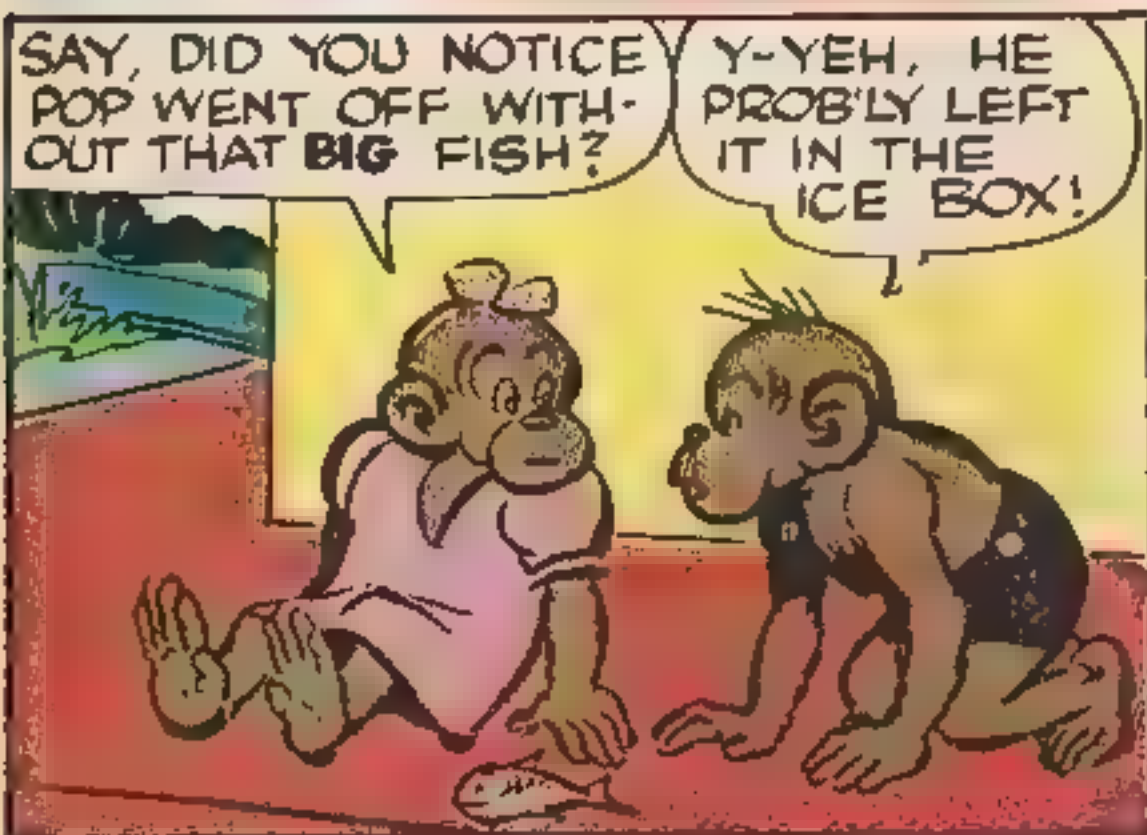


NAW, IT'S  
ONLY A  
MINNOW.



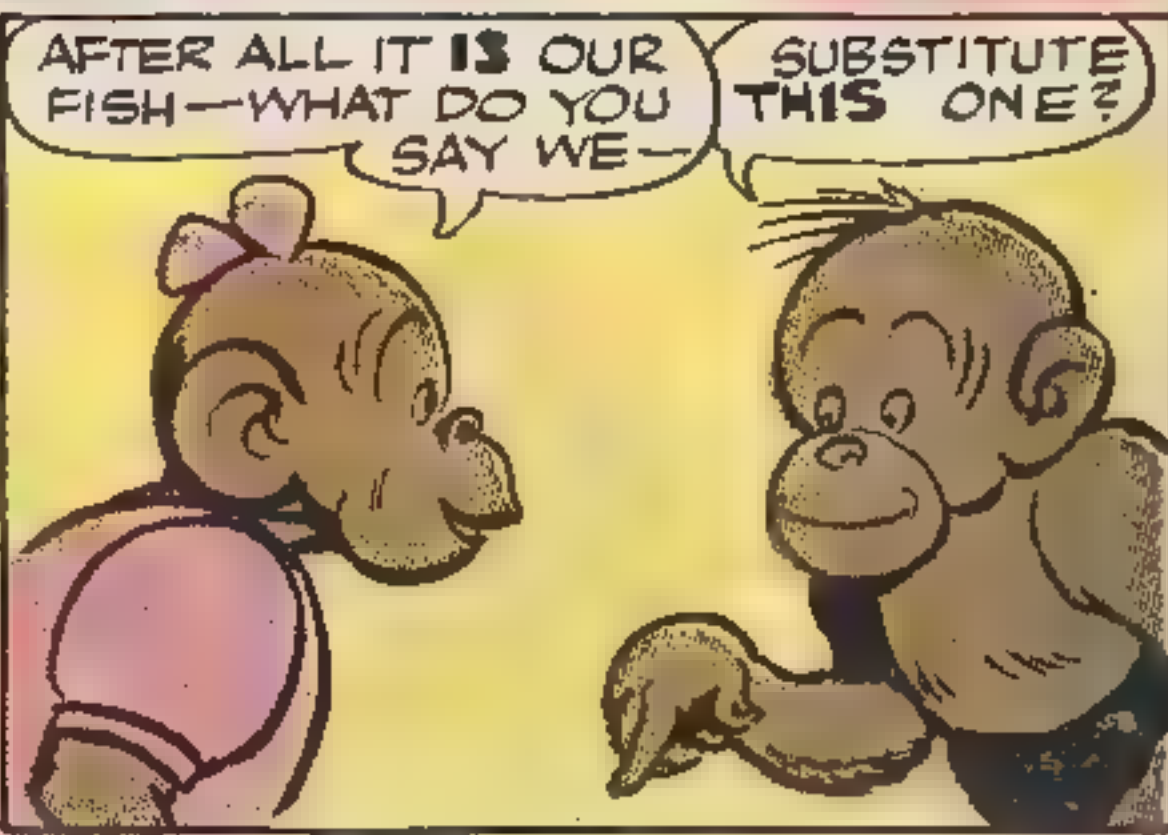
SAY, DID YOU NOTICE  
POP WENT OFF WITH-  
OUT THAT **BIG** FISH?

Y-YEH, HE  
PROB'LY LEFT  
IT IN THE  
ICE BOX!



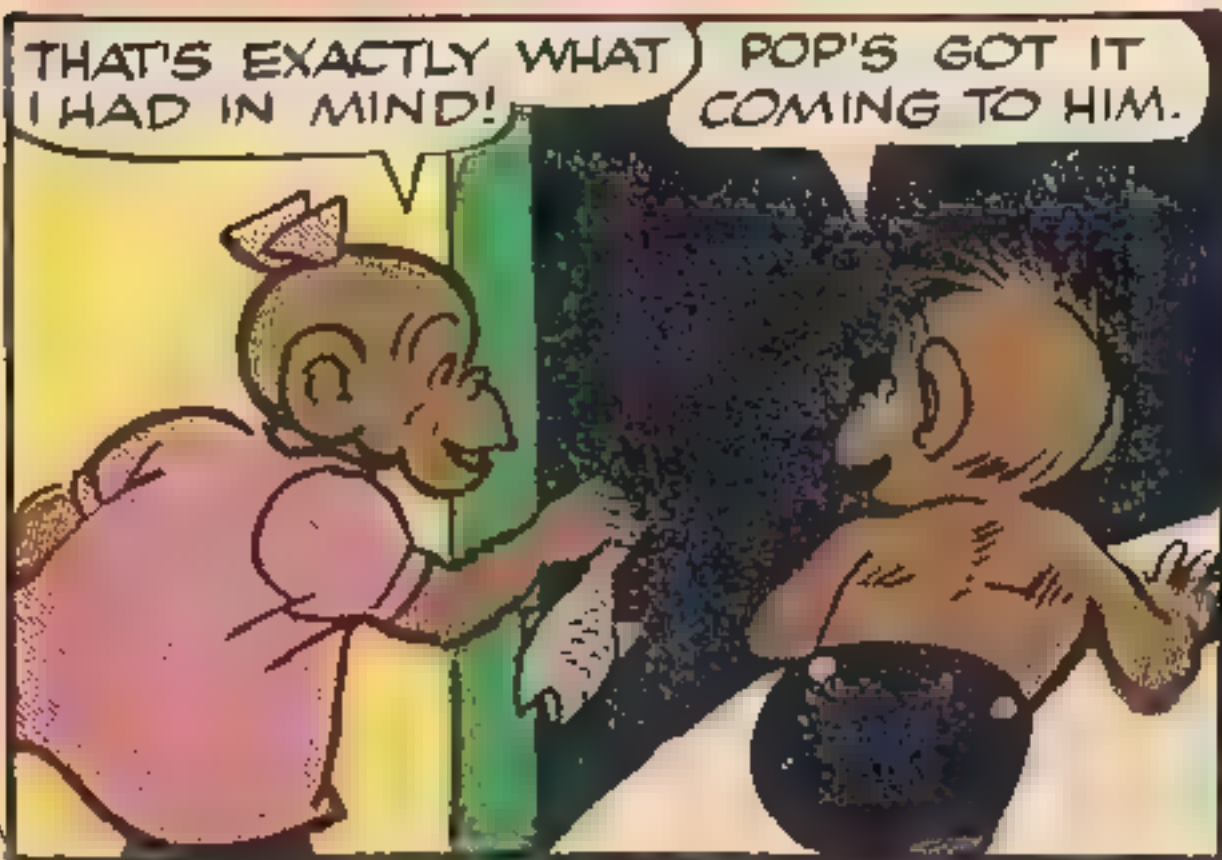
AFTER ALL IT **IS** OUR  
FISH—WHAT DO YOU  
SAY WE—

SUBSTITUTE  
**THIS** ONE?



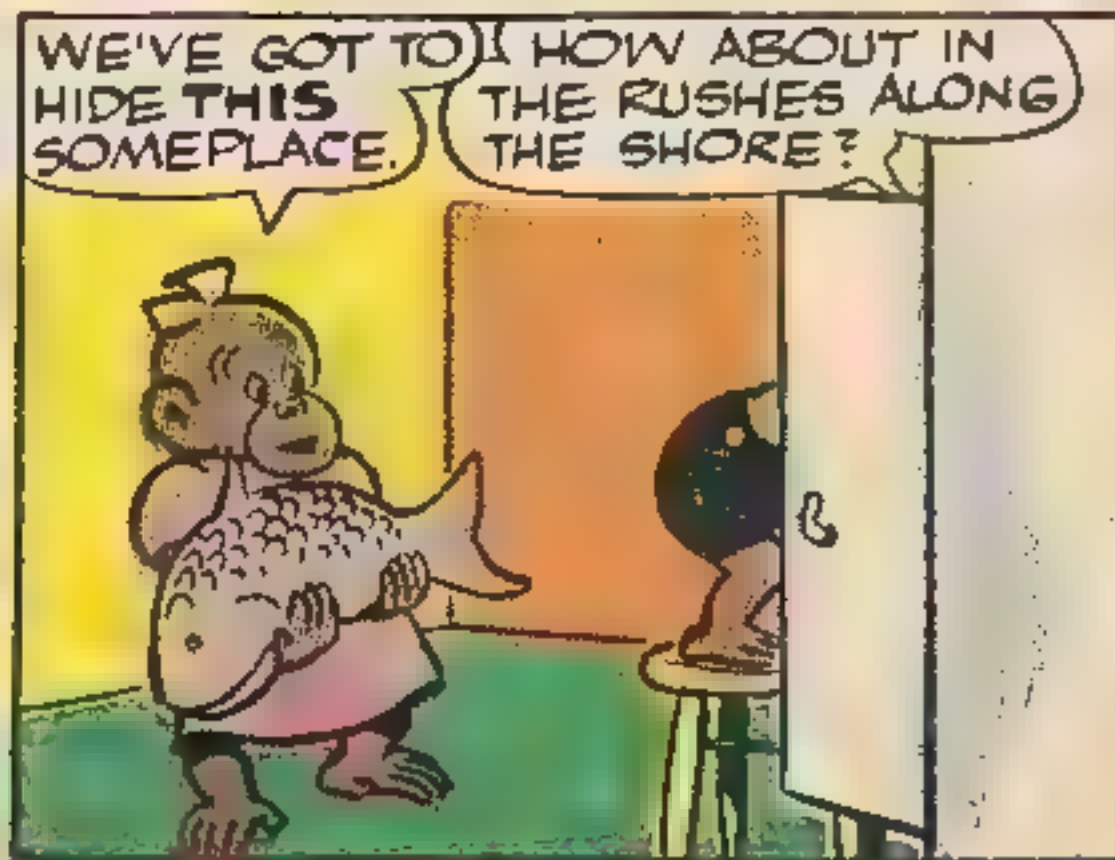
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT  
I HAD IN MIND!

POP'S GOT IT  
COMING TO HIM.



WE'VE GOT TO  
HIDE **THIS**  
SOMEPLACE.

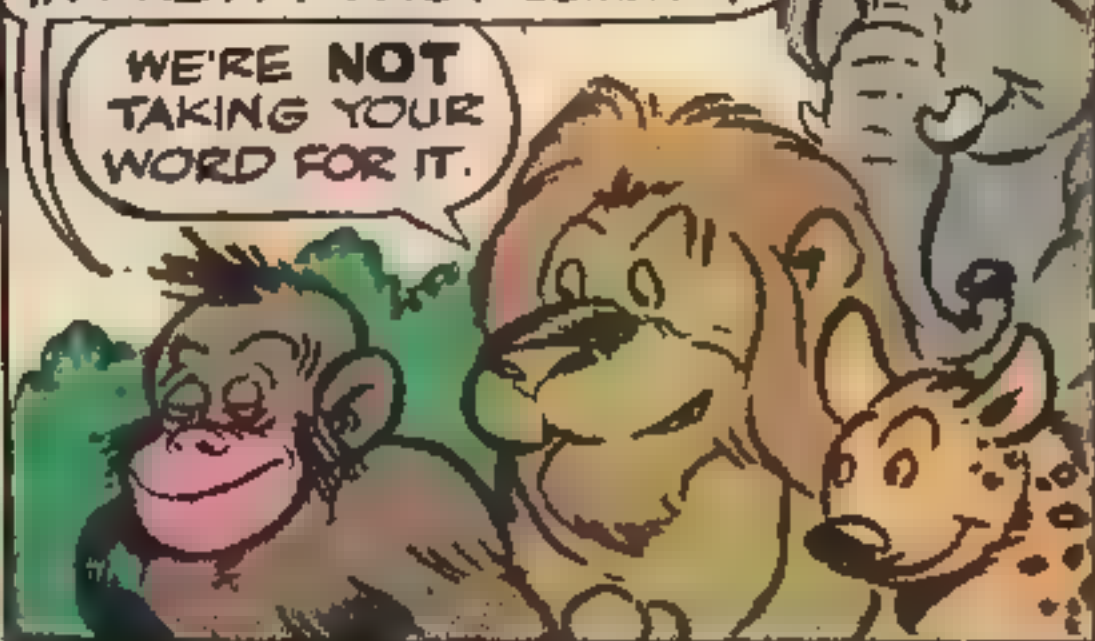
HOW ABOUT IN  
THE RUSHES ALONG  
THE SHORE?



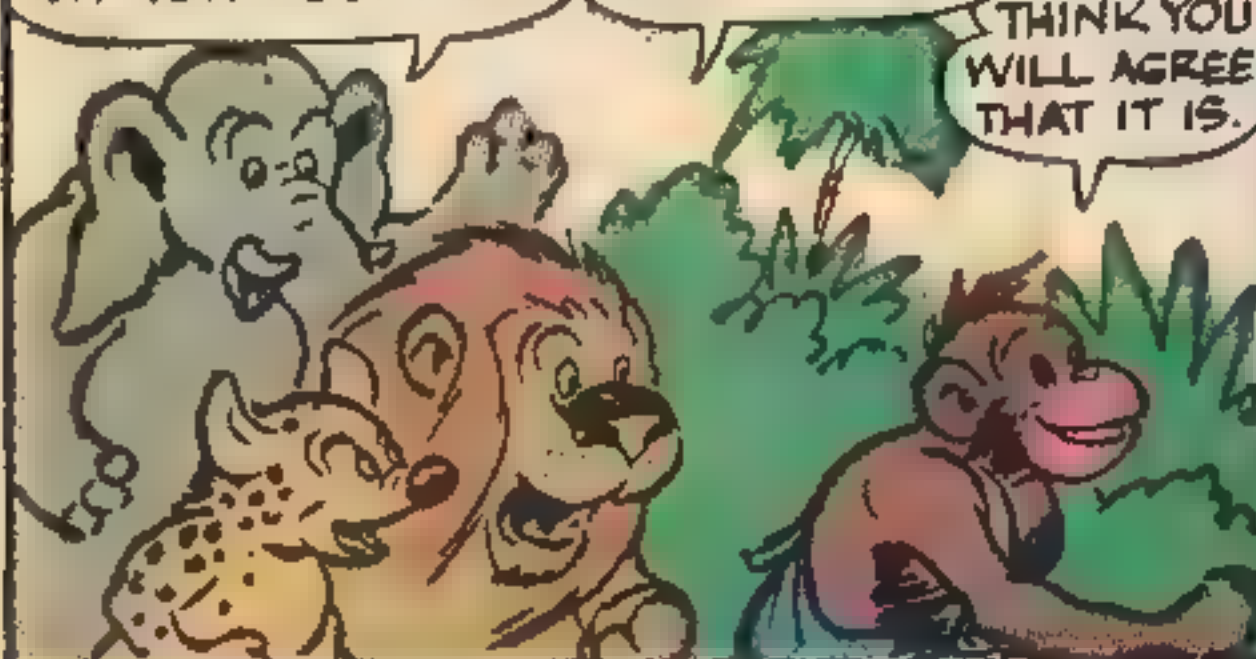
OKAY, BOYS, NOW THAT WE'VE MADE OUR BETS COME WITH ME—I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.



MAYBE YOU FELLOWS WILL REALIZE THAT WHEN IT COMES TO FISHIN' YOU'RE IN PRETTY FAST COMPANY.



DON'T FORGET, POP, YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT MY TEN POUNDER!



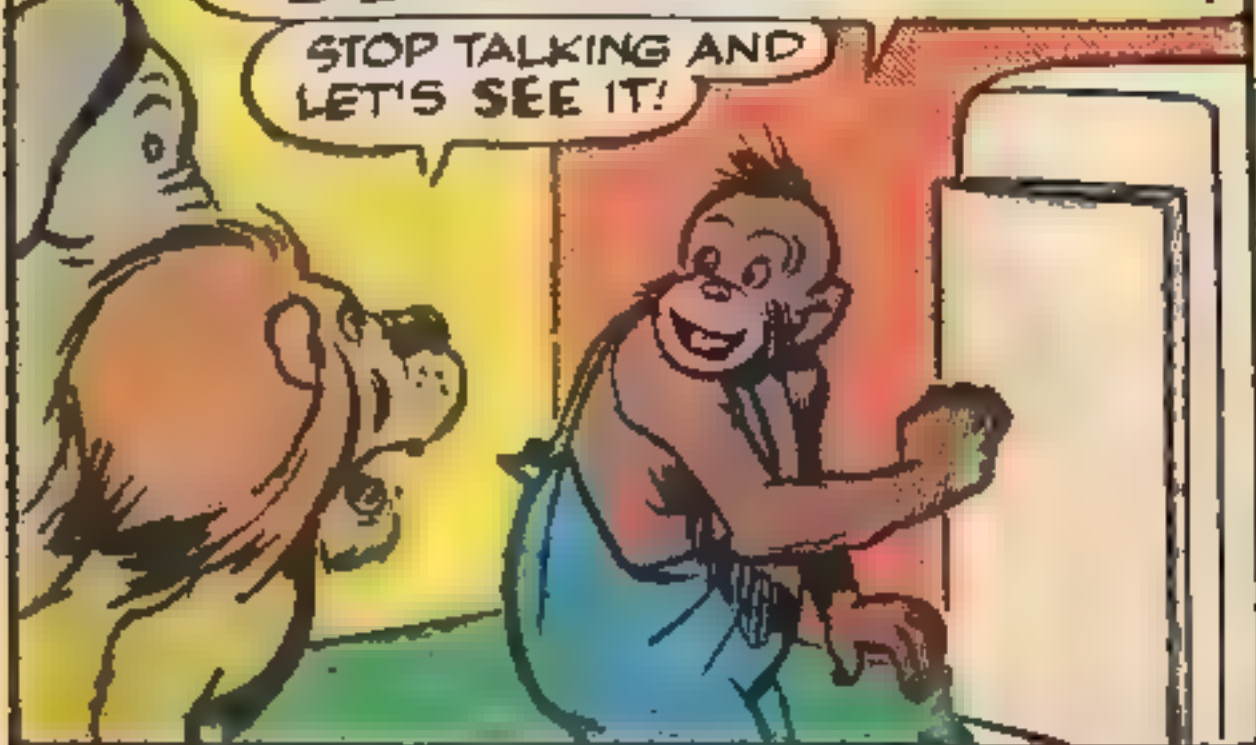
AN' BESIDES, IN A THE TOURNAMENT MO- ISN'T OVER YET. I THINK YOU WILL AGREE THAT IT IS.

YOU'RE GOING TO FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE BIGGEST PISCATORIAL PRIZE—



—EVER TAKEN OUT OF THIS RIVER!

STOP TALKING AND LET'S SEE IT!

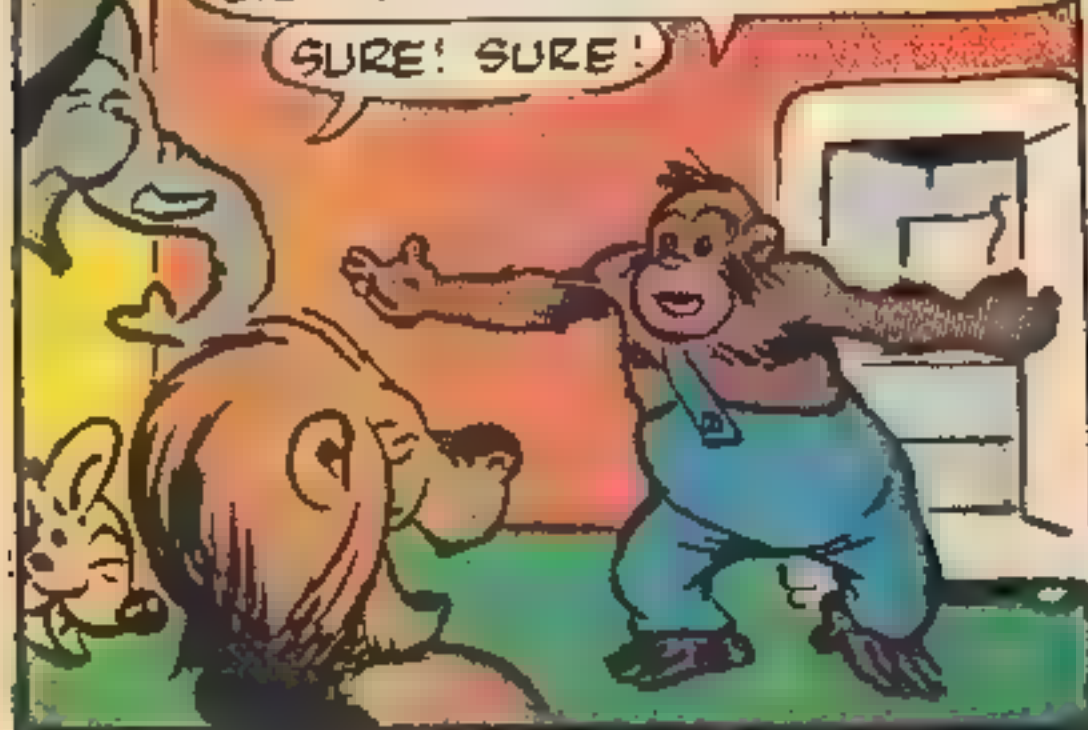


WHA—?



LISTEN, FELLOWS! IT WAS THIS BIG! I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

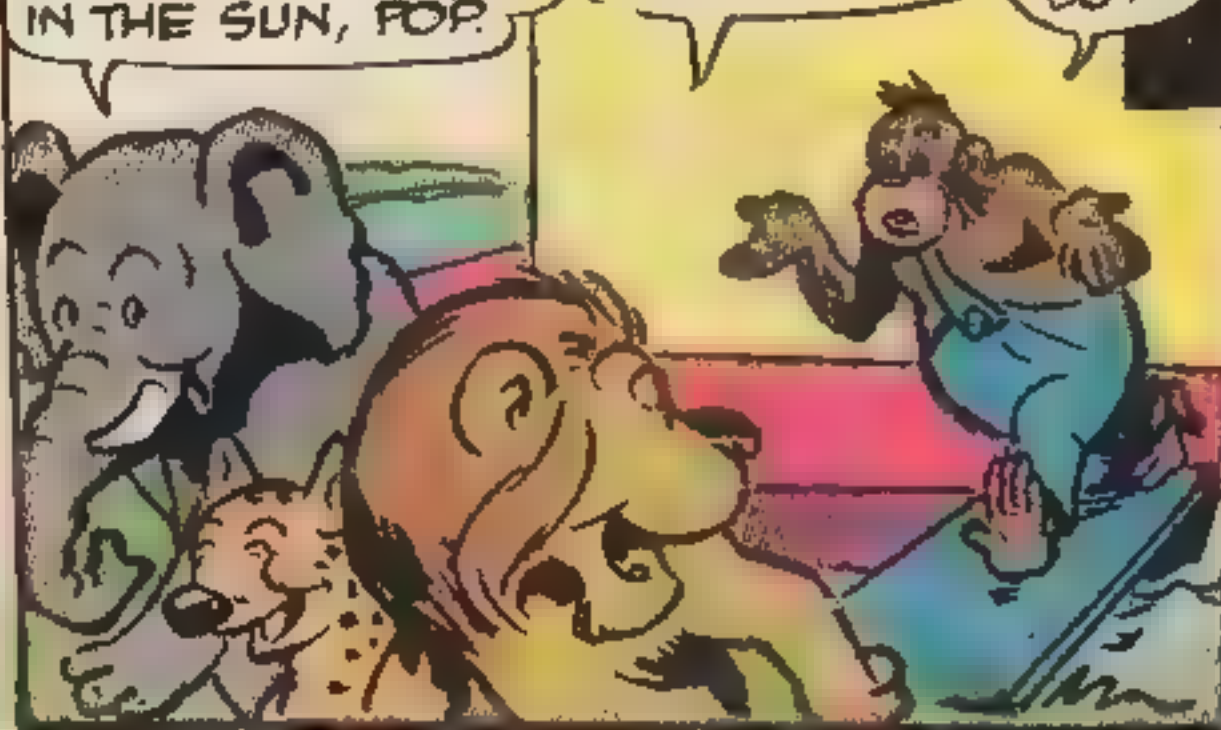
SURE! SURE!



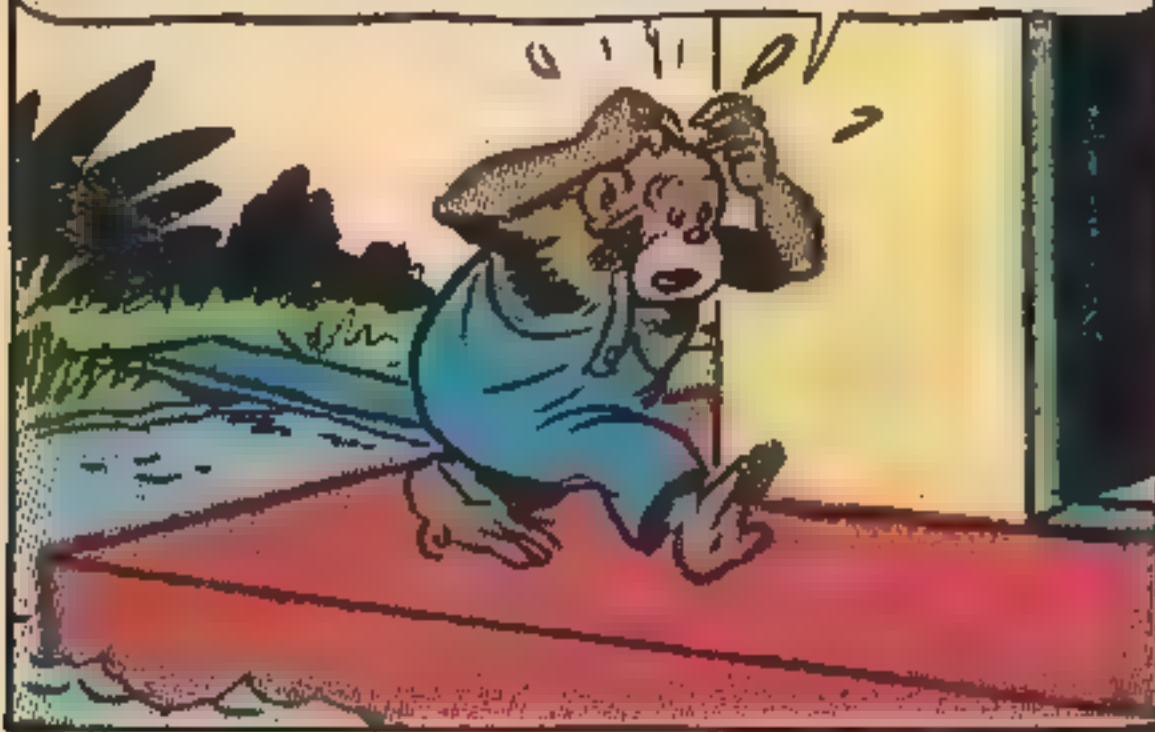
YOU'VE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME FISHING IN THE SUN, POP.

DON'T FORGET THOSE BETS!

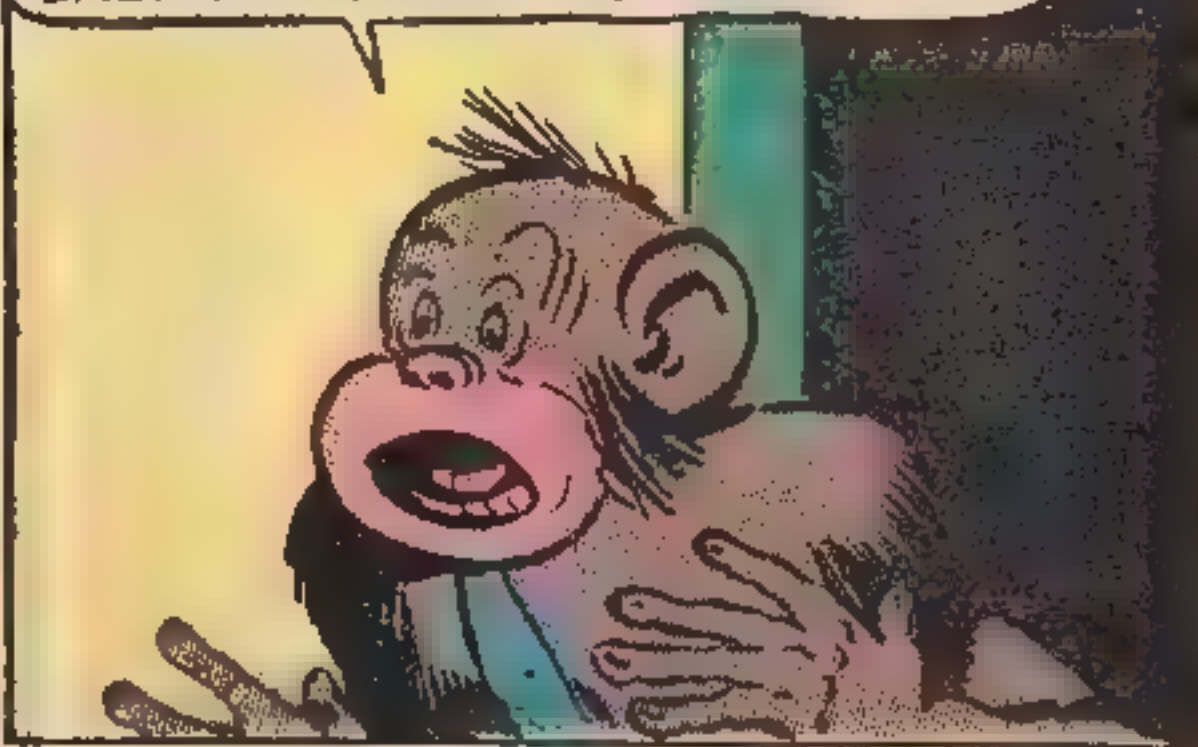
BUT— BUT—



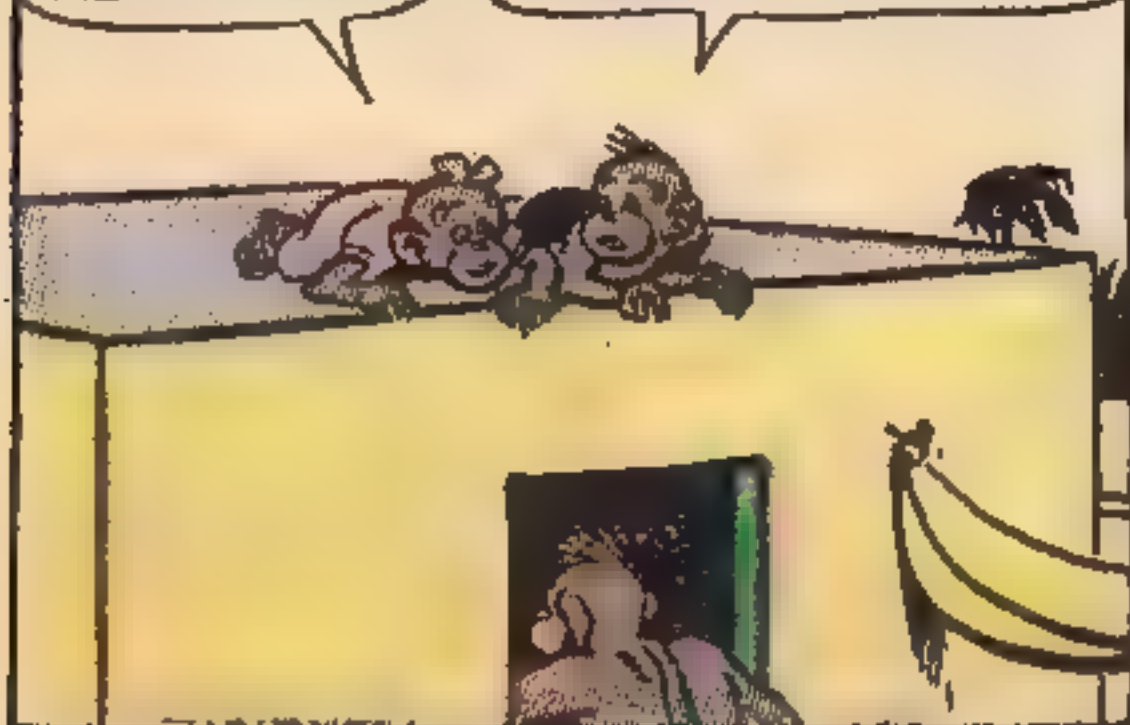
I'M RUINED! RUINED! WHY DID I HAVE TO BET OUR HOUSEBOAT ON THAT FISH?



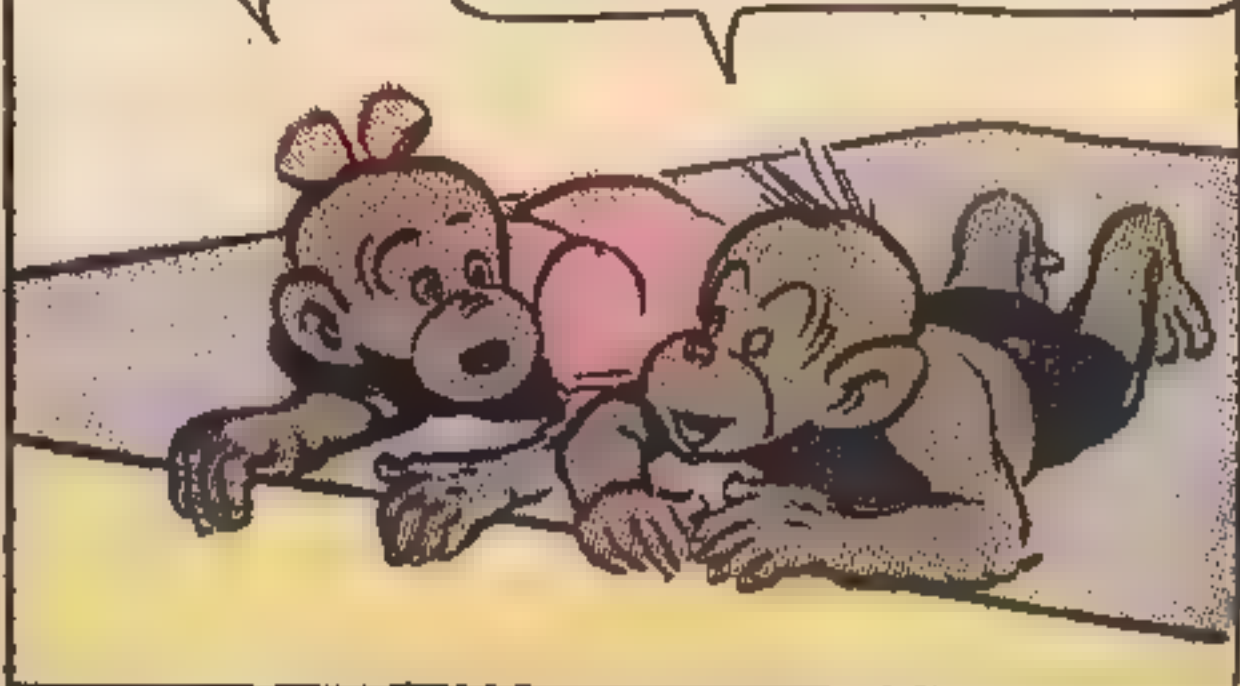
WHAT WILL MA SAY WHEN SHE COMES BACK FROM VISITING HER SISTER?



G-GOSH! DID YA HEAR THAT? YEH! POP BET OUR HOUSE ON THAT FISH!

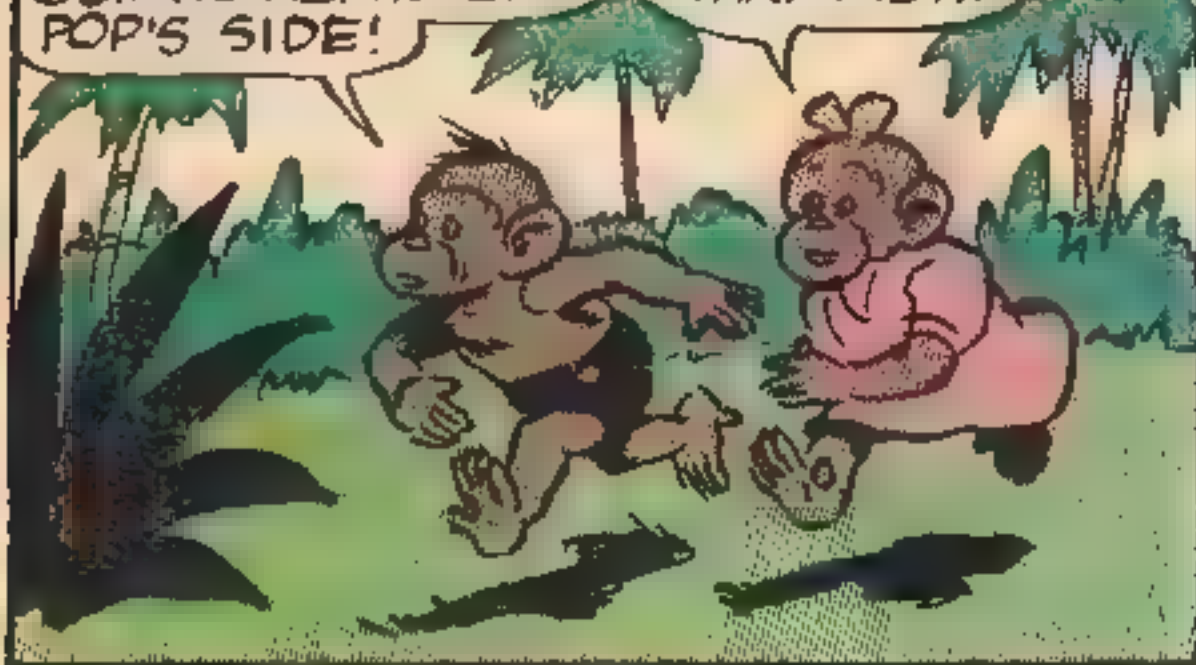


THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE. WE'D BETTER BRING THAT FISH BACK, OR WE WILL BE LIVING IN A TREE!



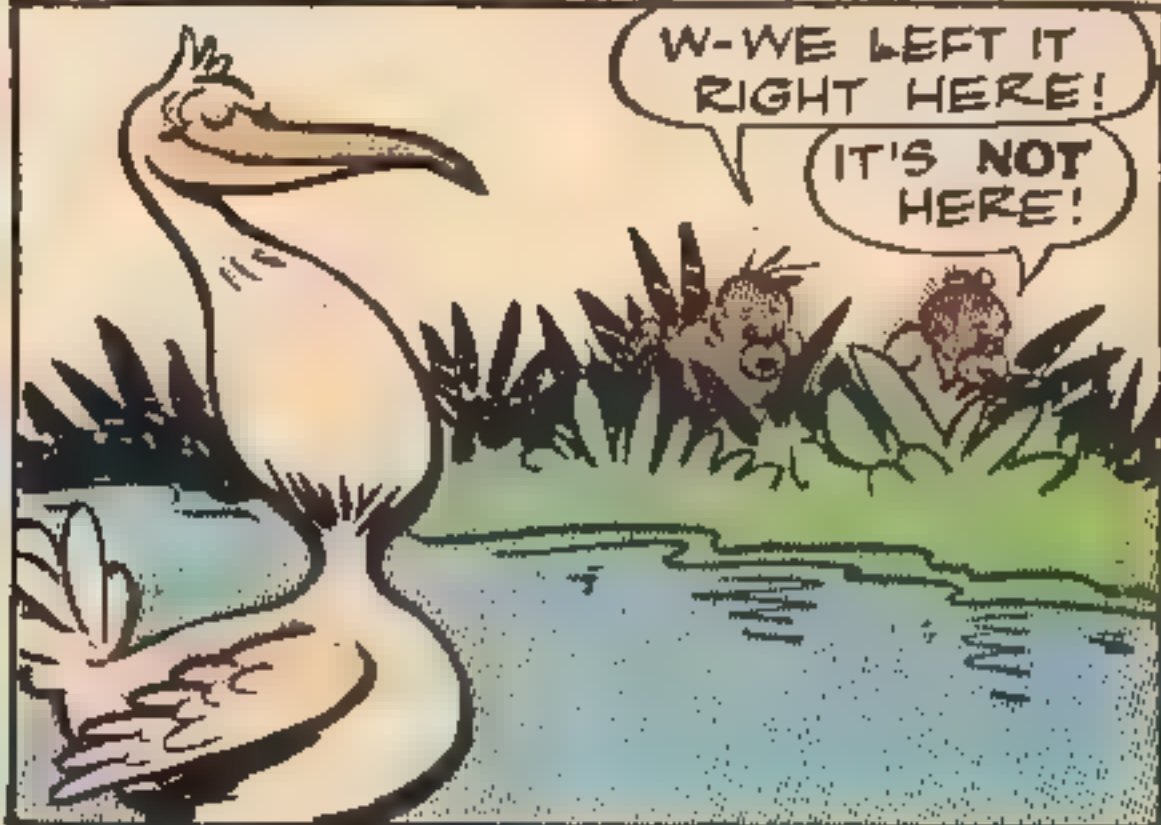
AFTER ALL IF IT'S A QUESTION OF LOSIN' OUR HOME, I'M ON POP'S SIDE!

I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T DO AWAY WITH THAT FISH.



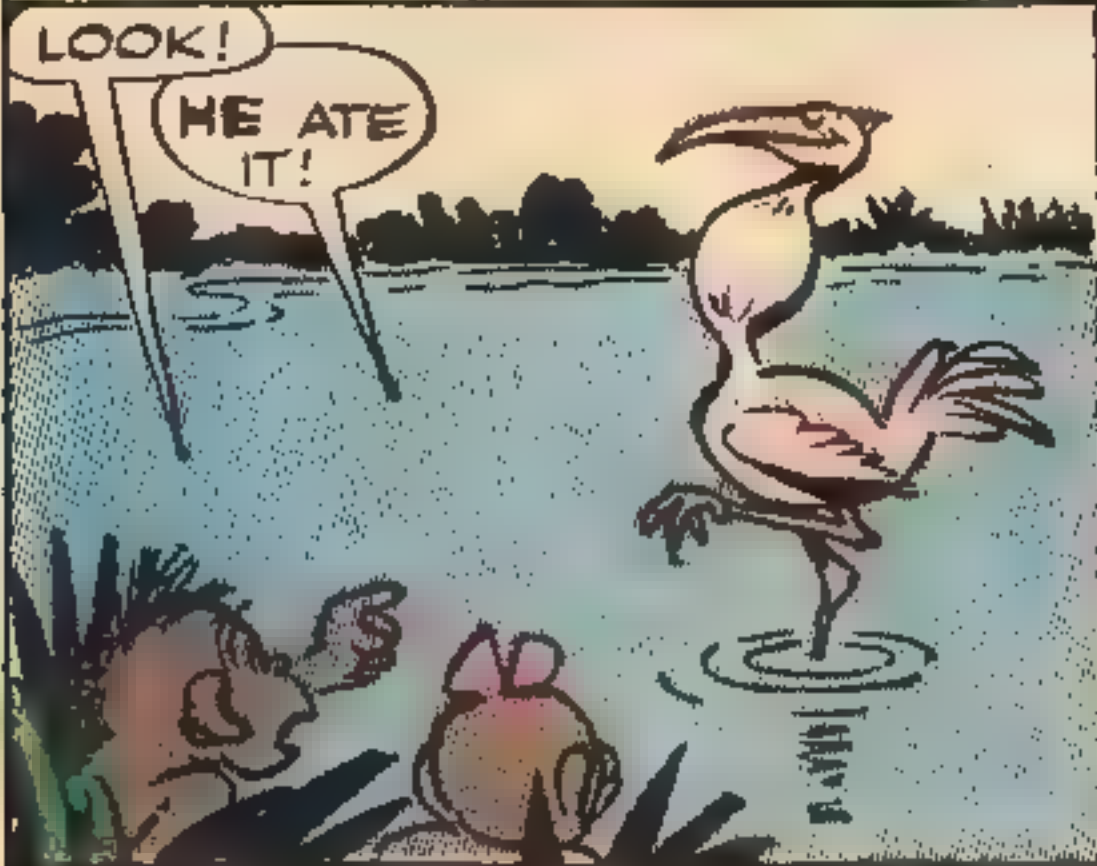
W-WE LEFT IT RIGHT HERE!

IT'S NOT HERE!



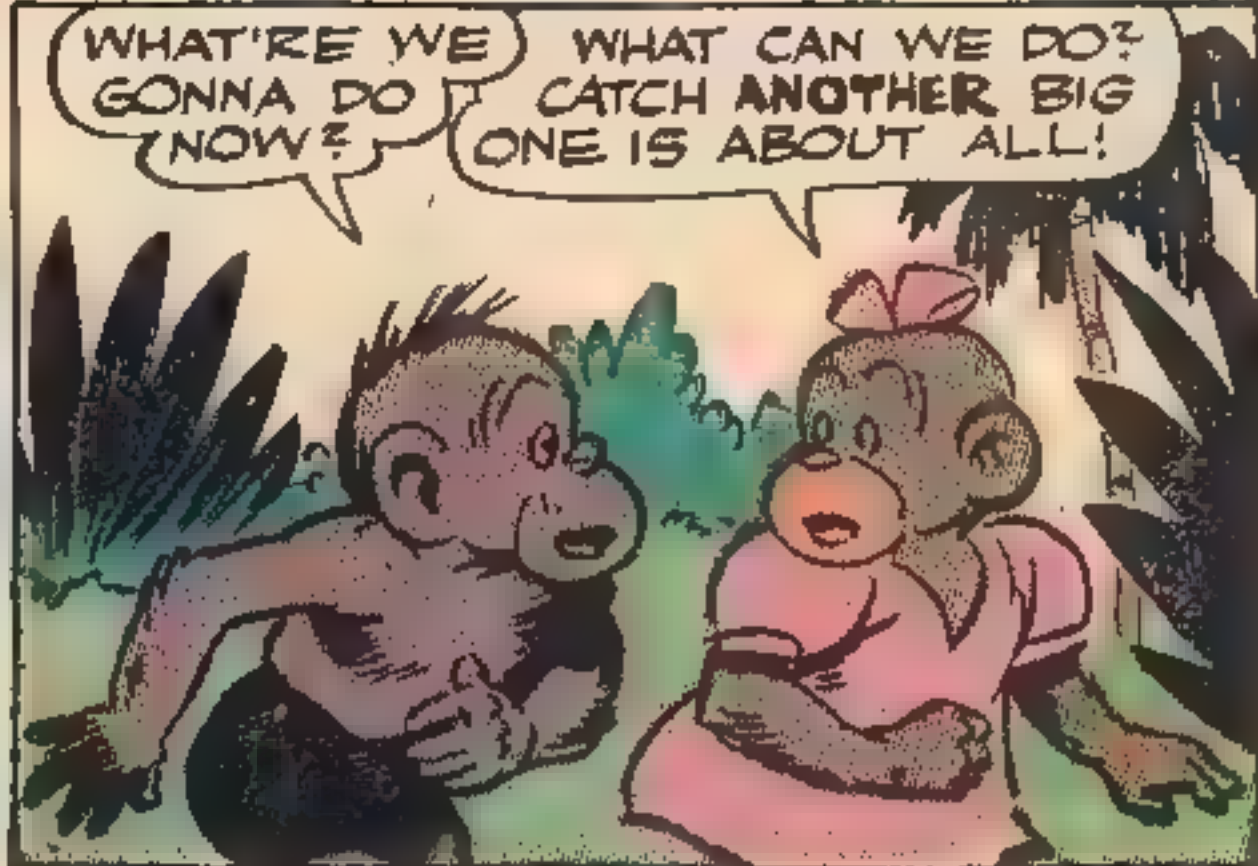
LOOK!

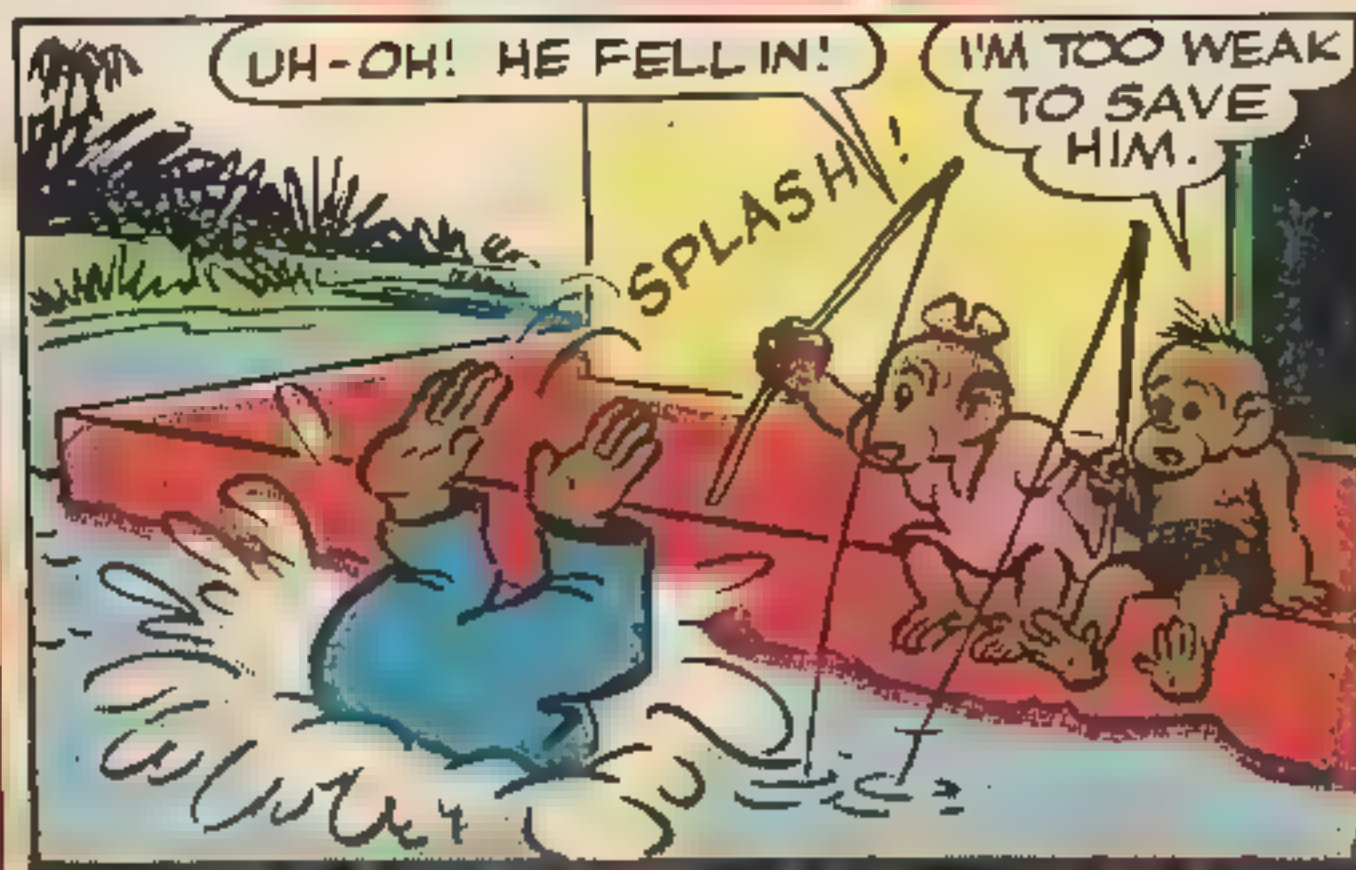
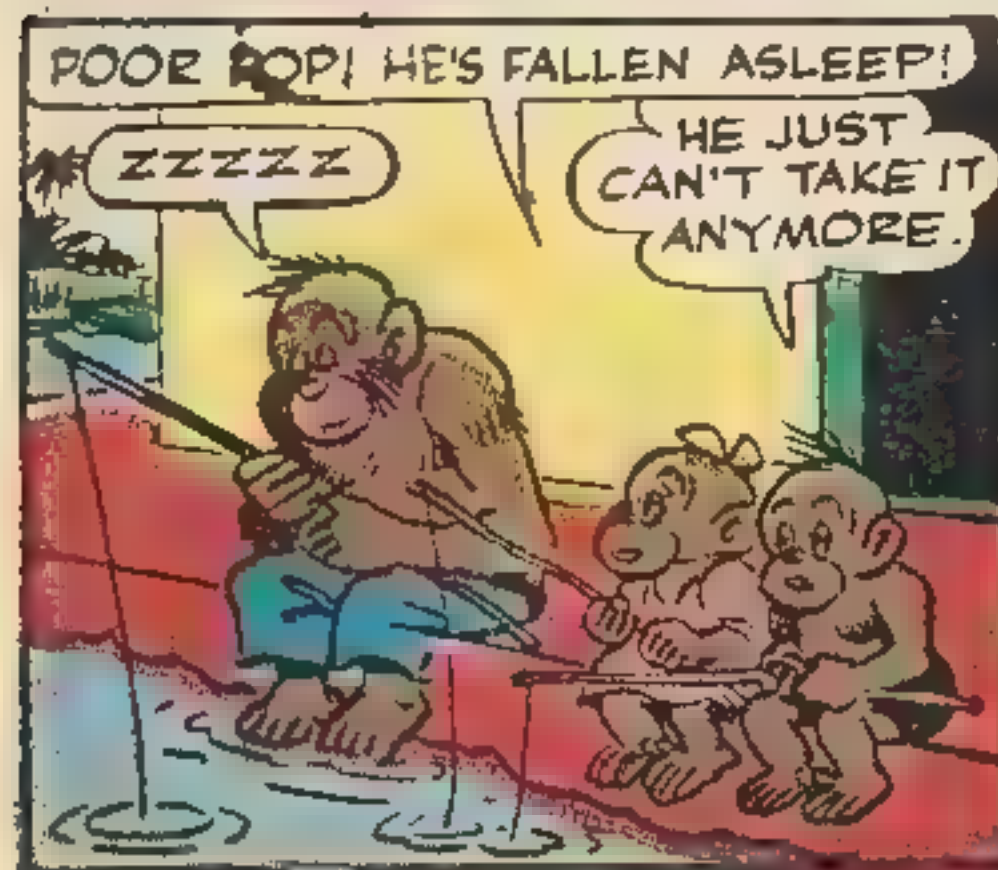
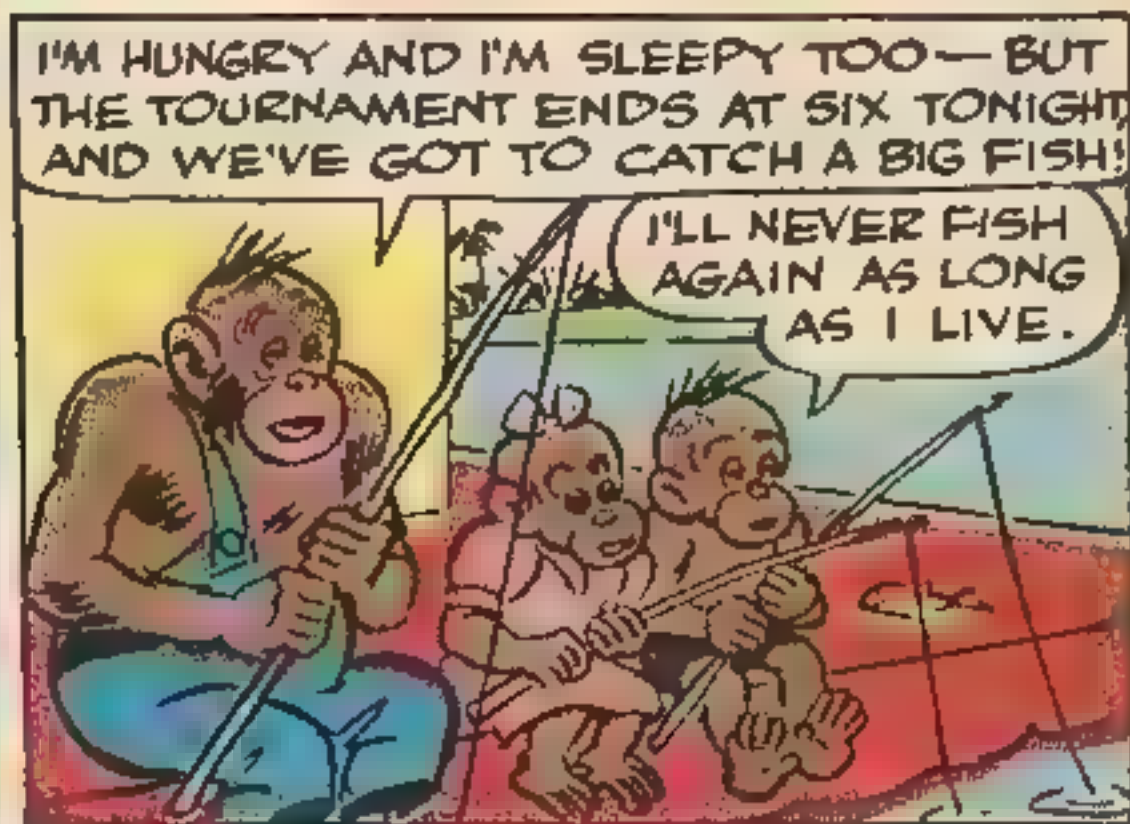
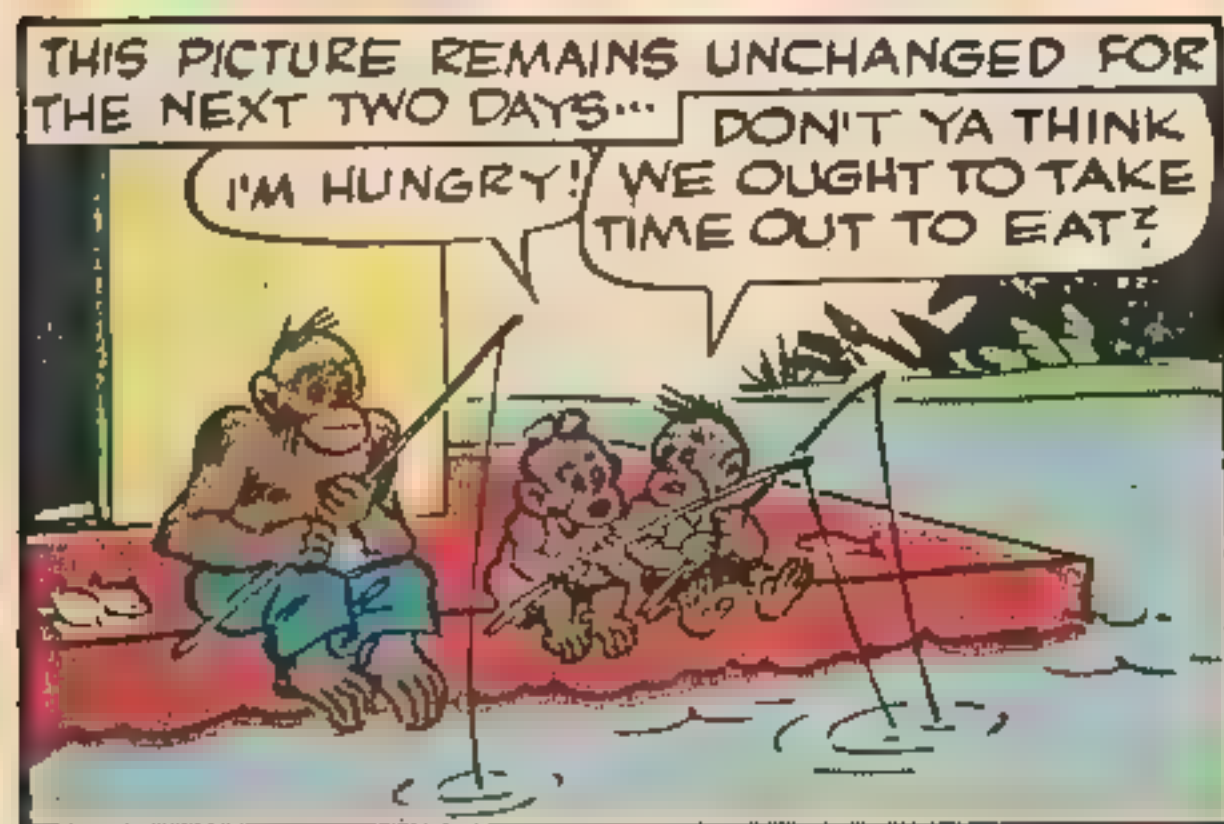
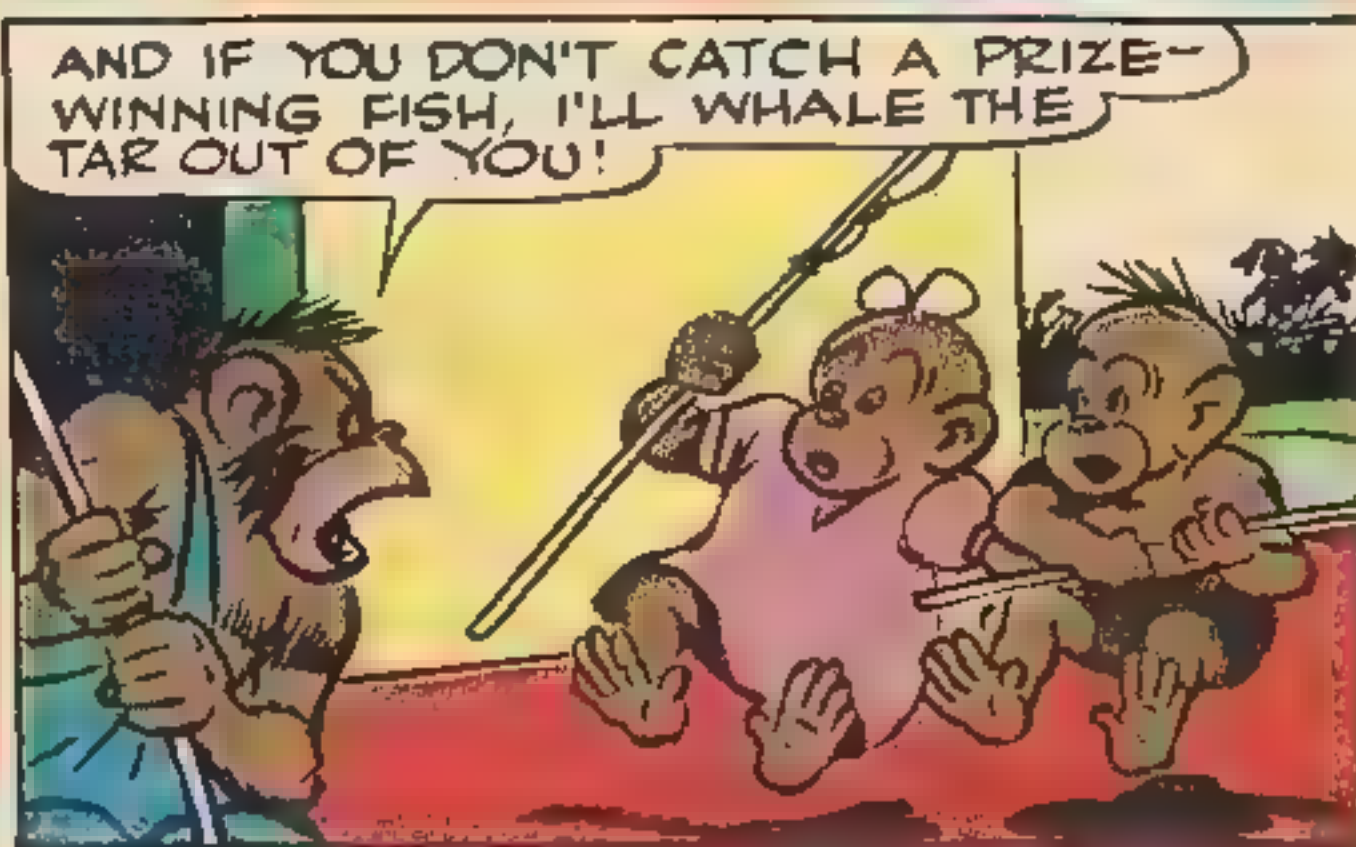
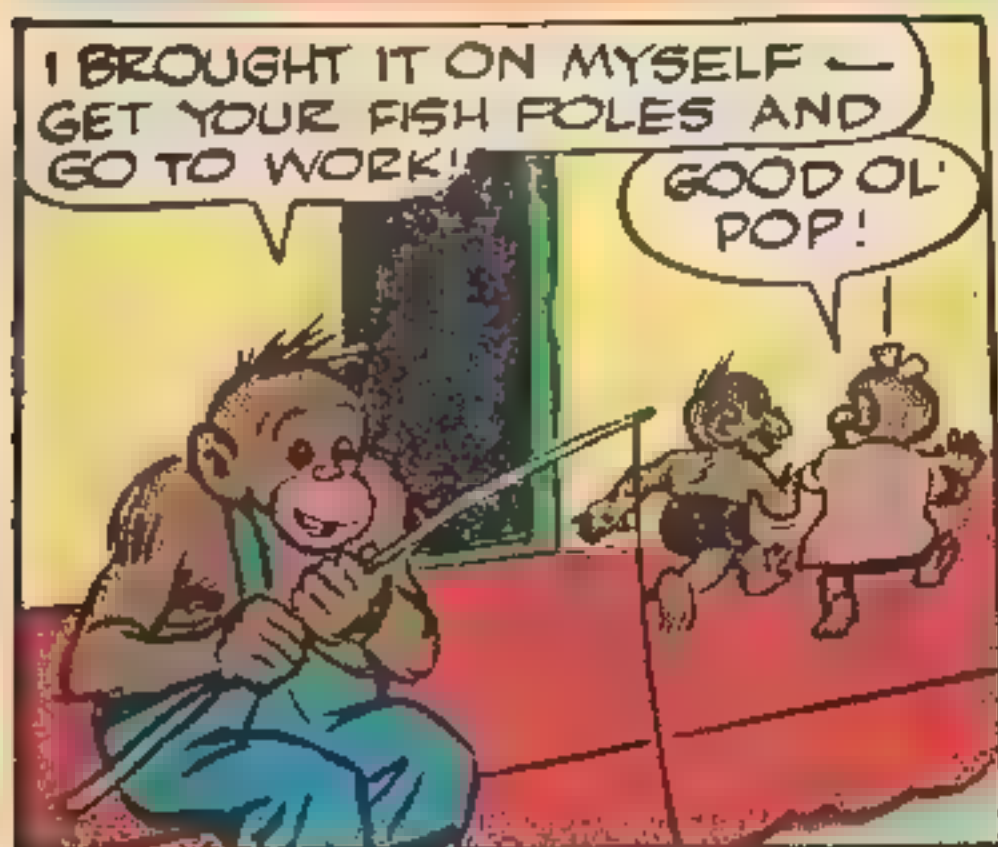
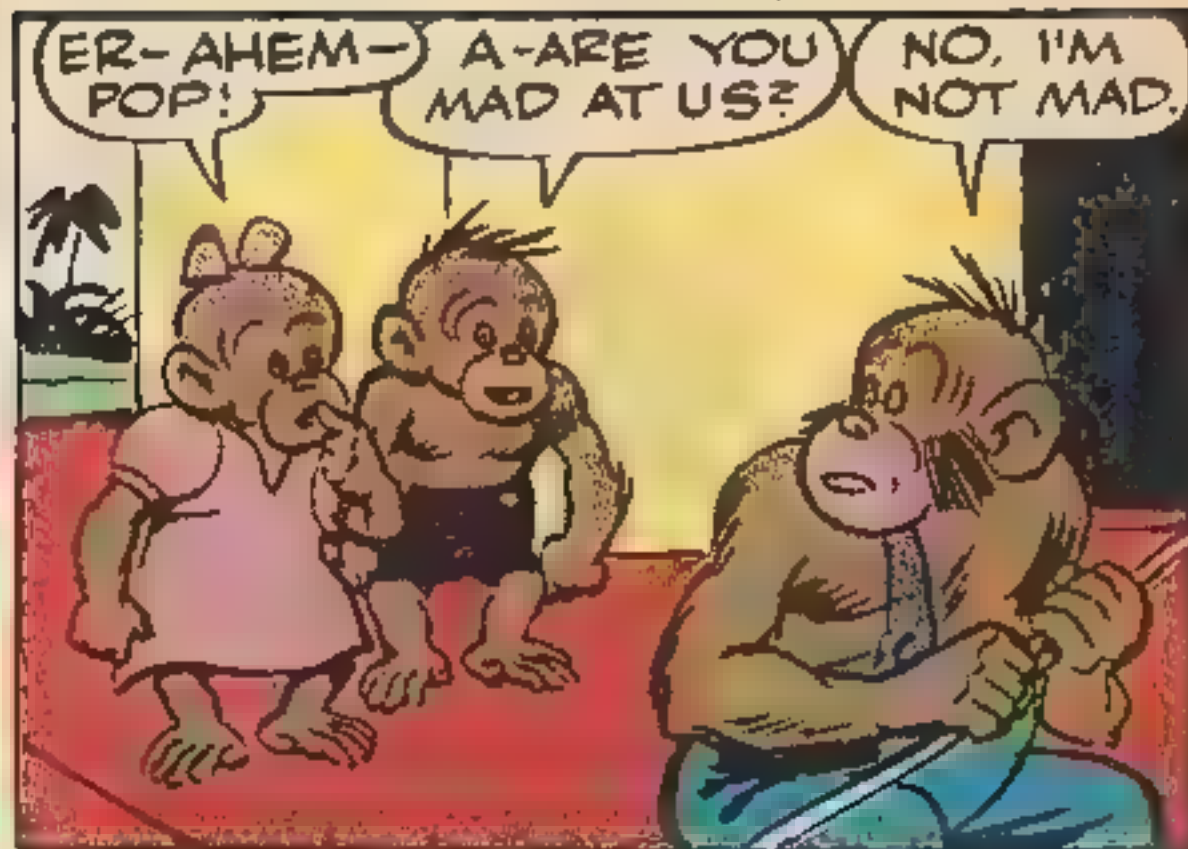
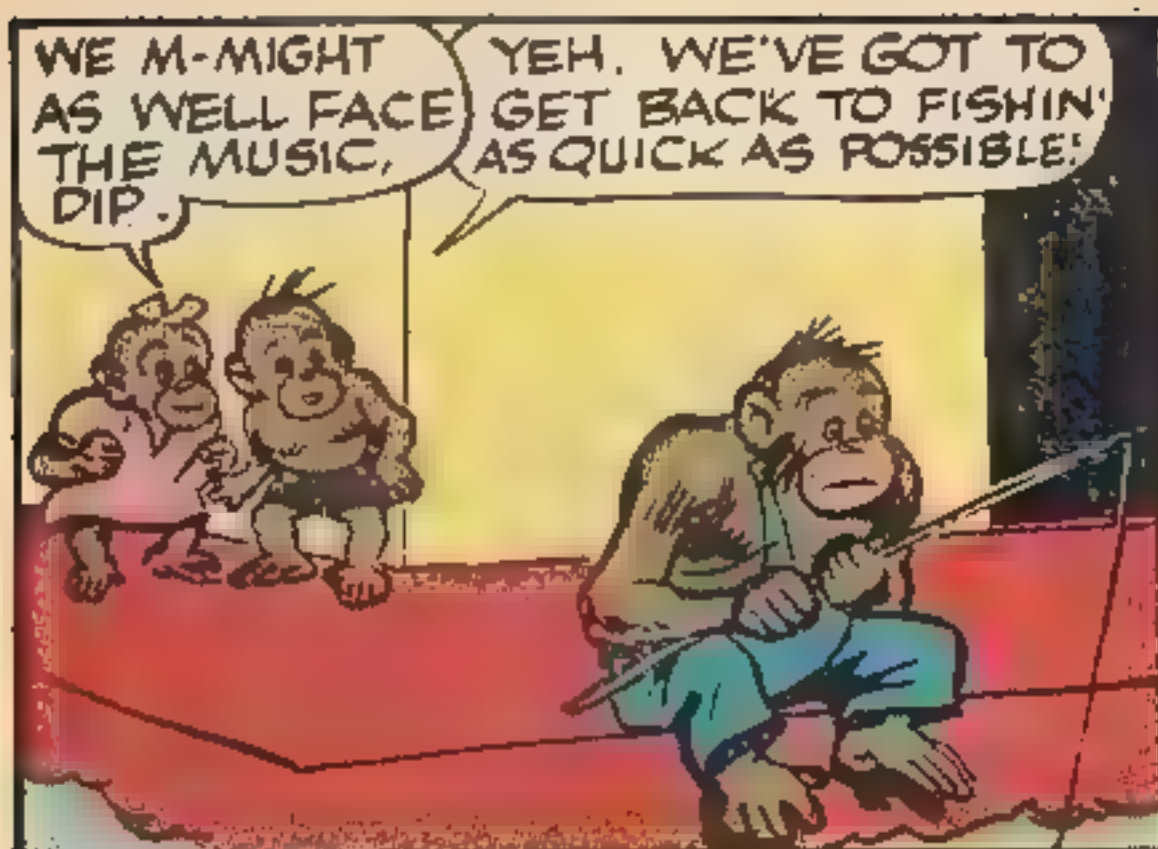
HE ATE IT!

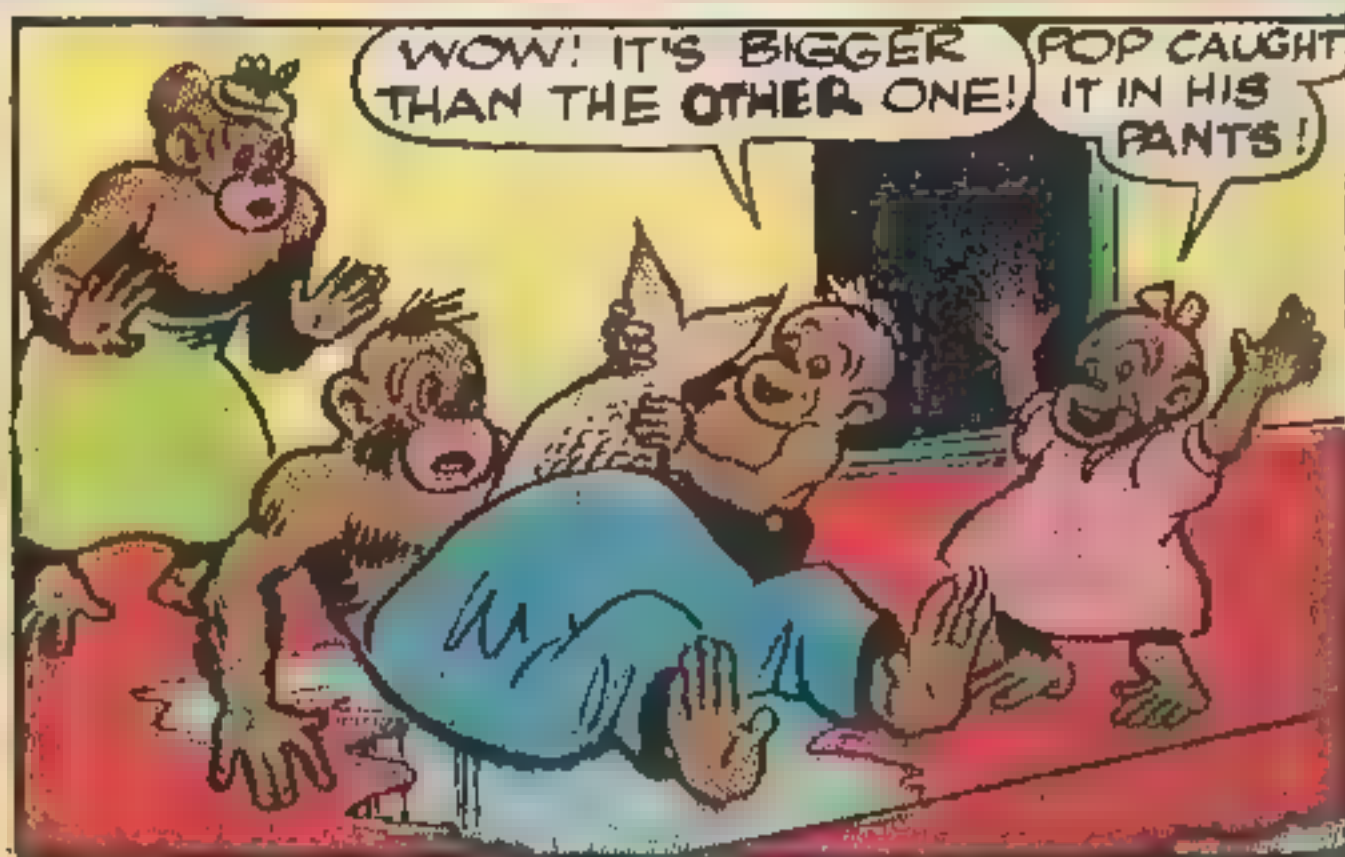
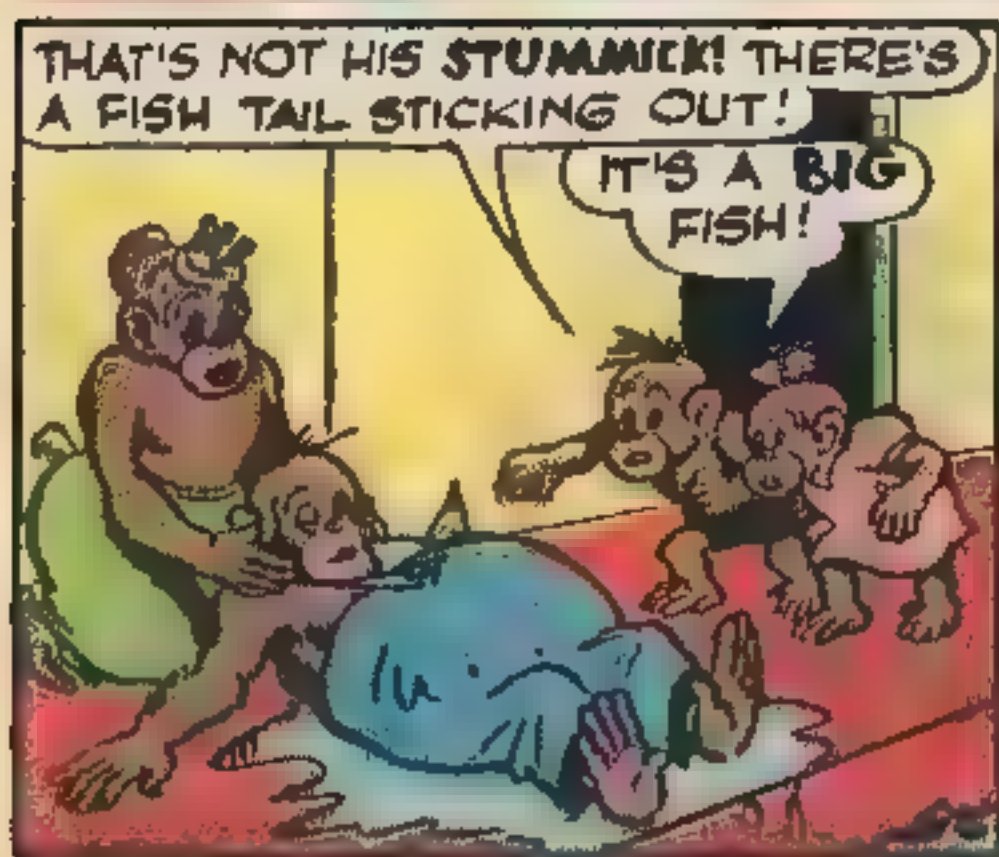
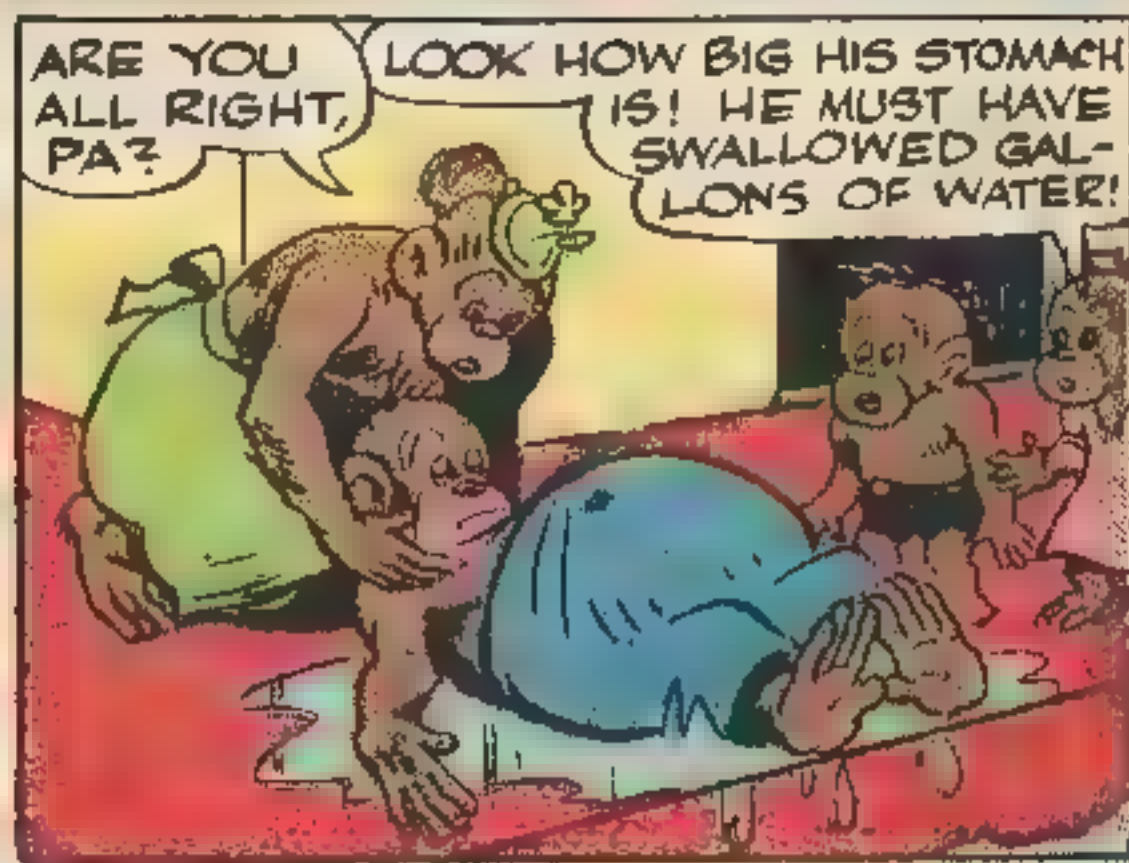
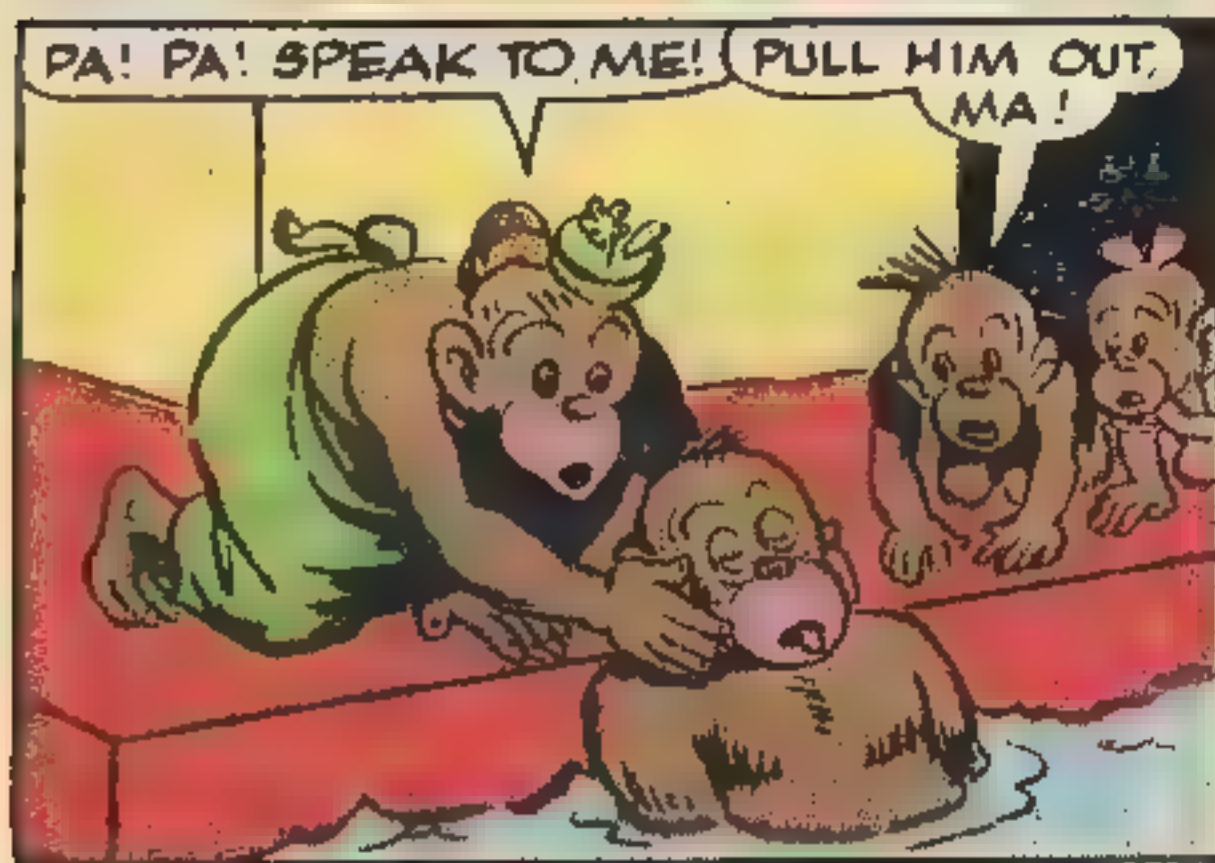
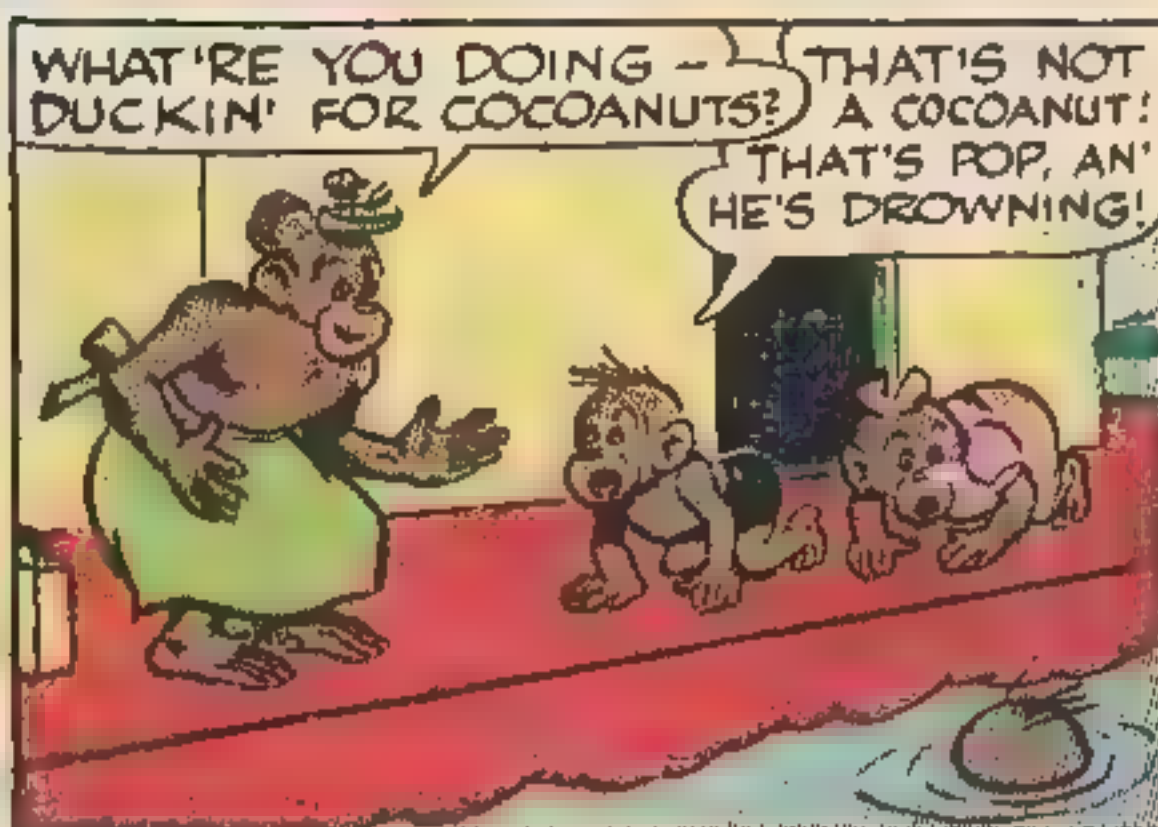
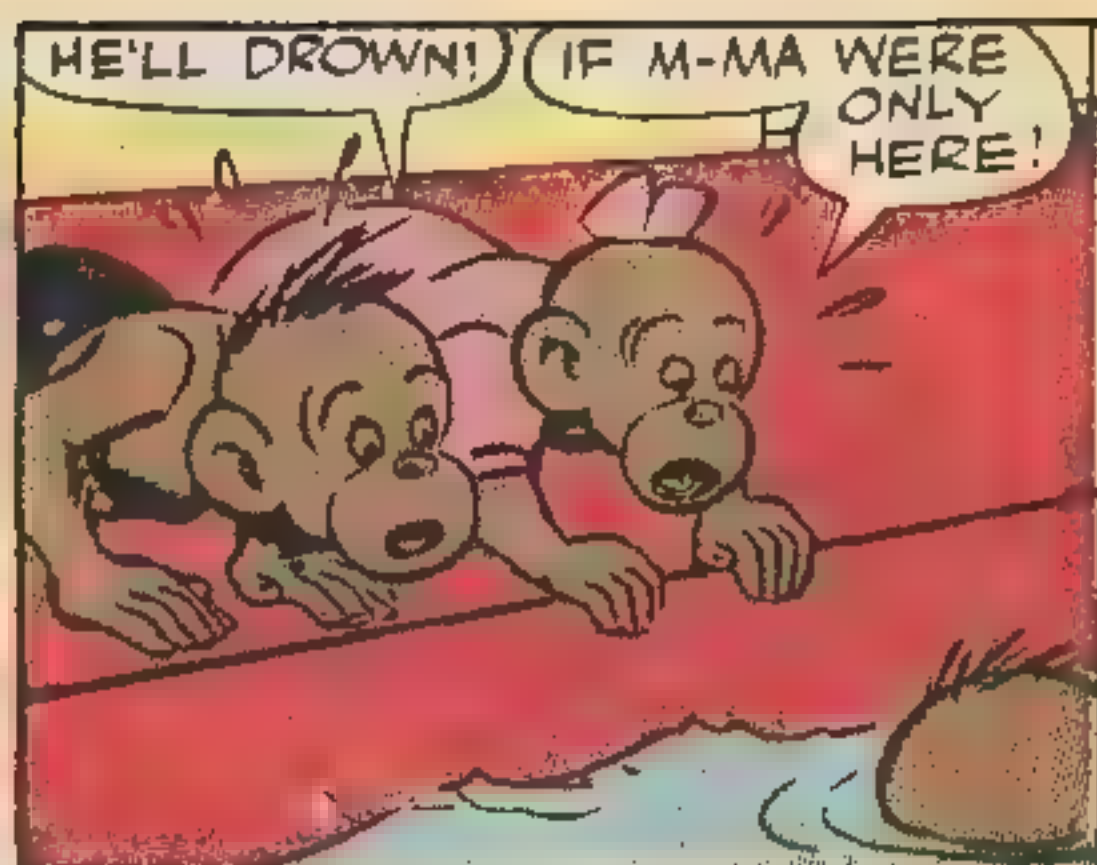
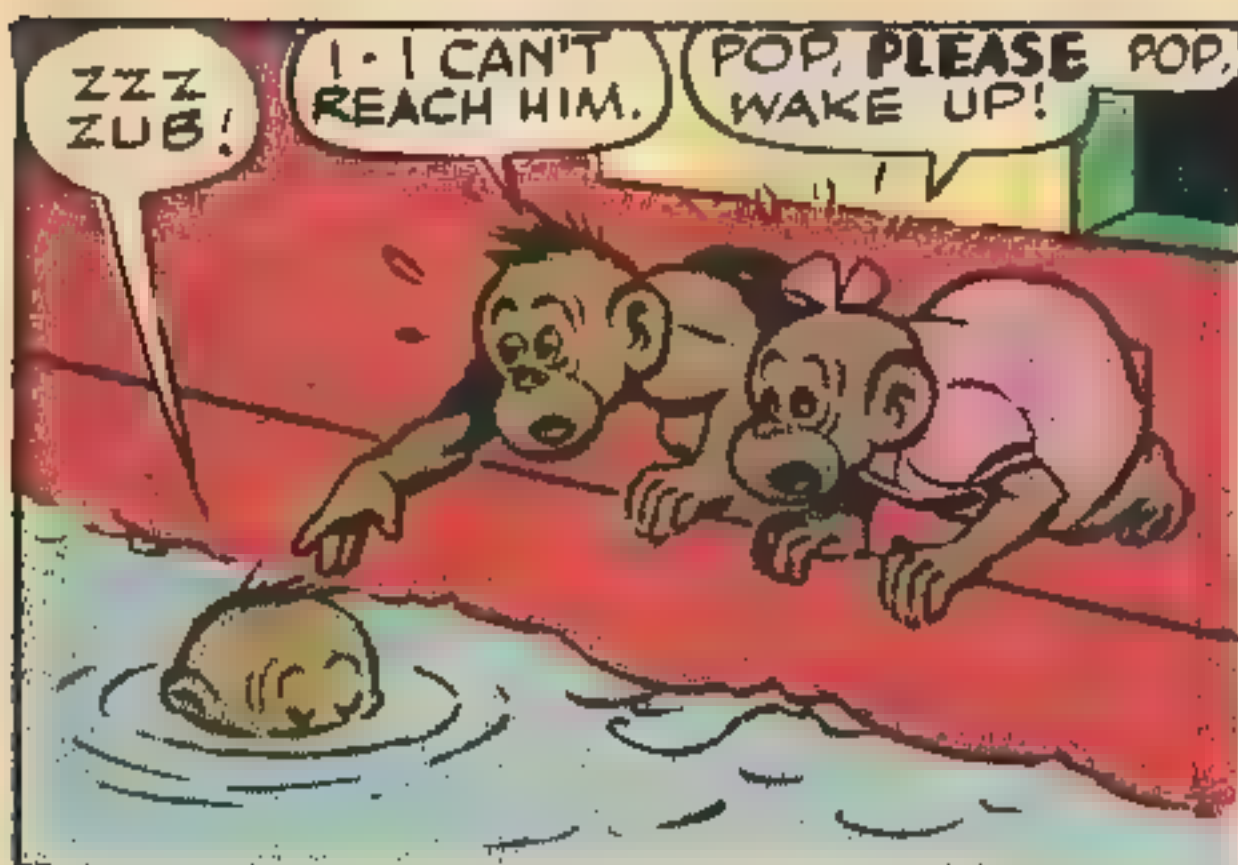


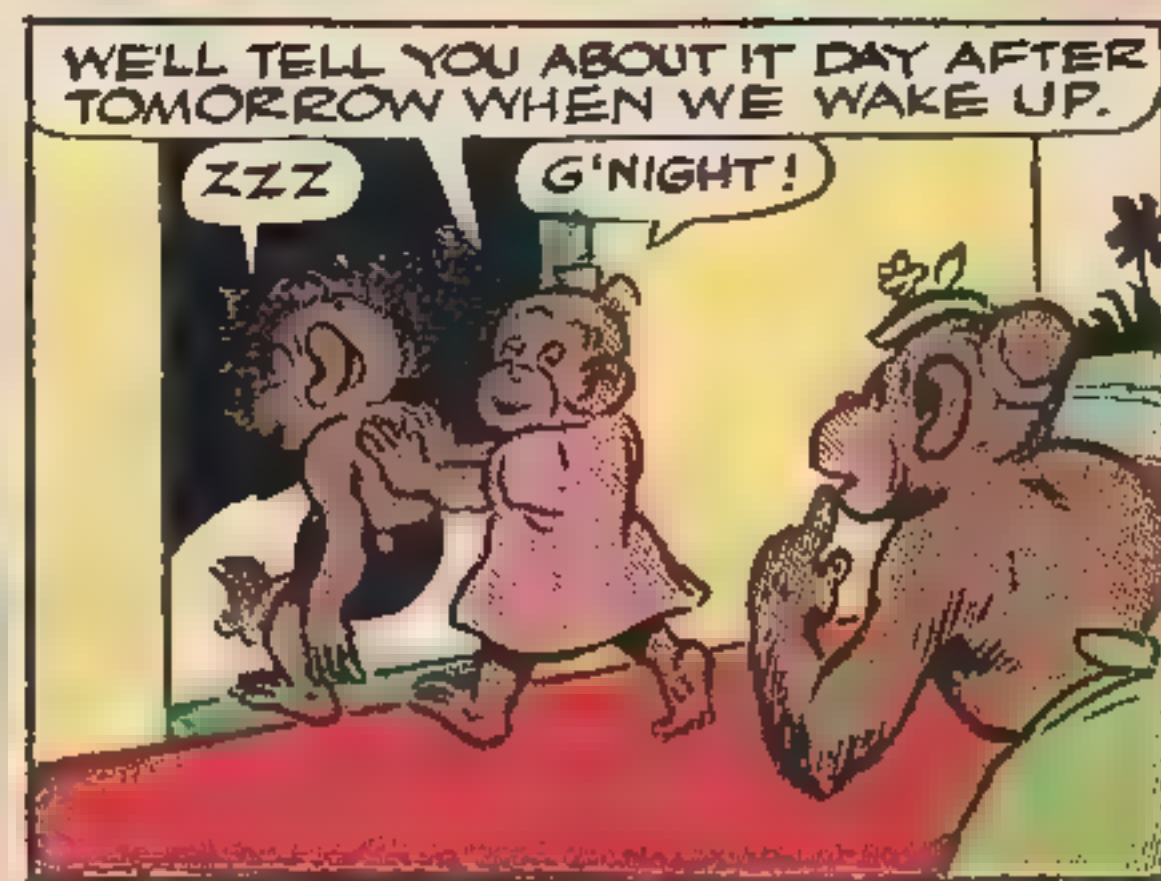
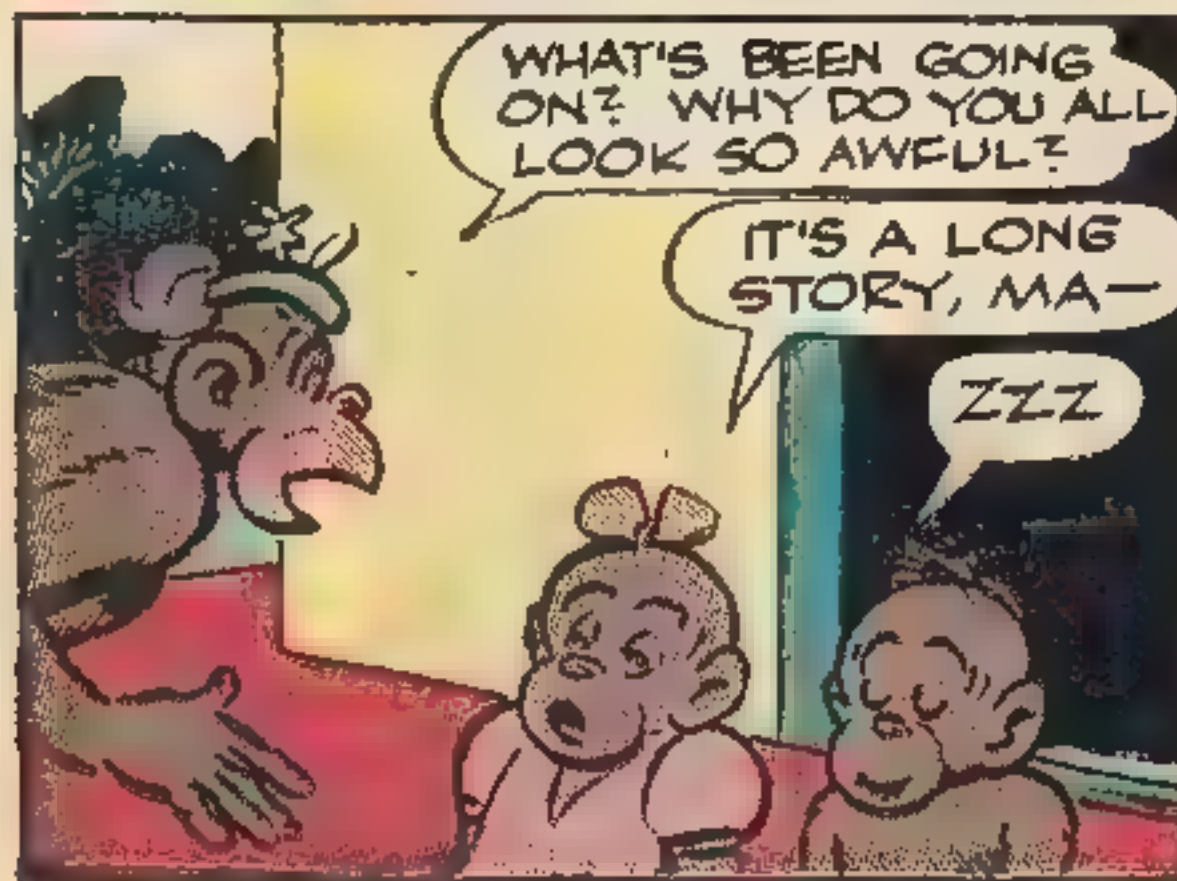
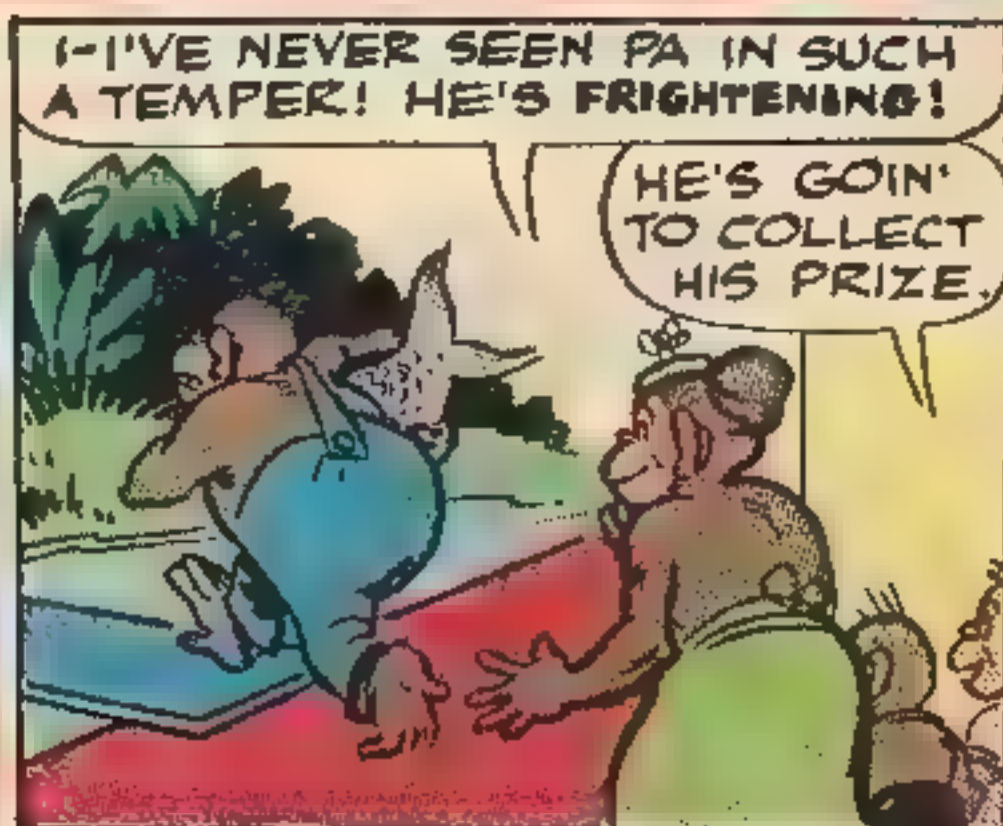
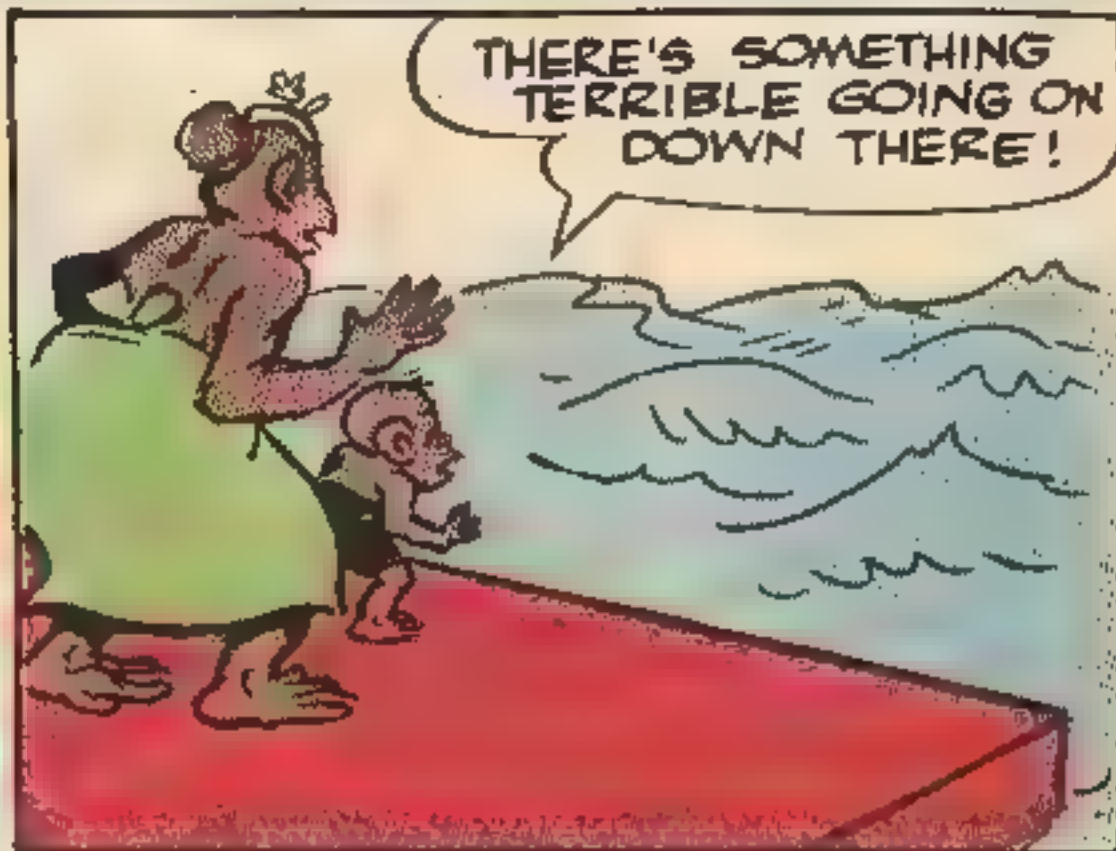
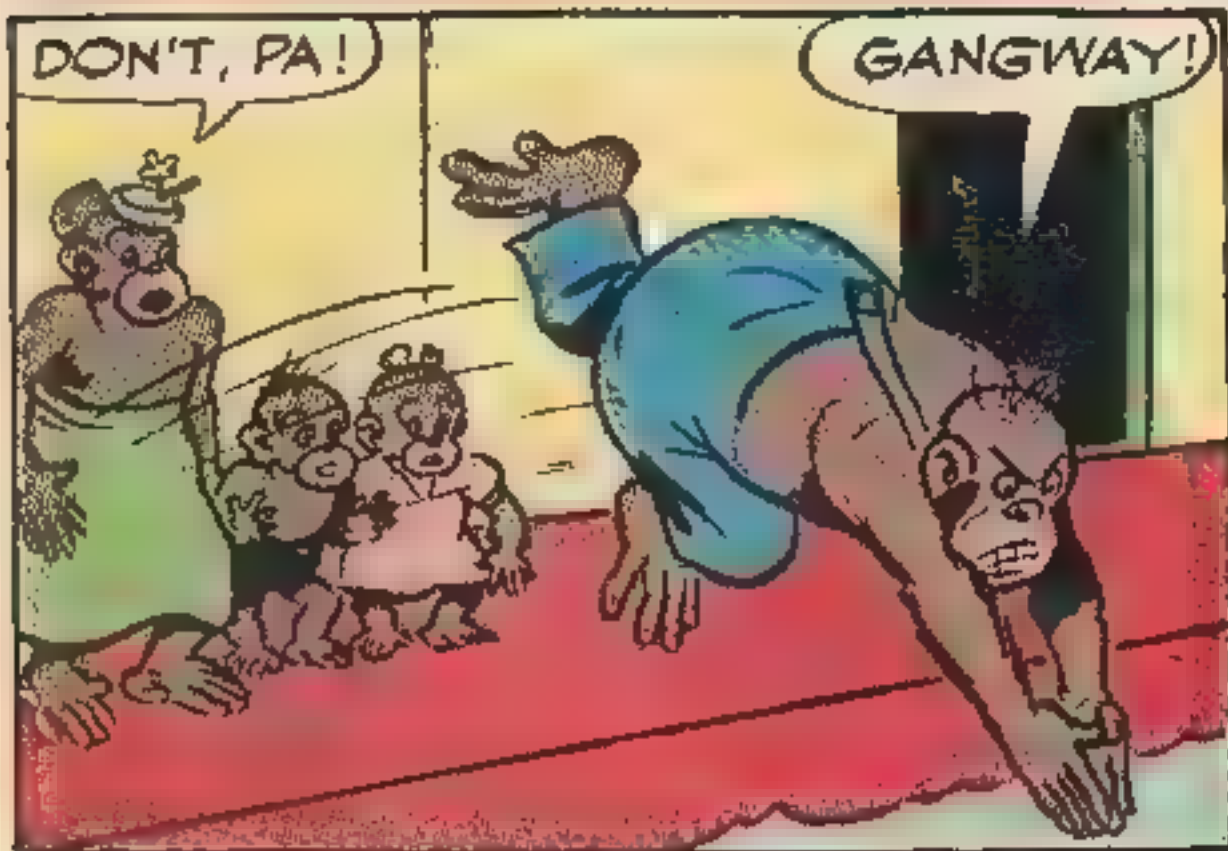
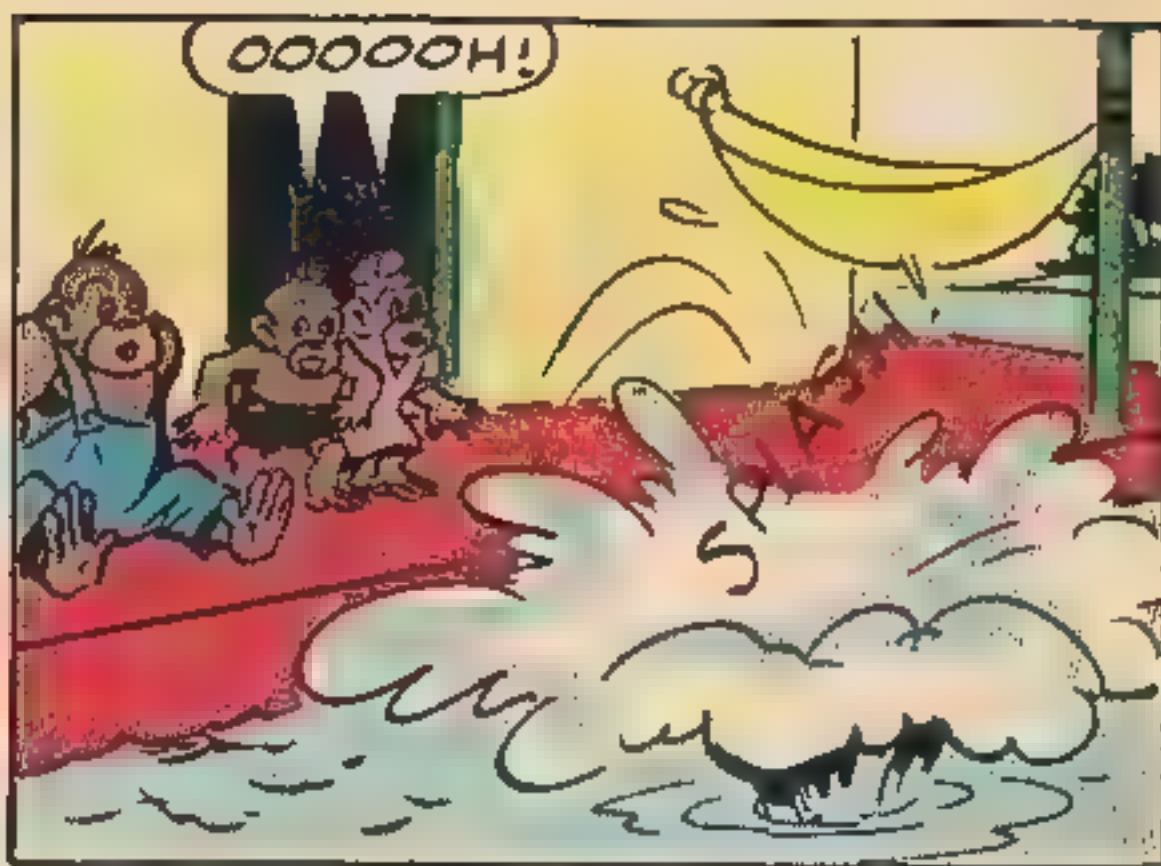
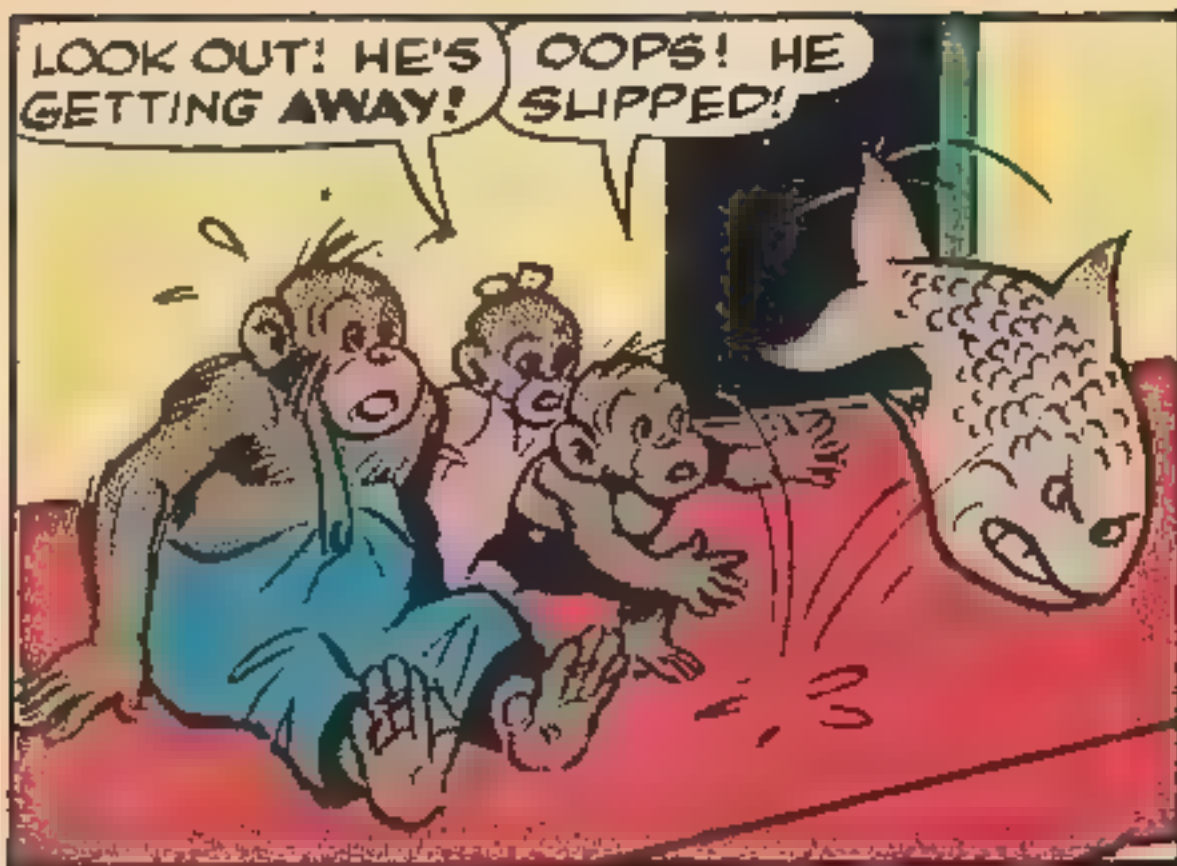
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW?

WHAT CAN WE DO? CATCH ANOTHER BIG ONE IS ABOUT ALL!



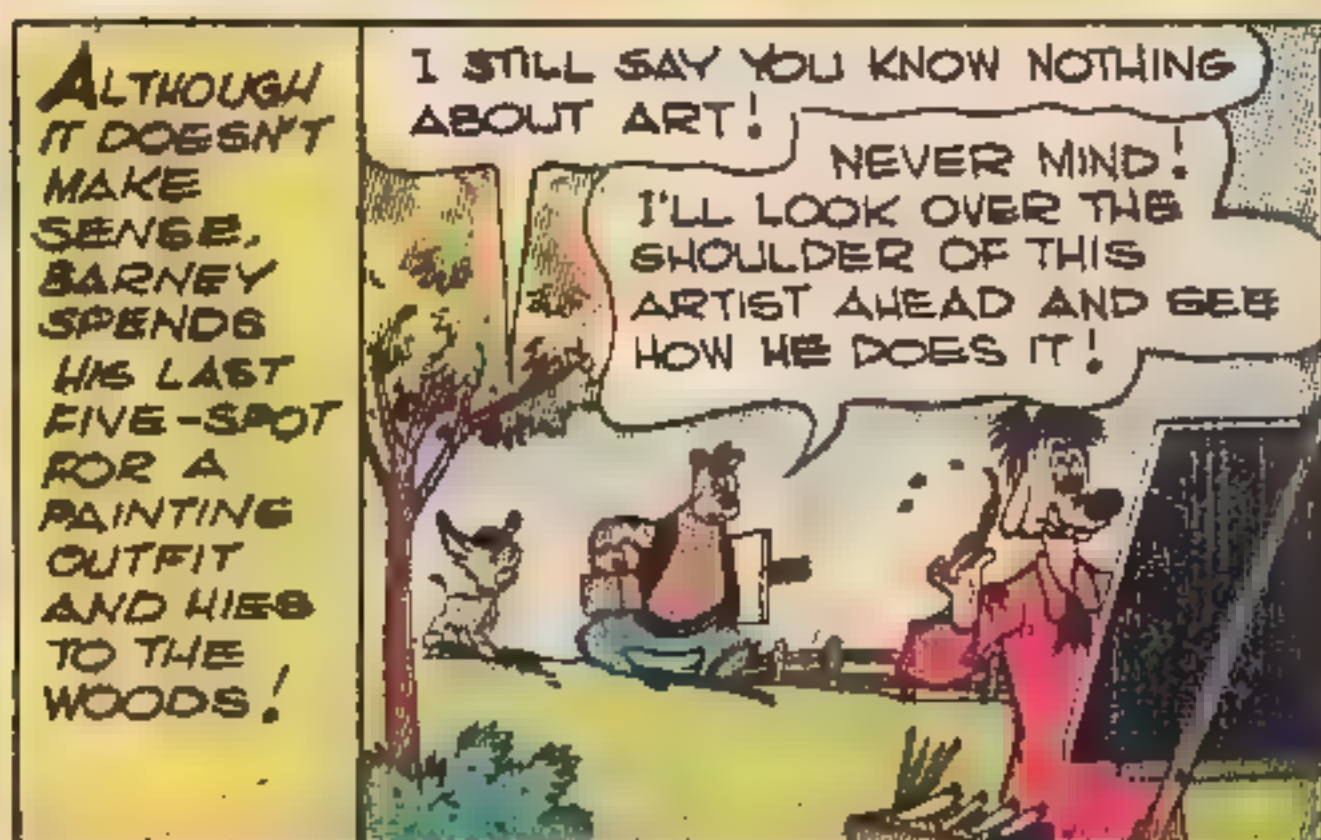
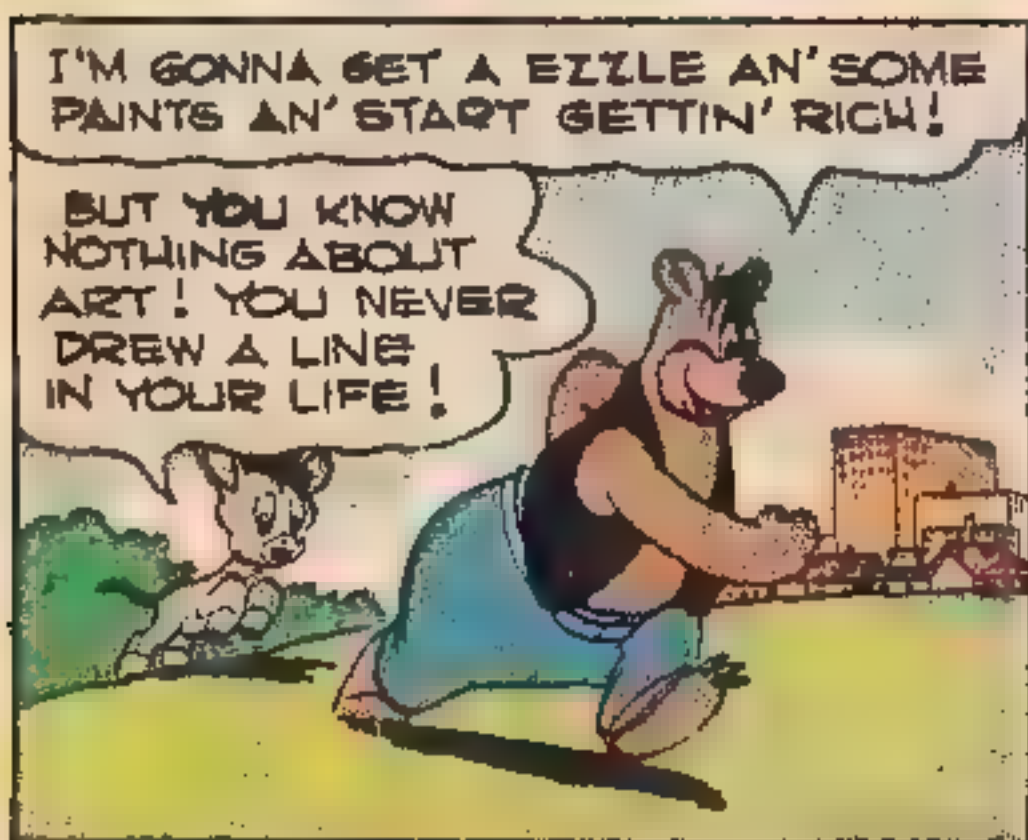
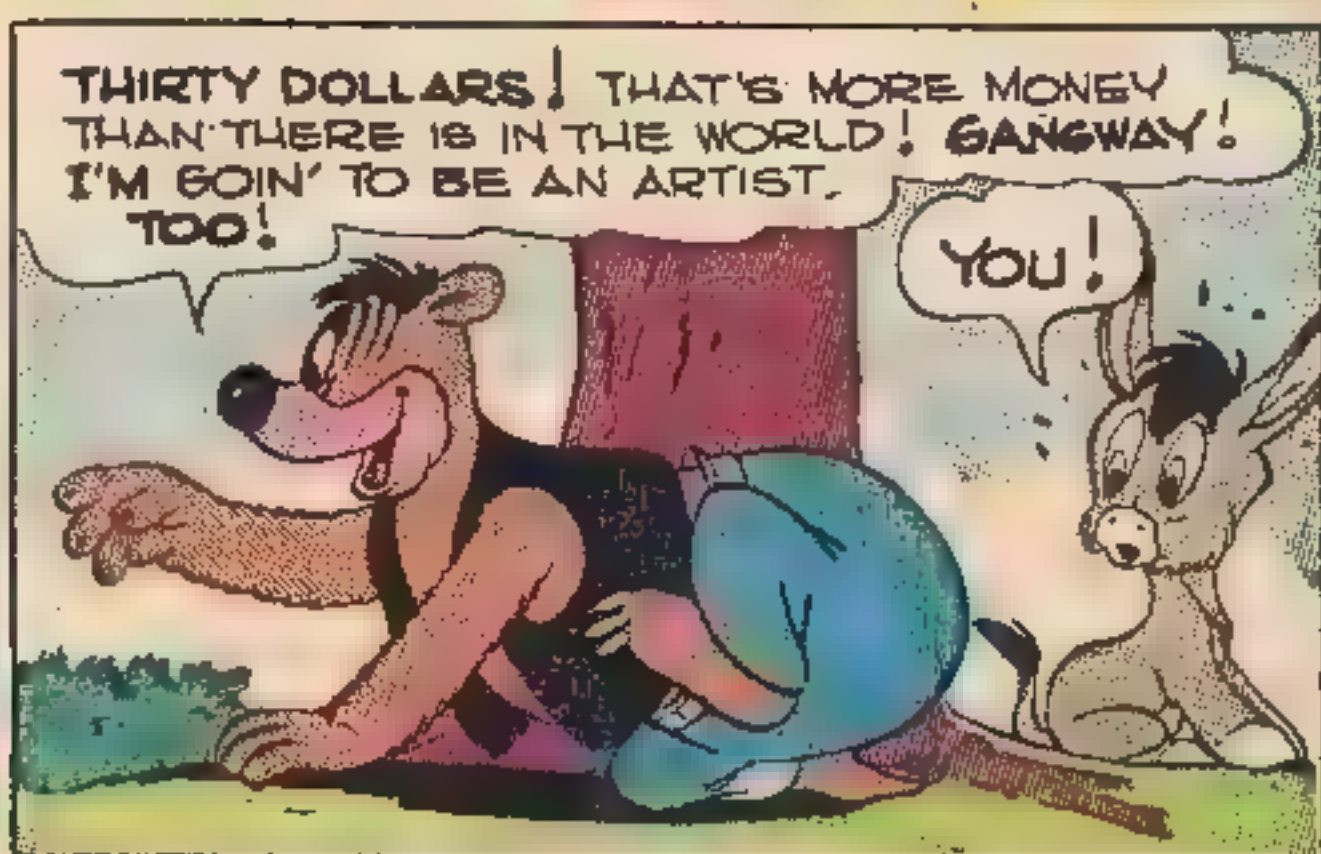
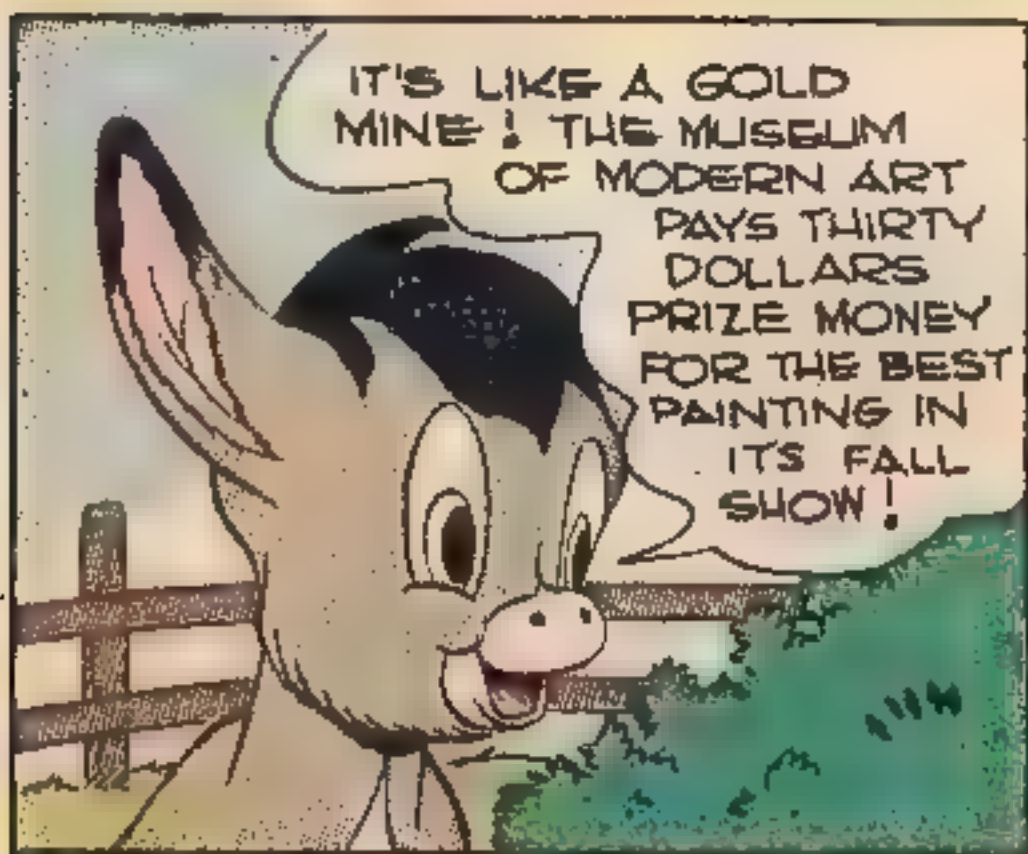
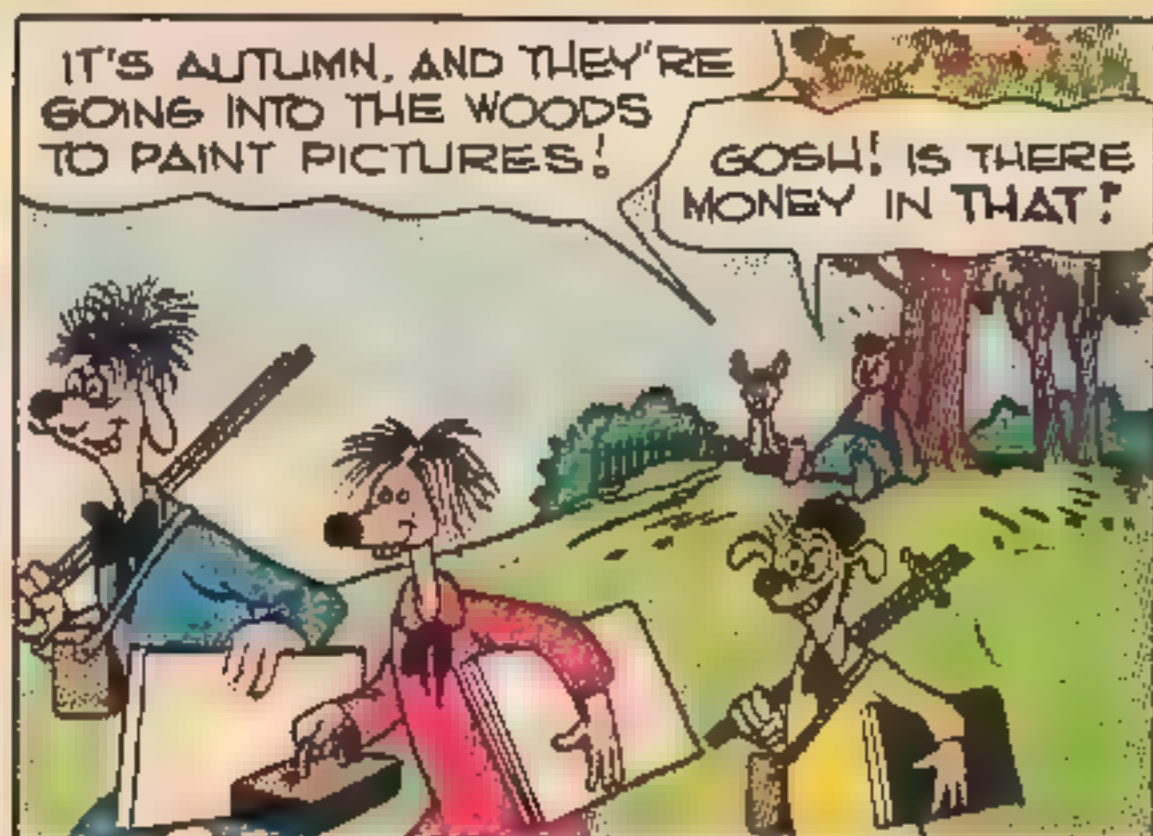


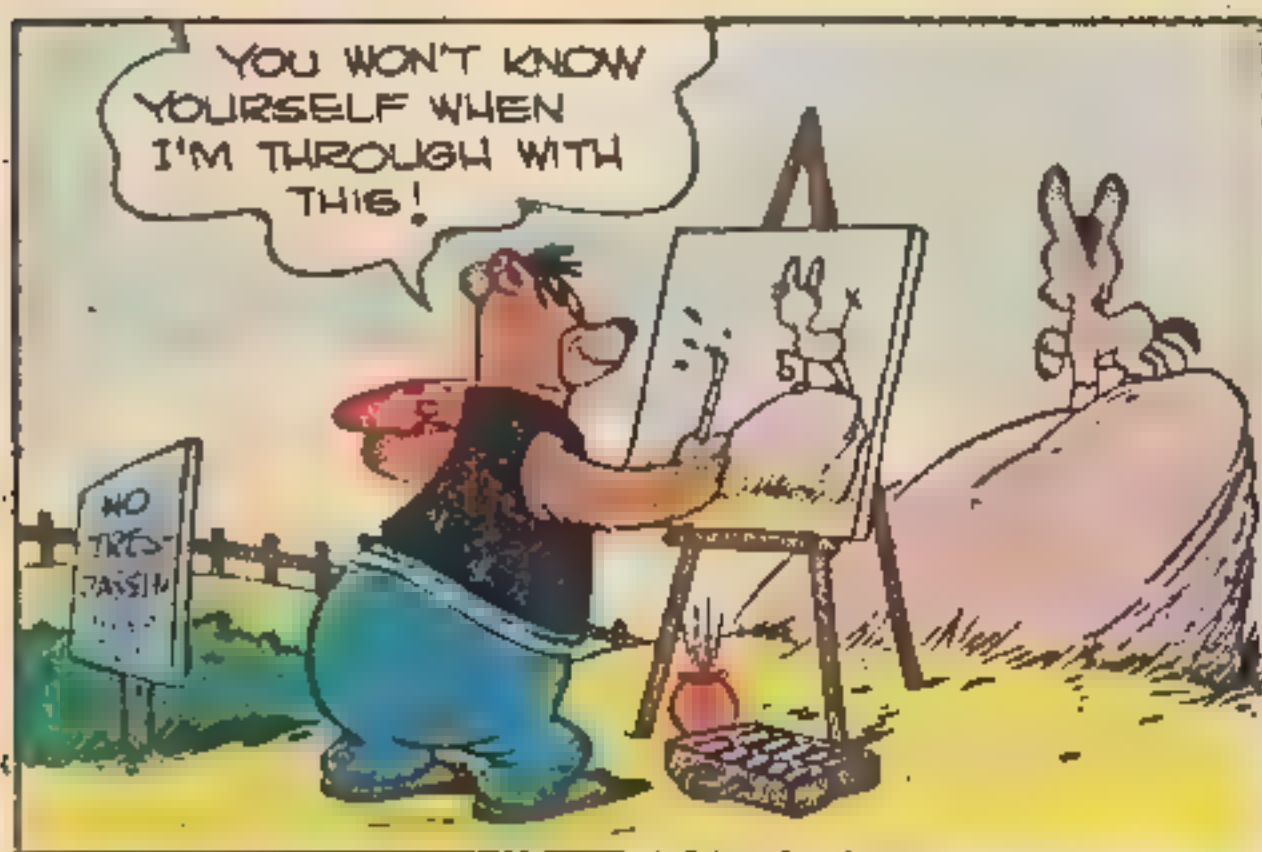
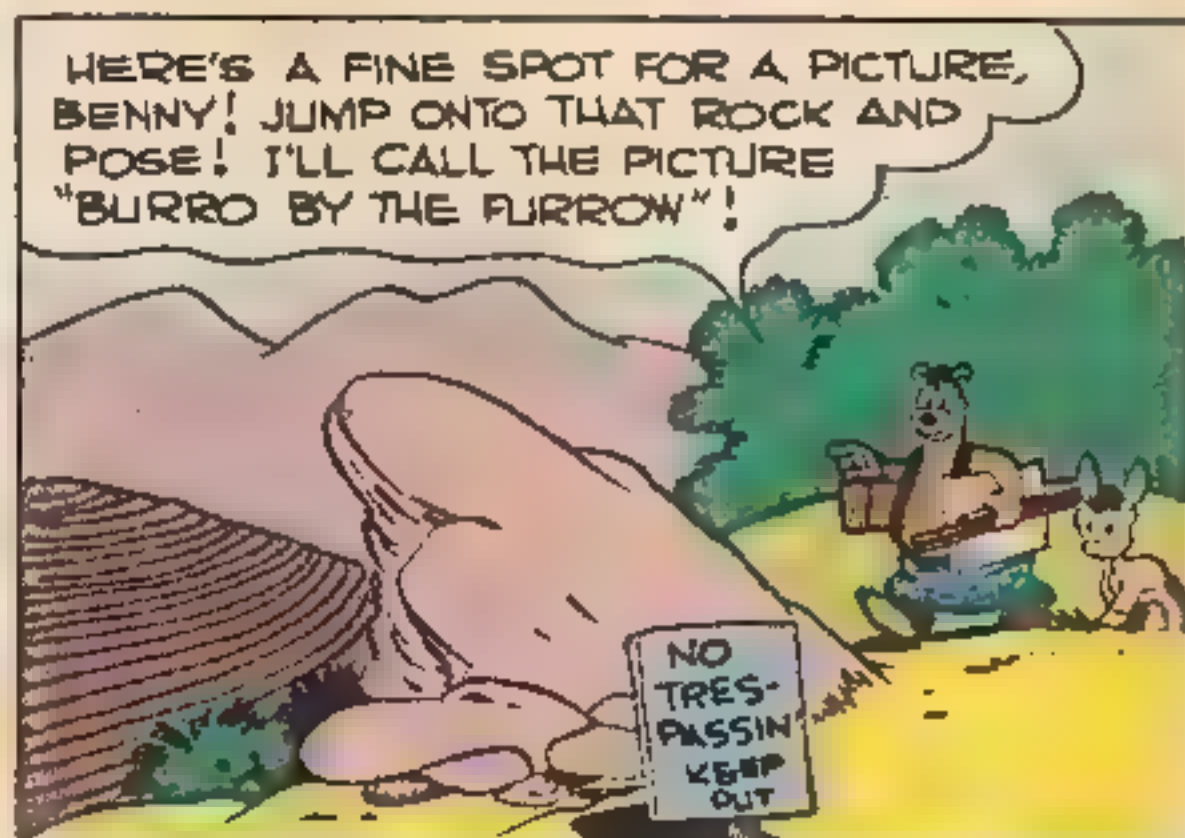
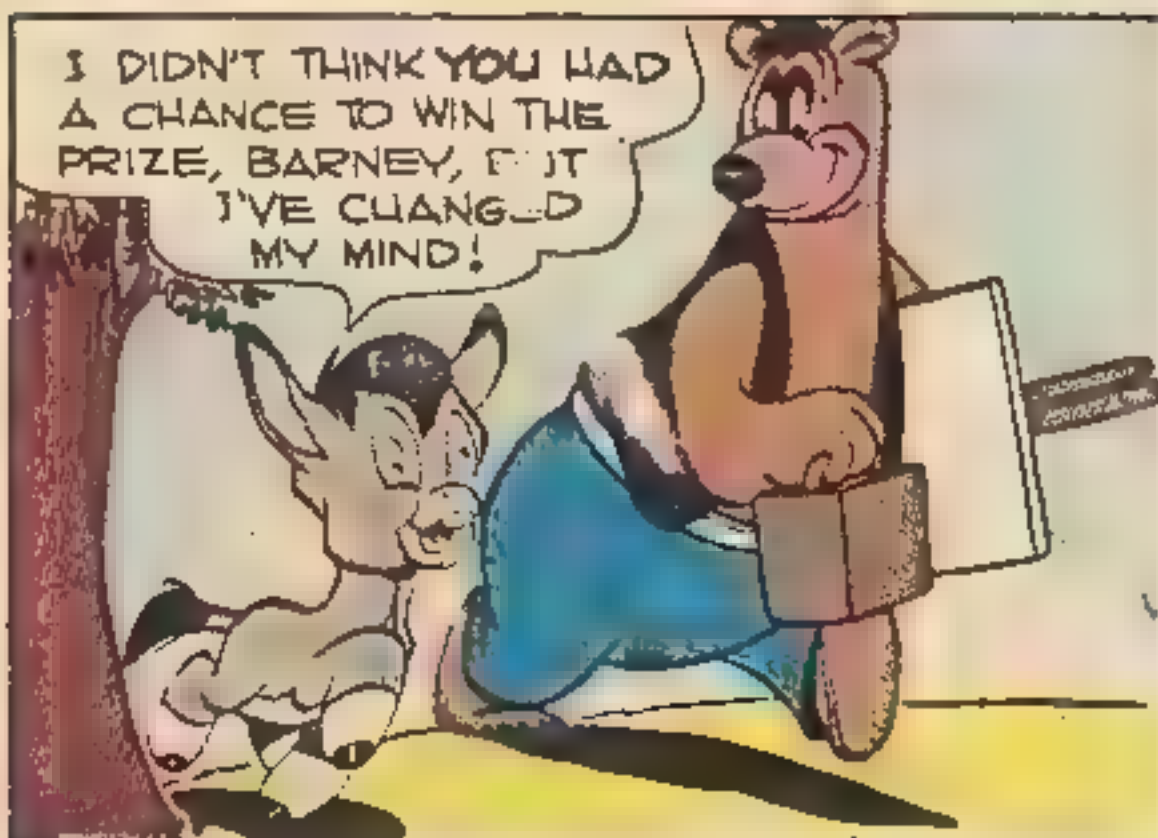
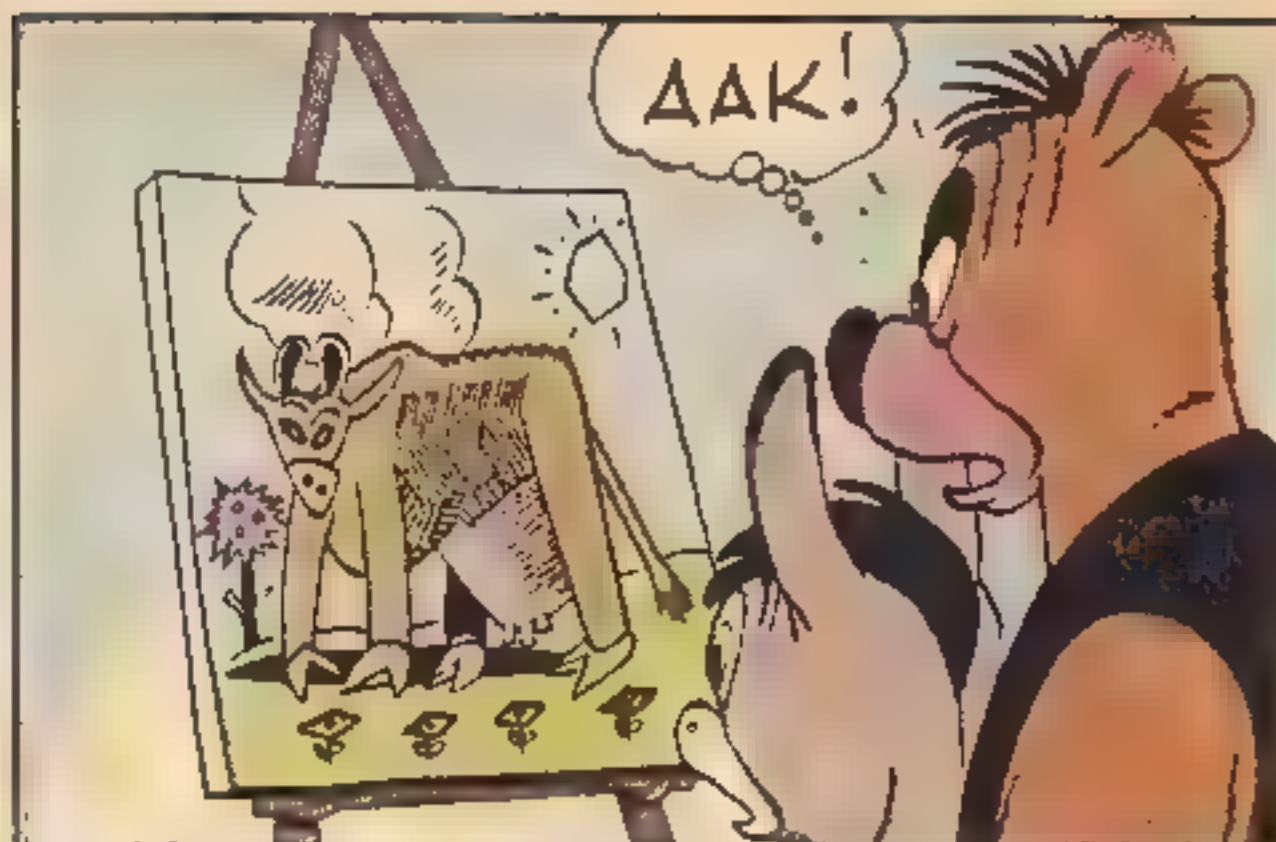


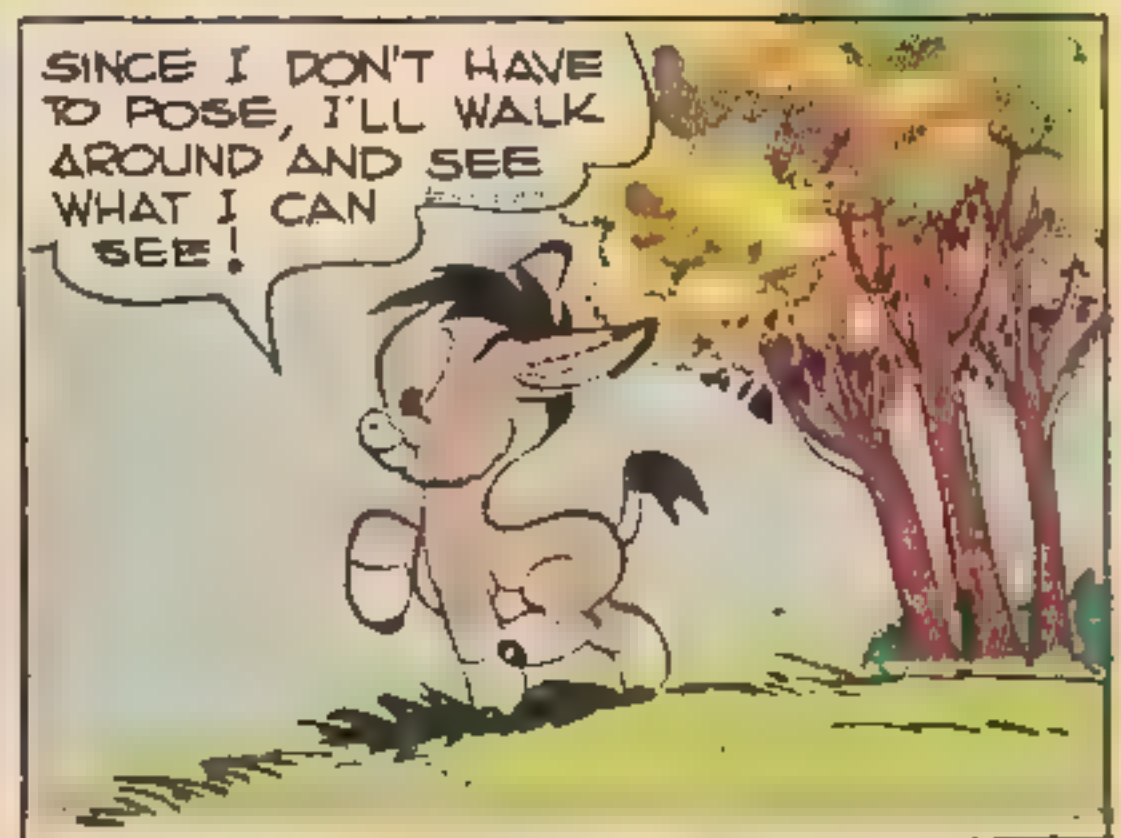
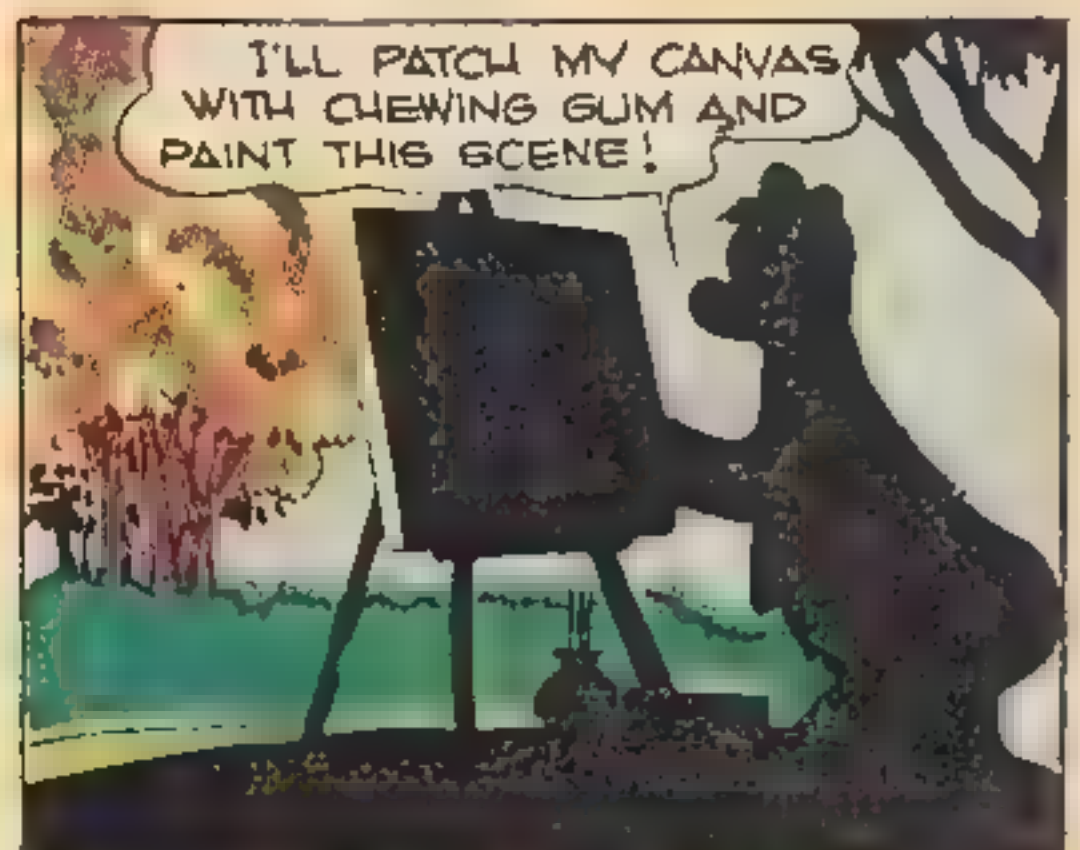
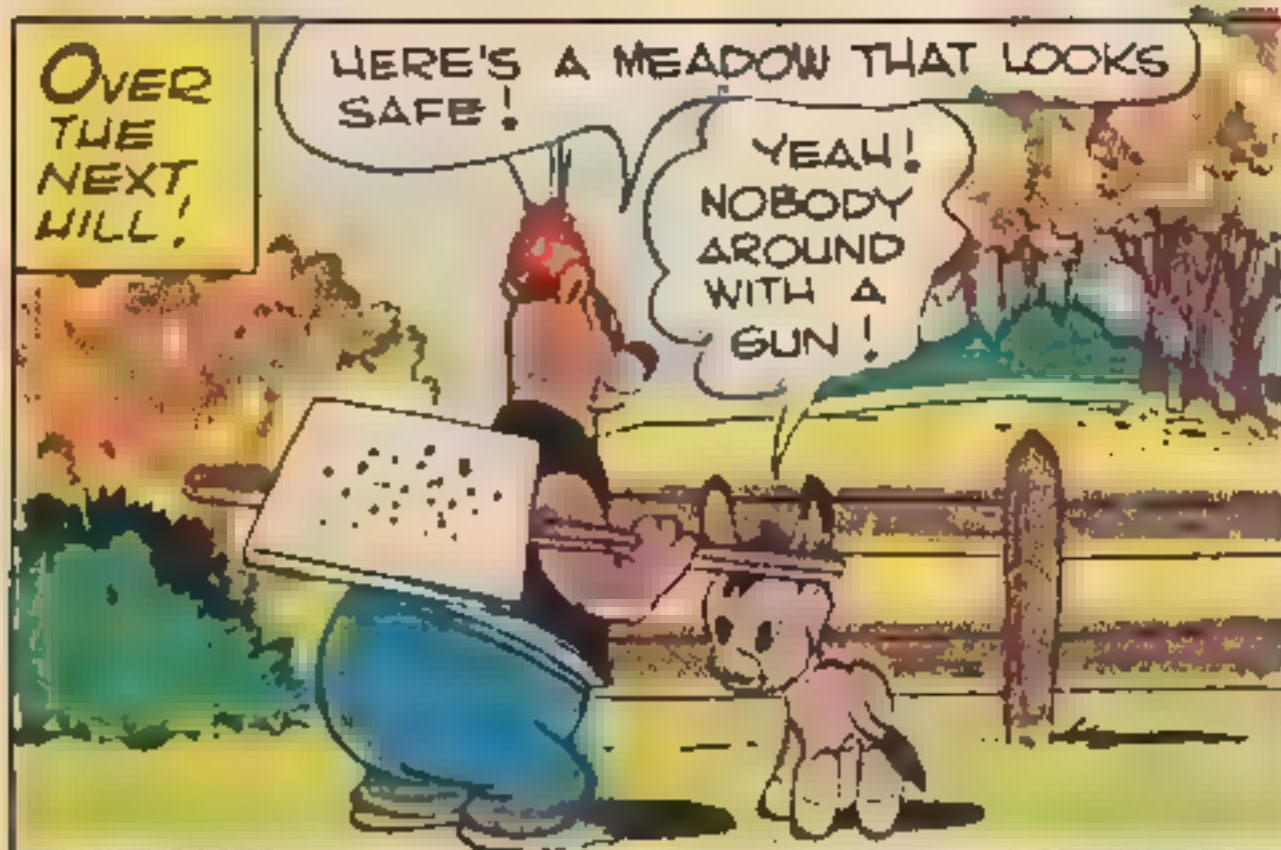
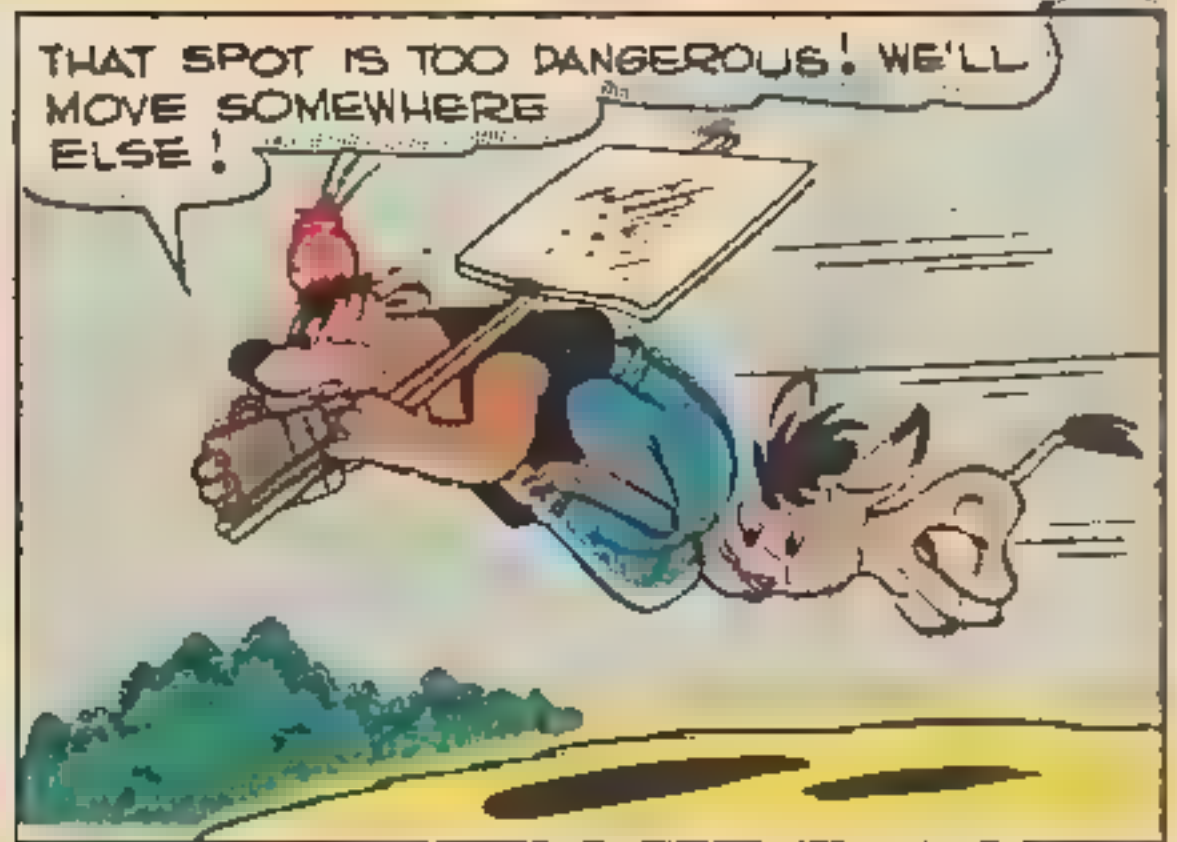
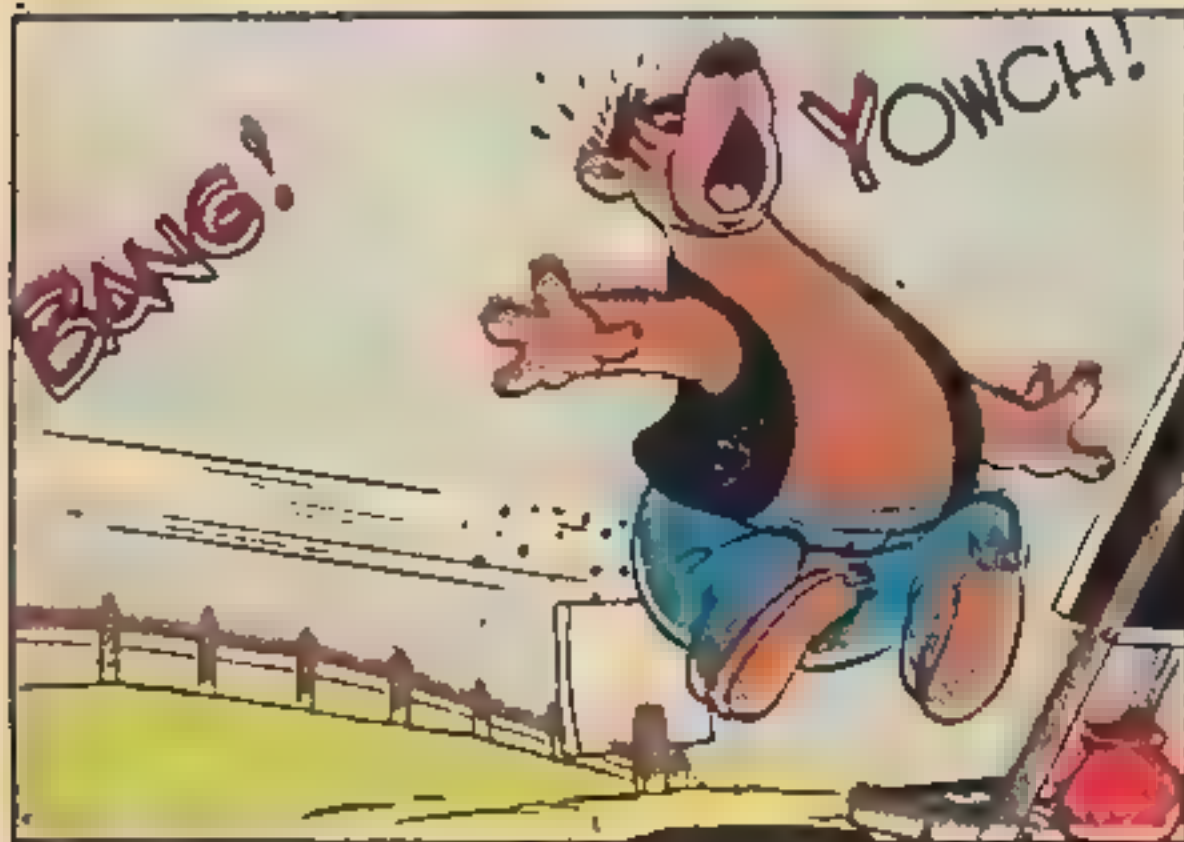
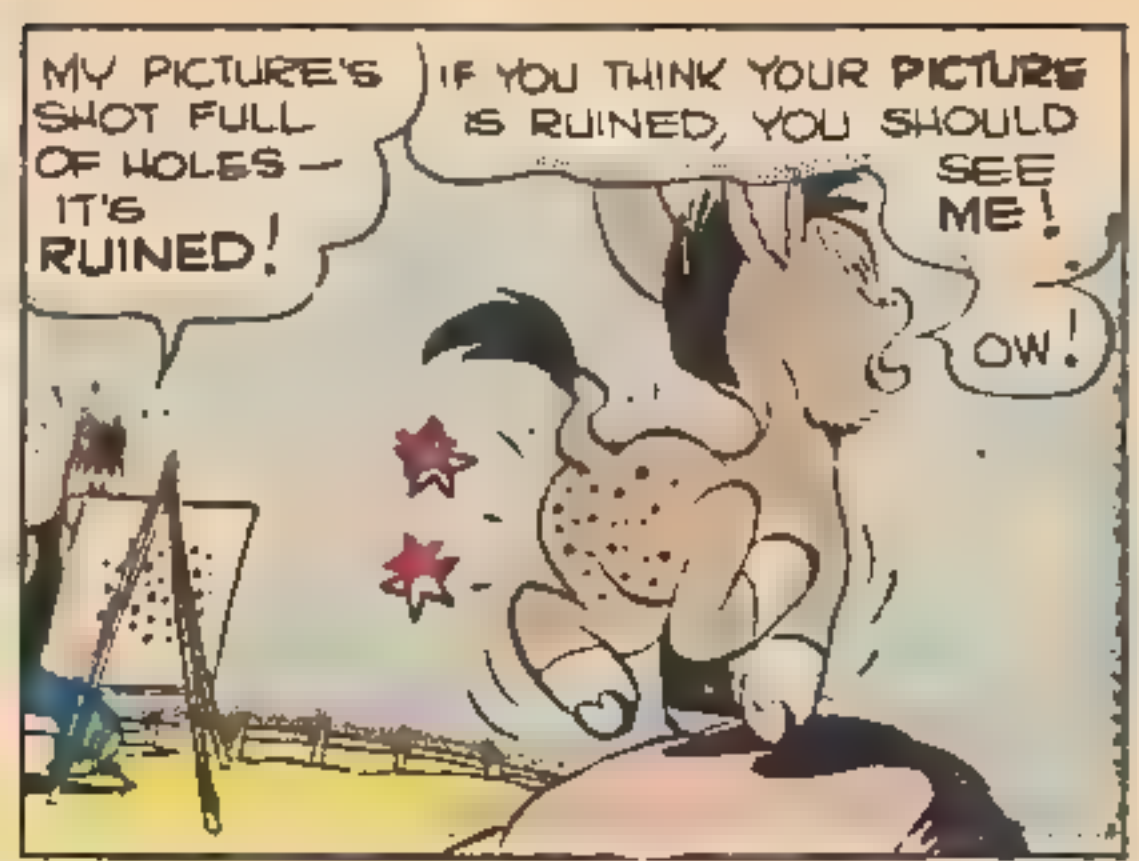
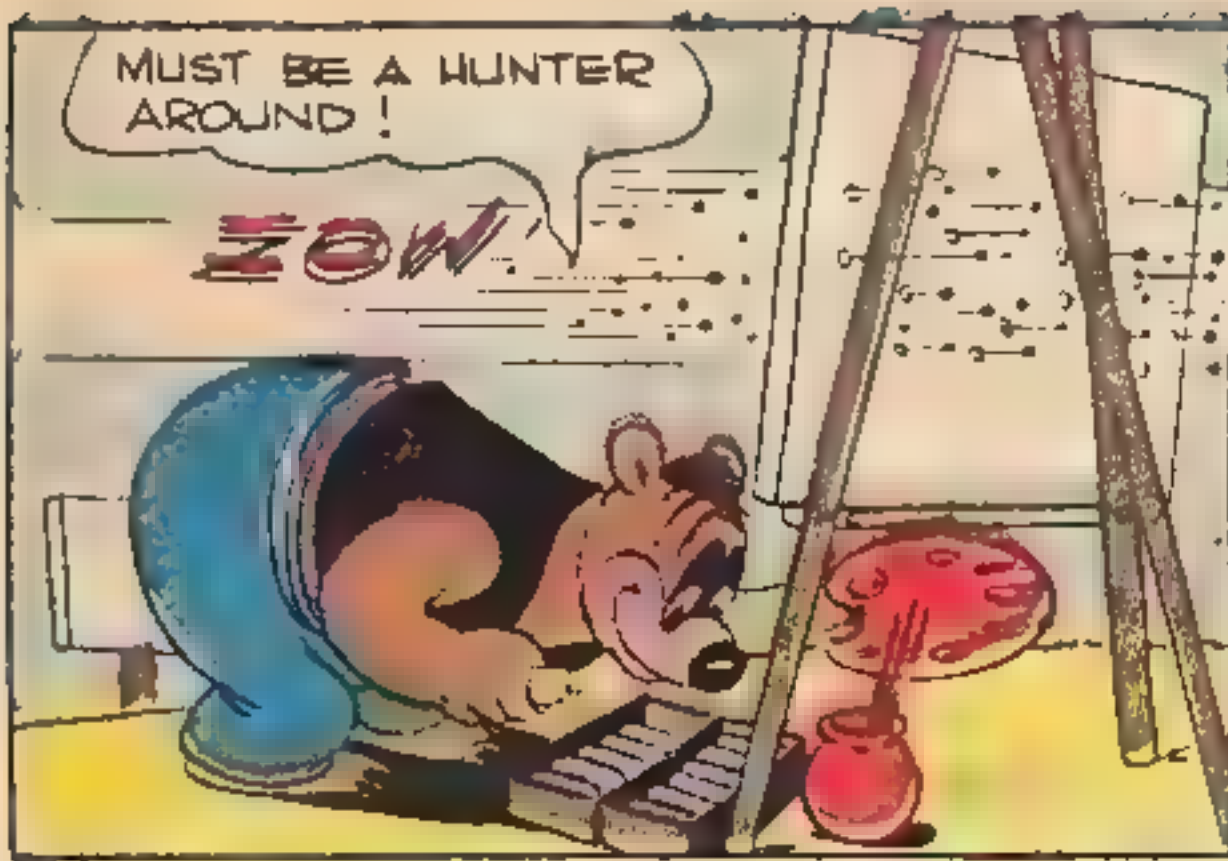


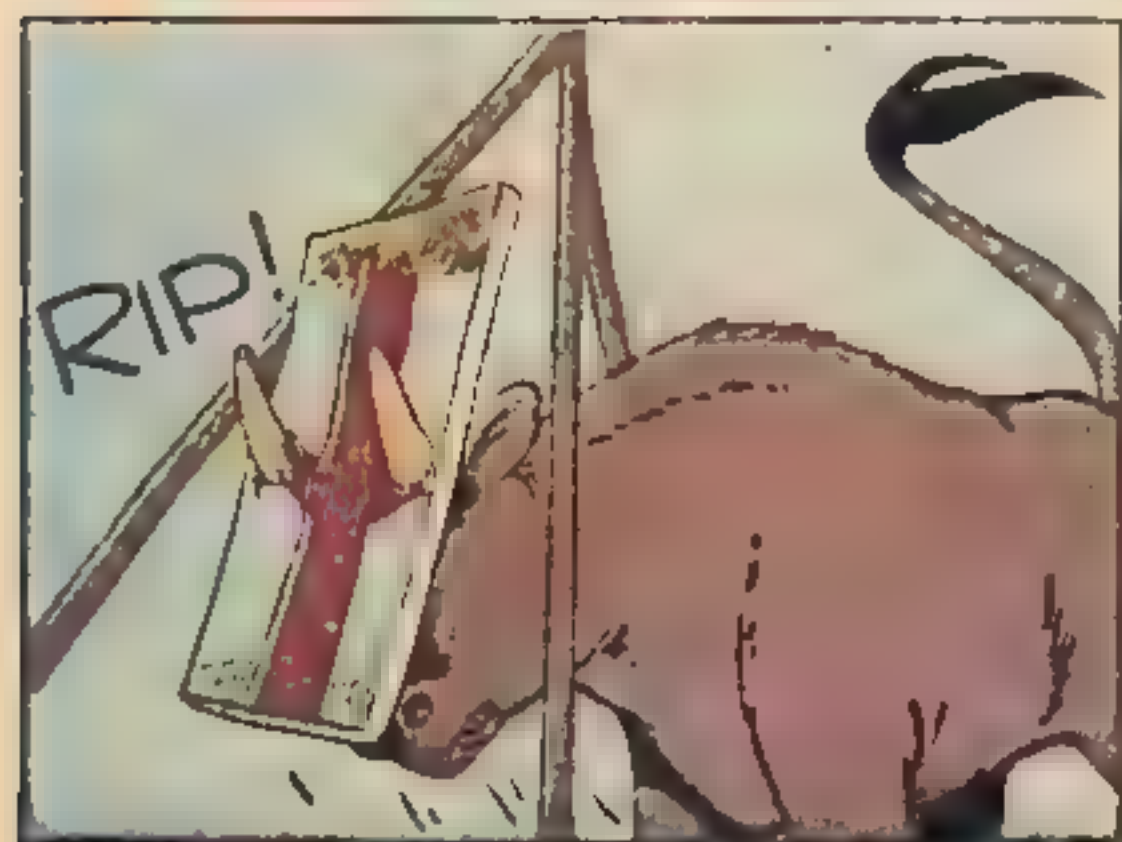
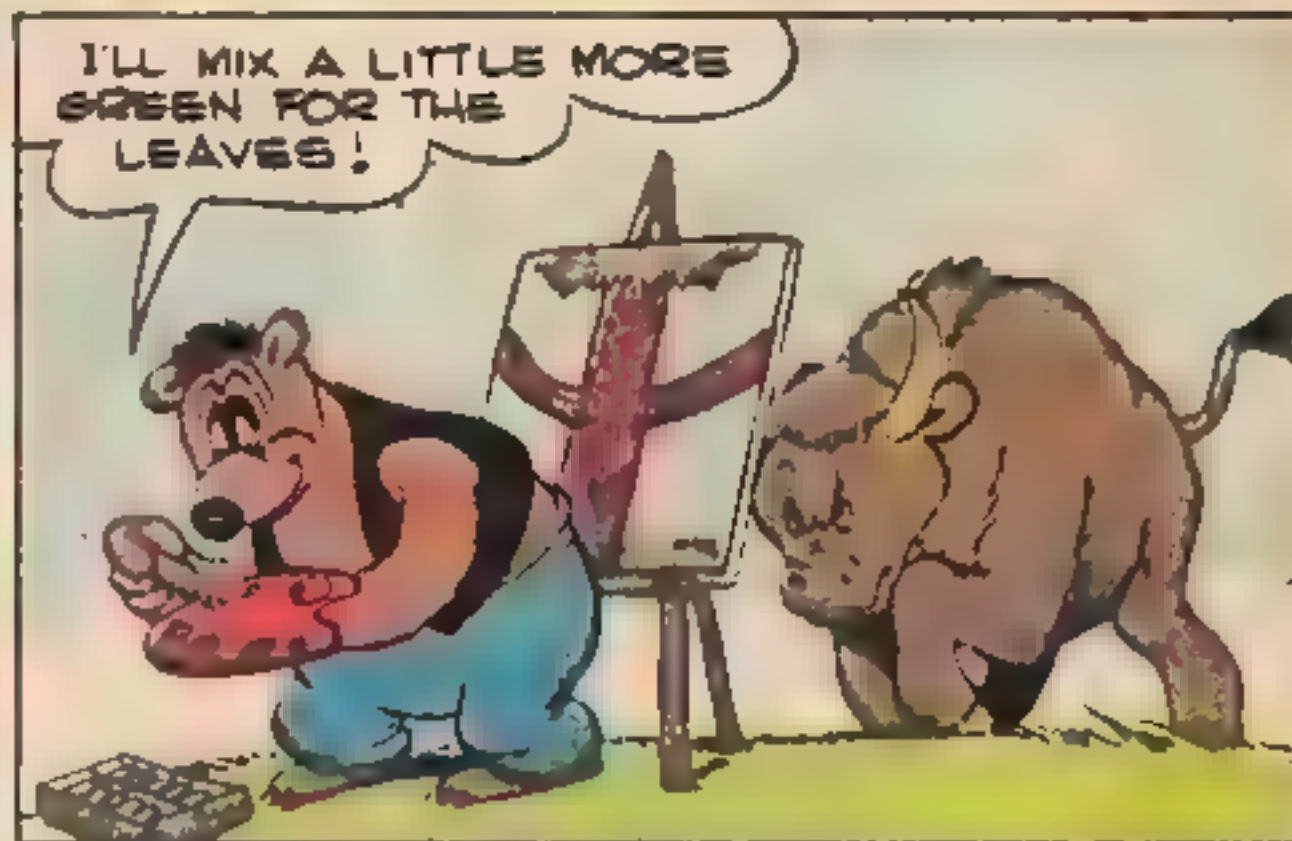
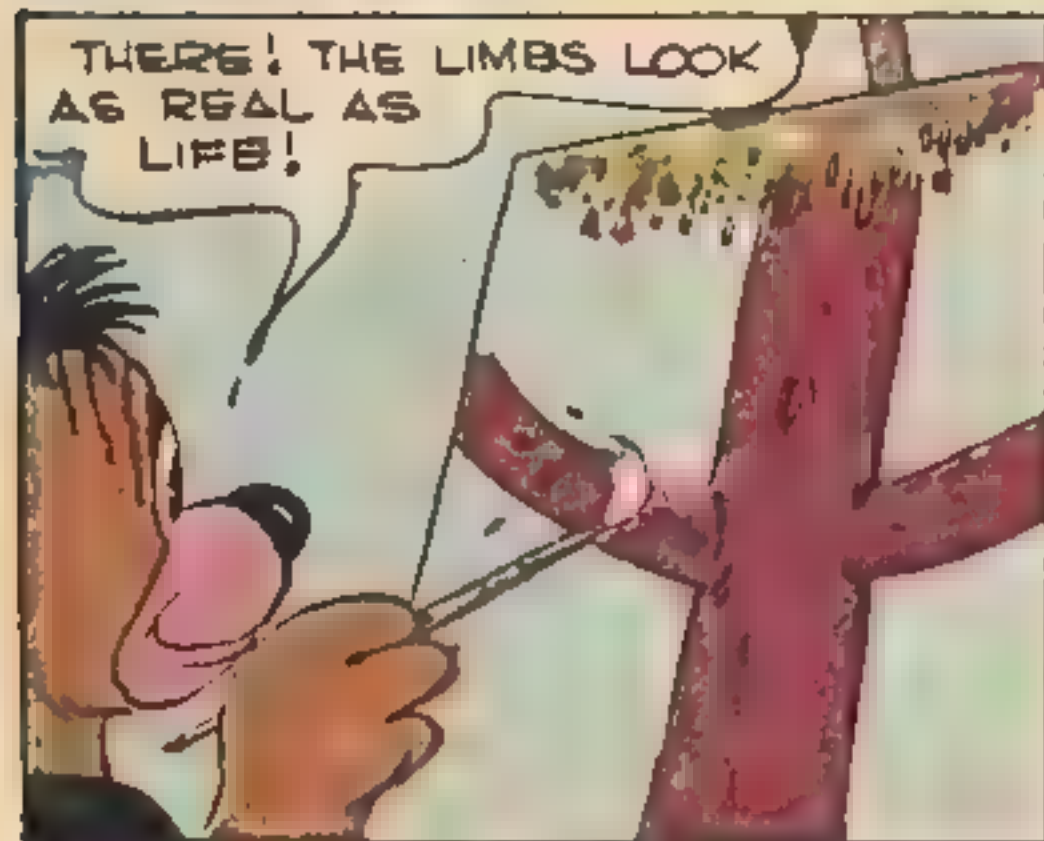
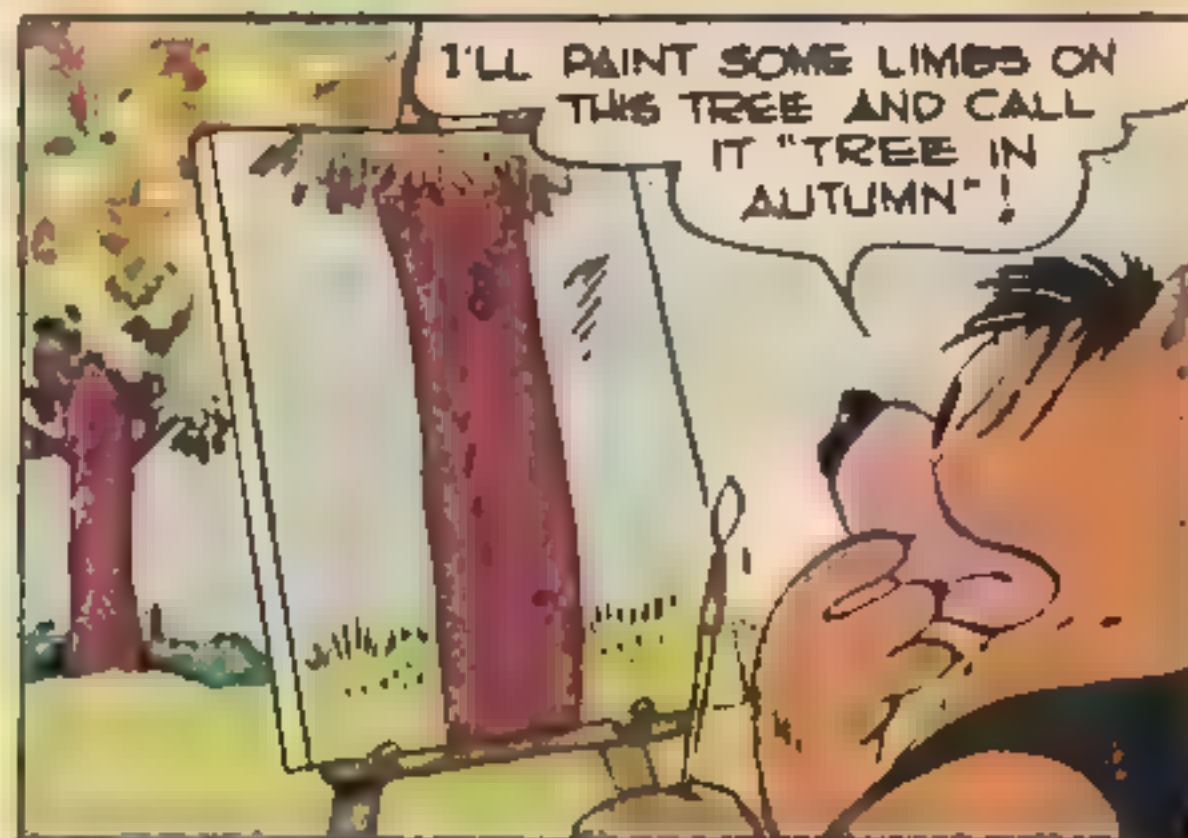
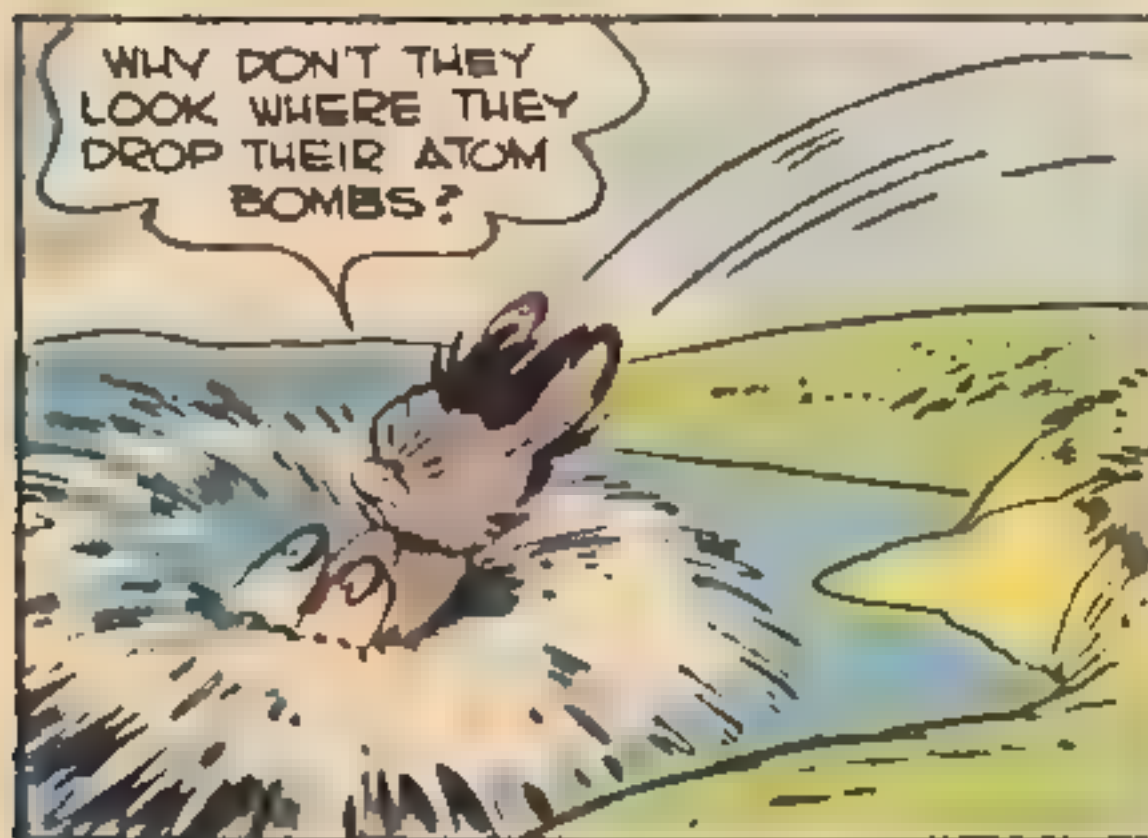
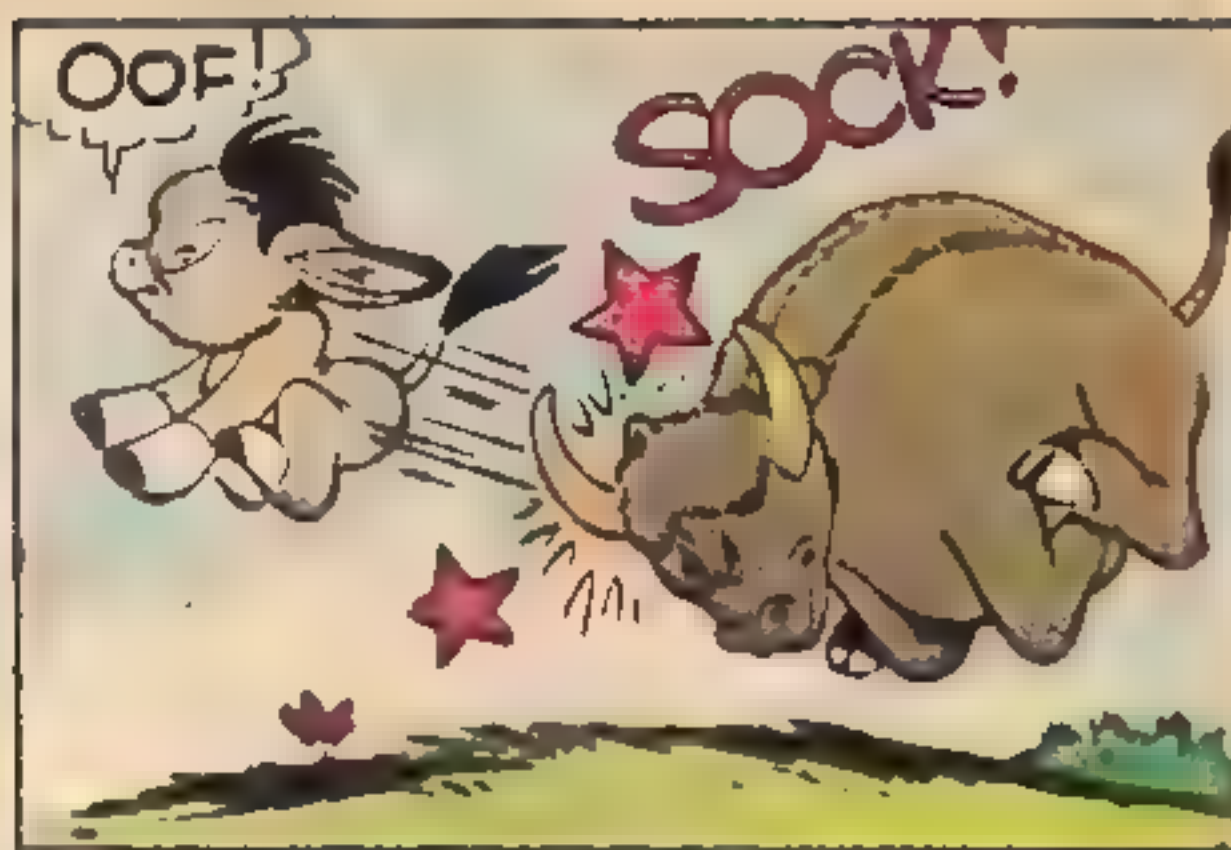
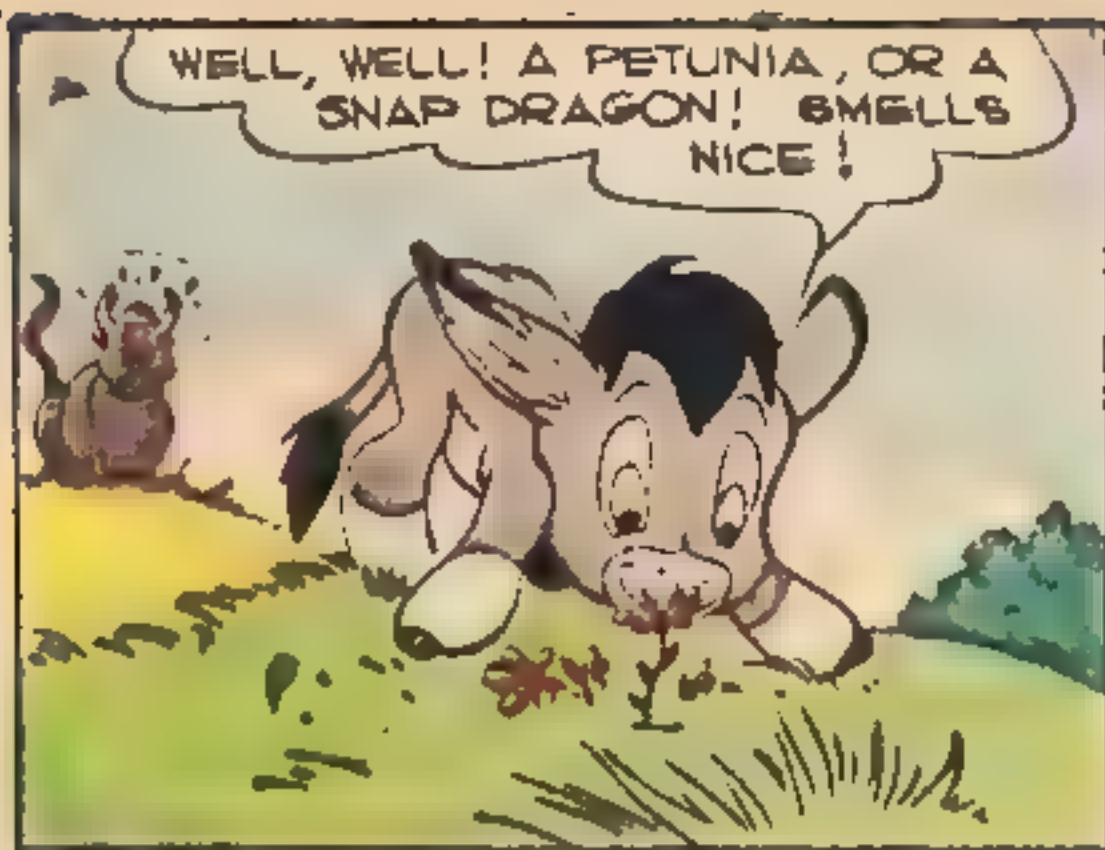
M-G-M PRESENTS

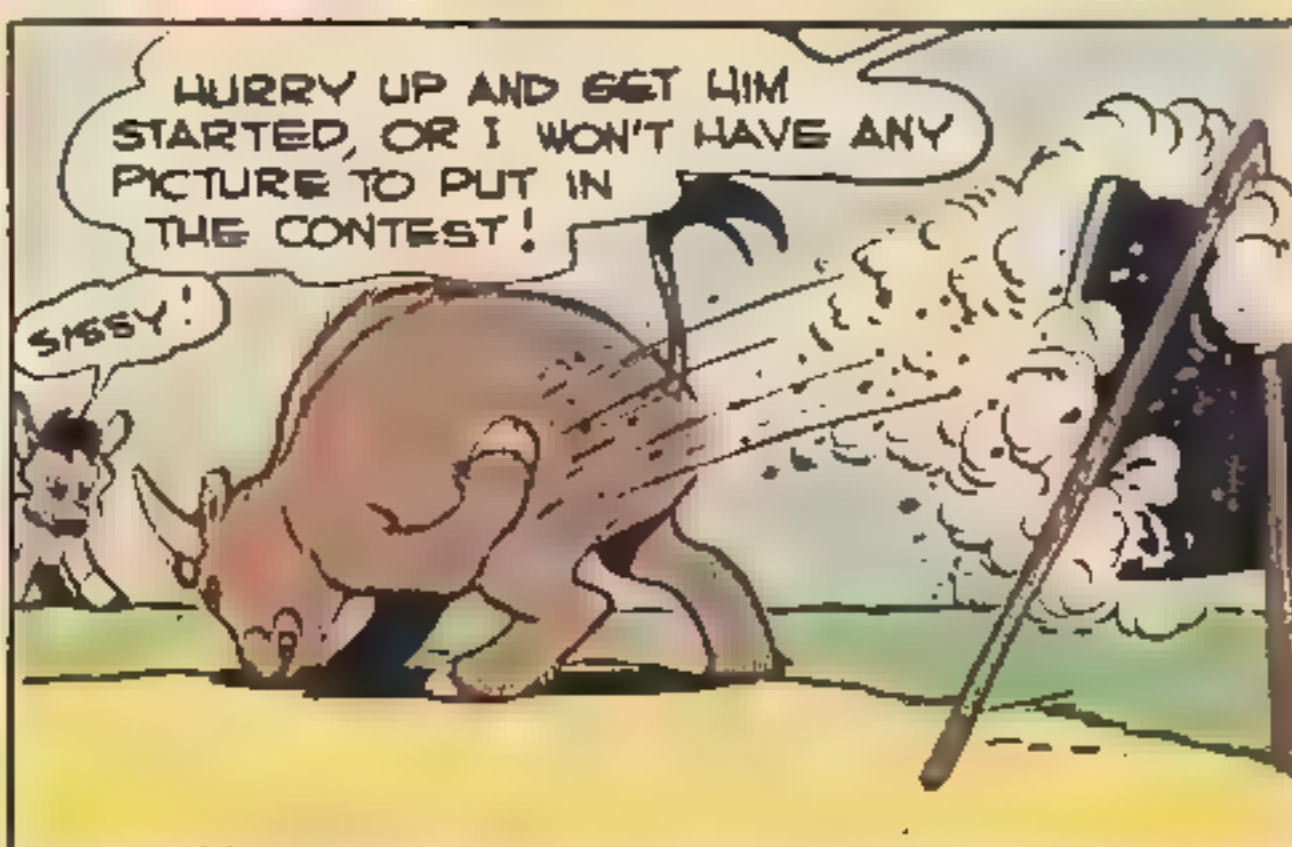
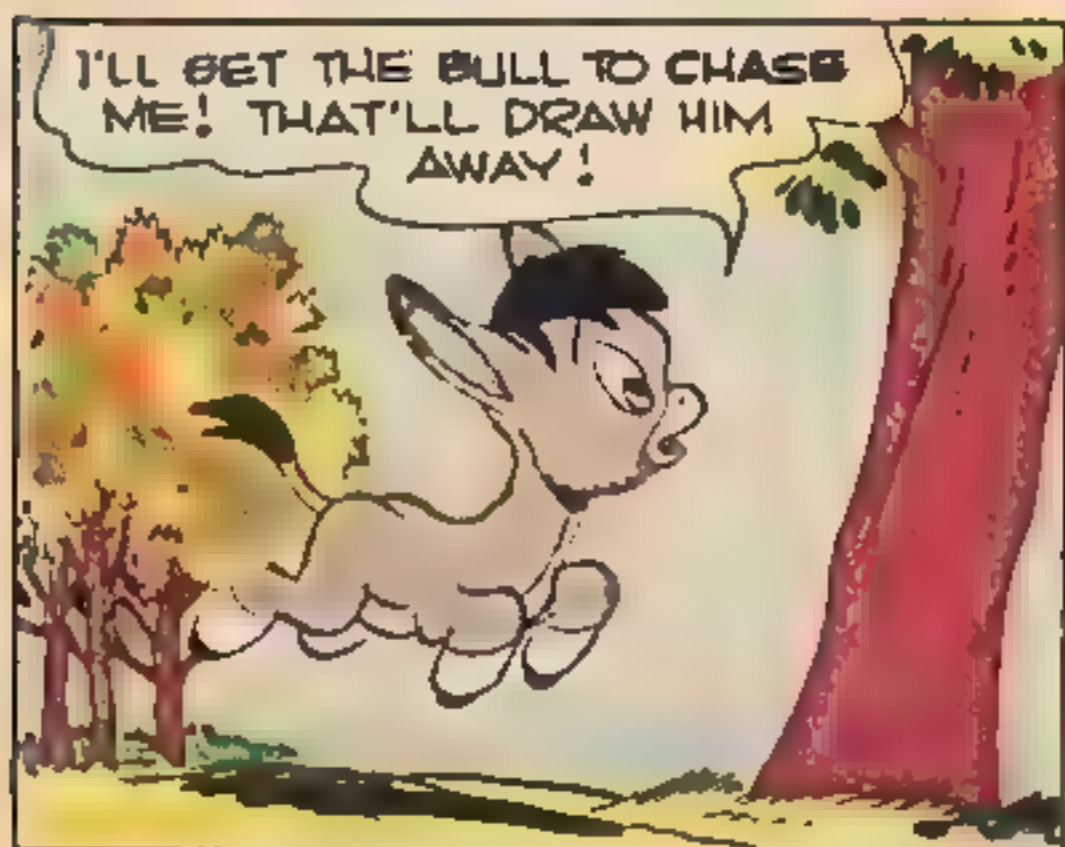
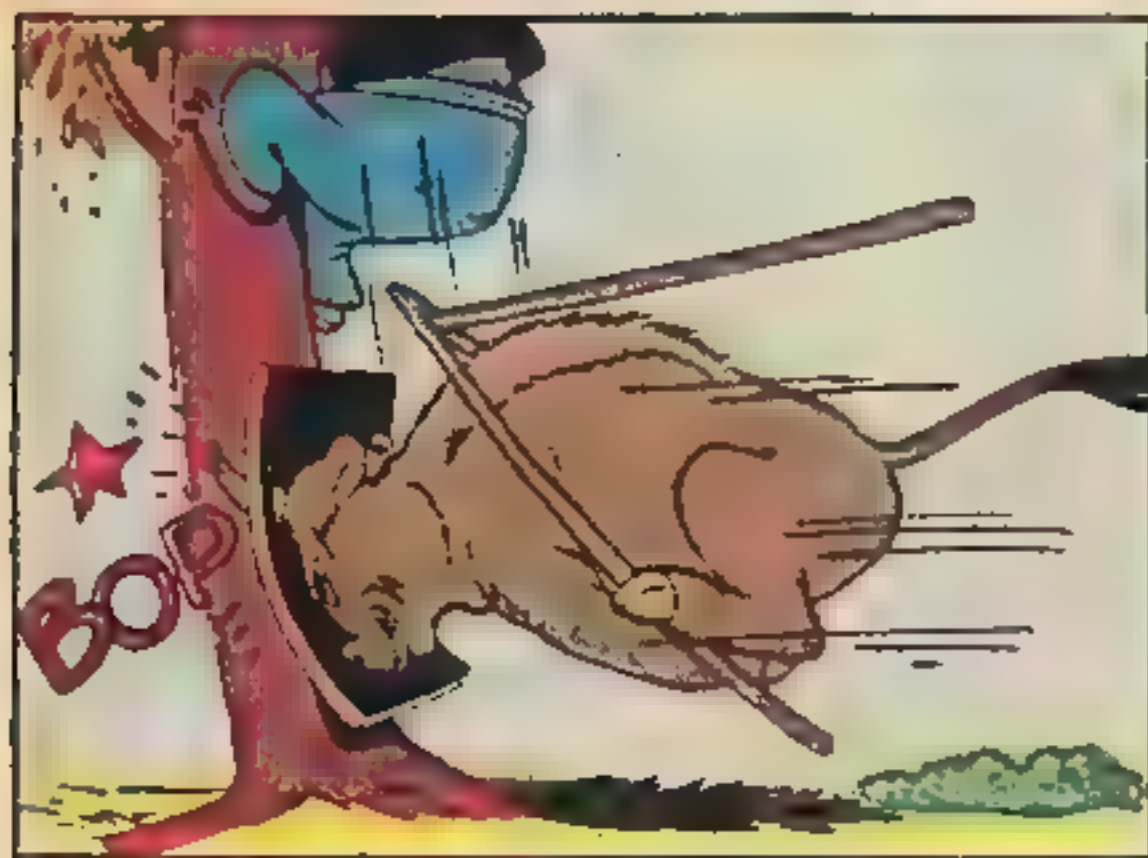
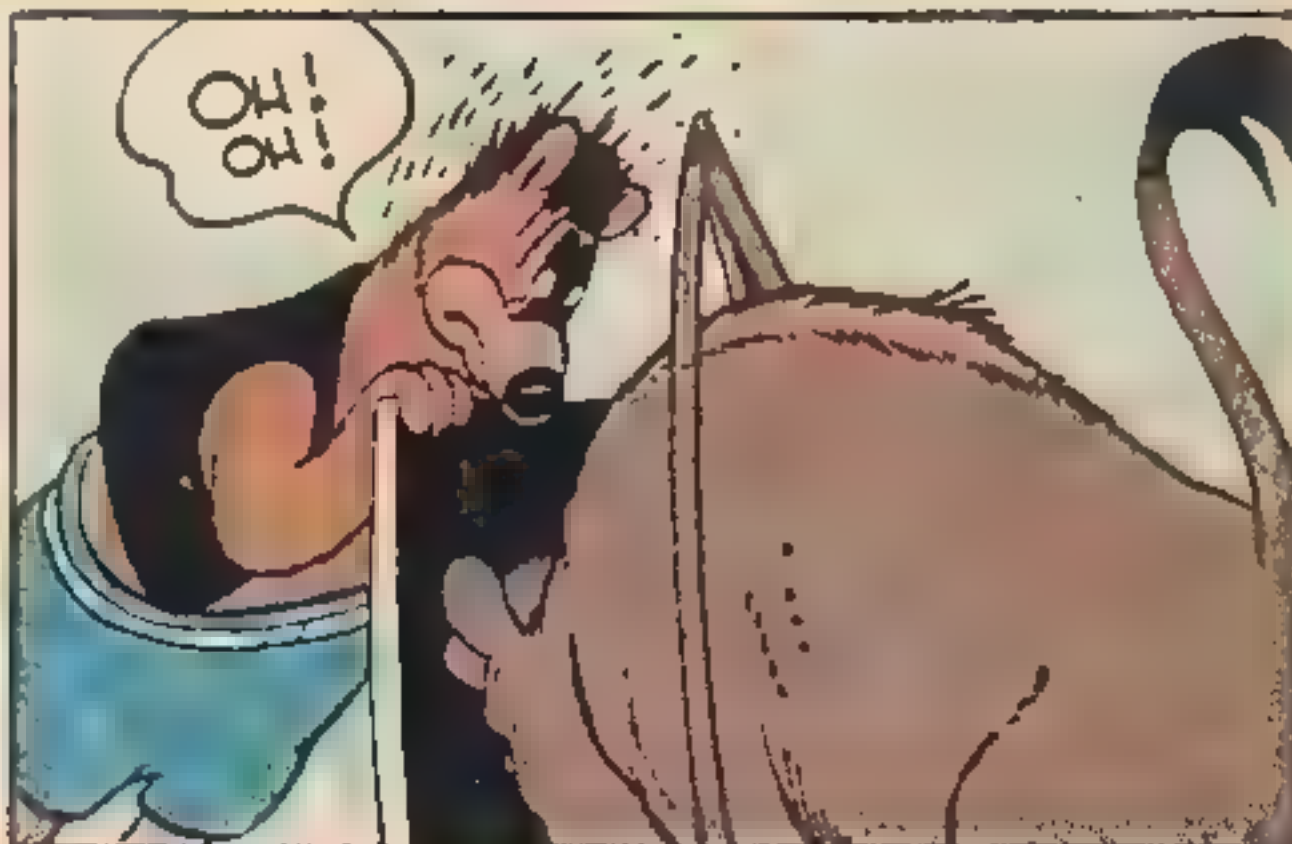
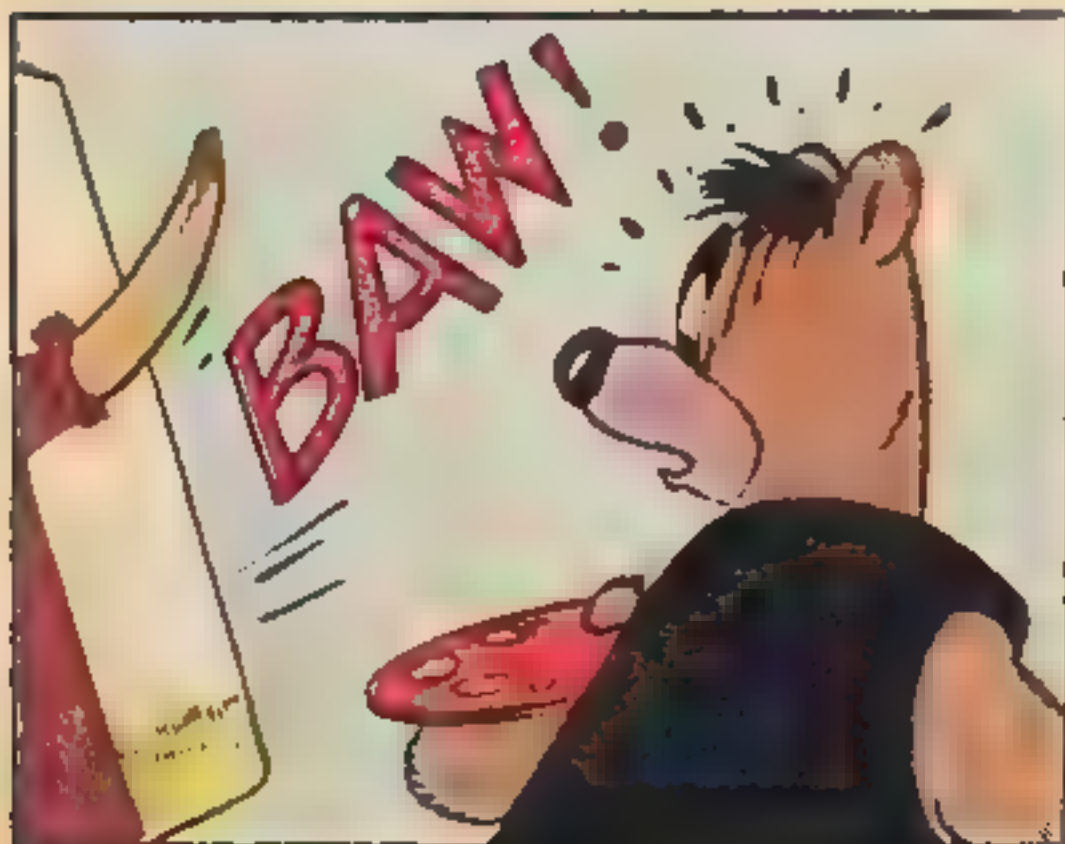
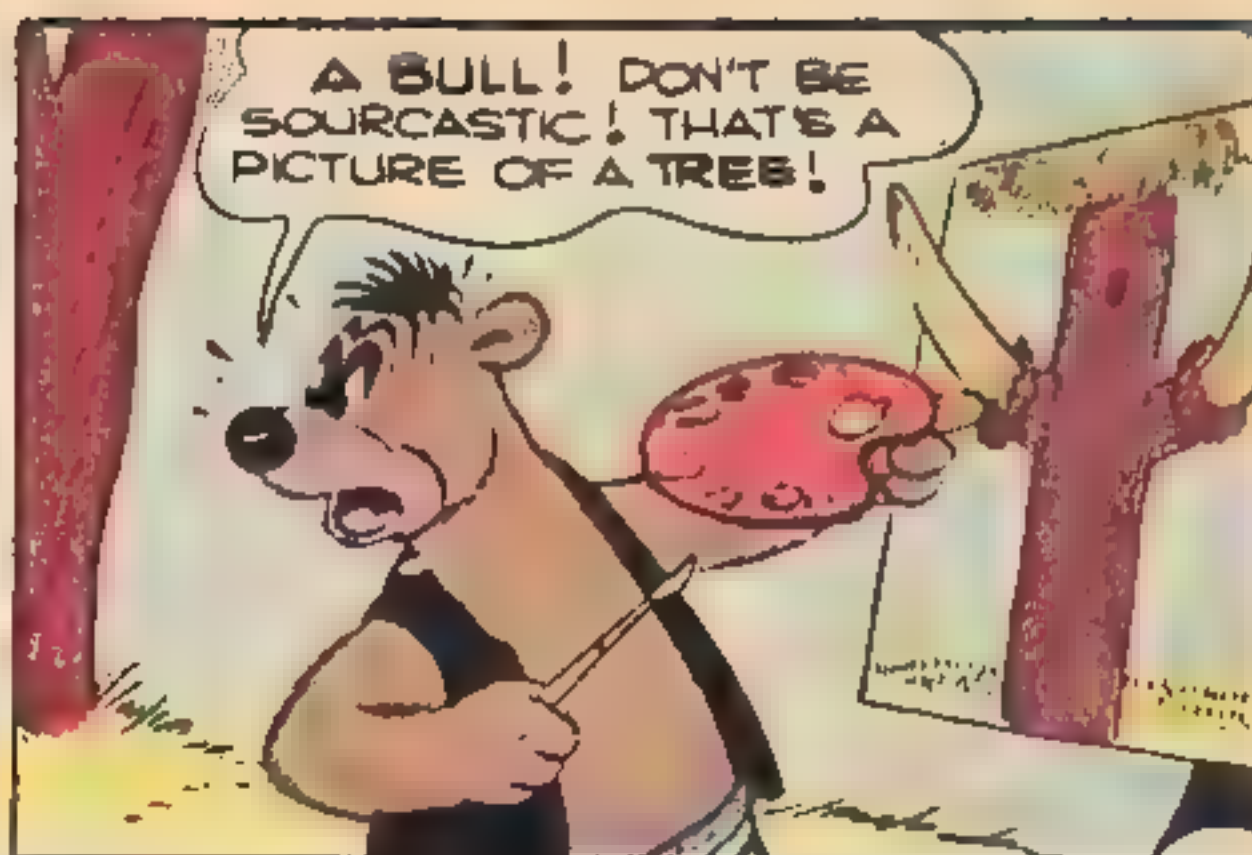
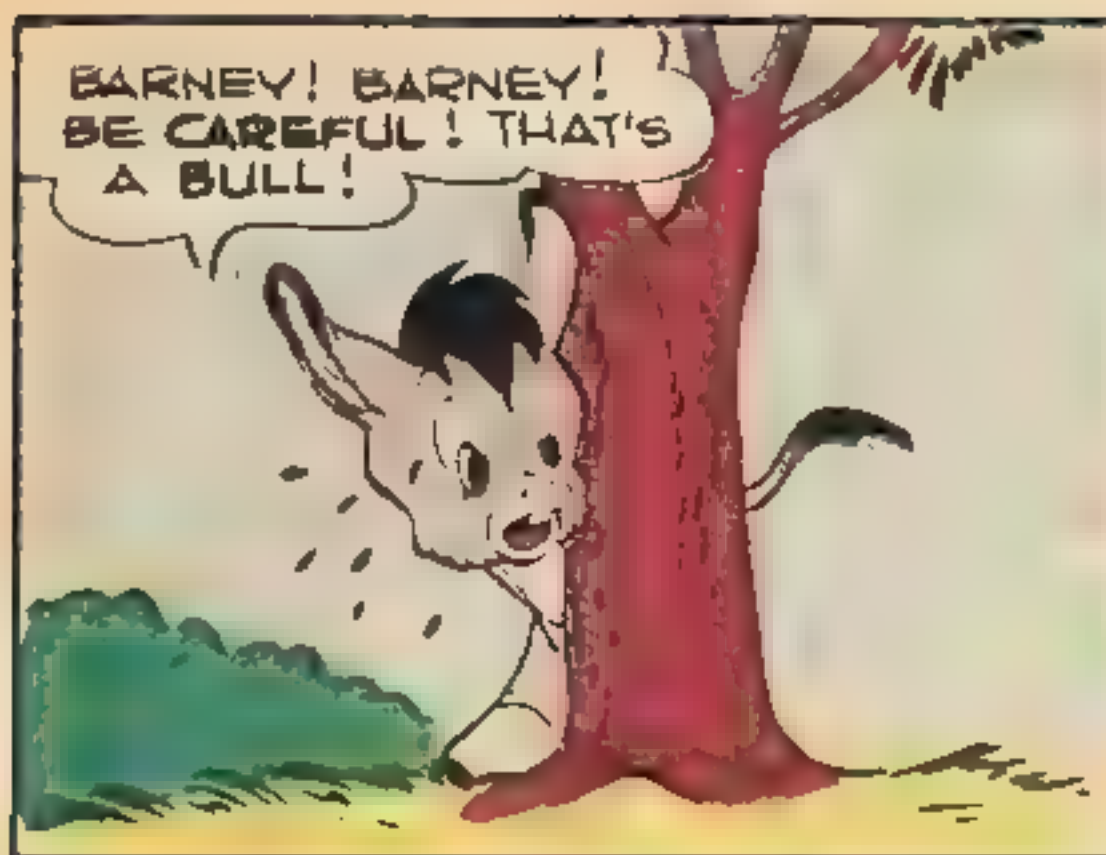
# Barney Bear and Benny Burro

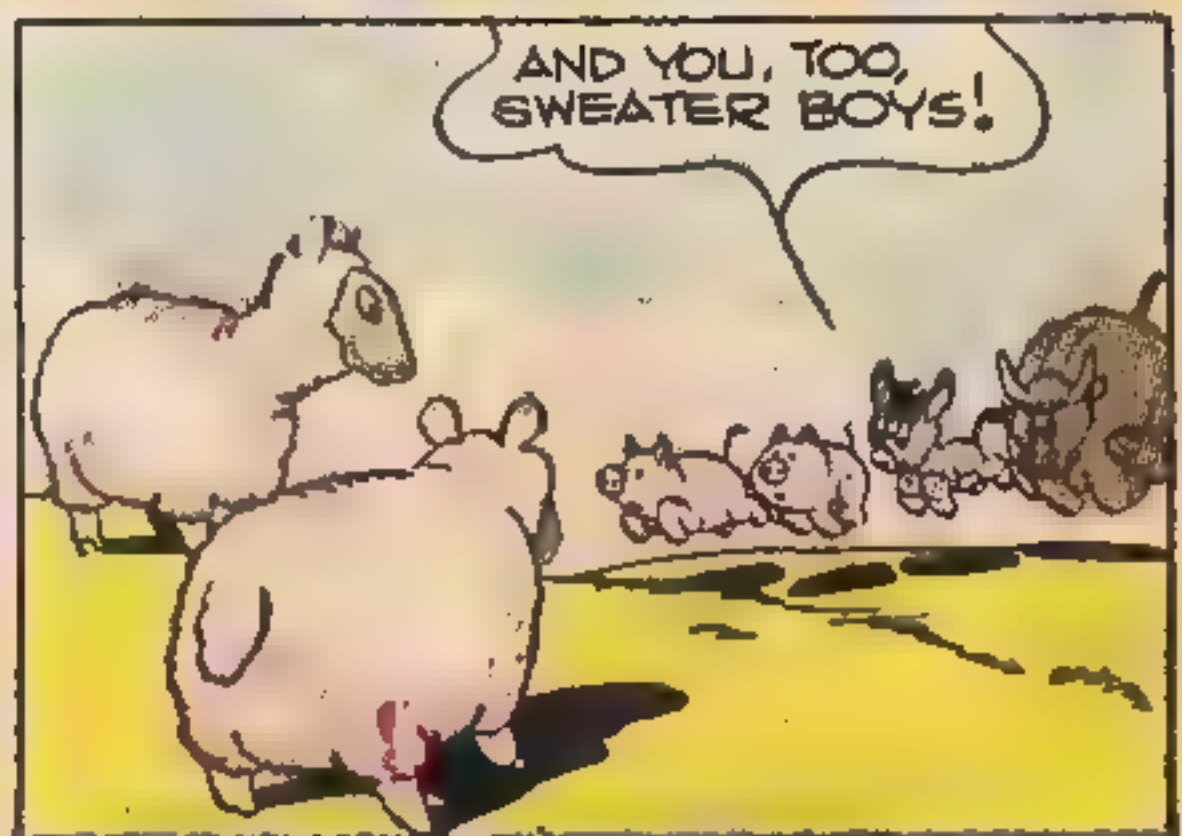
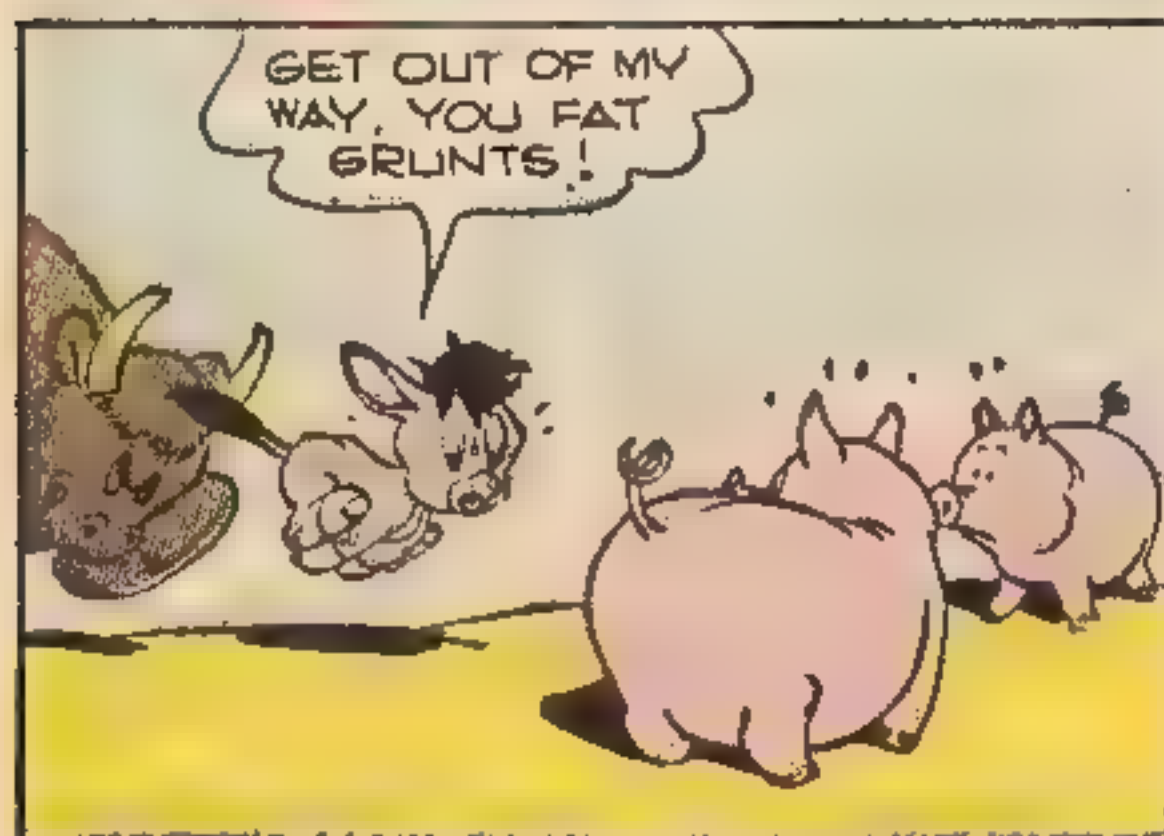
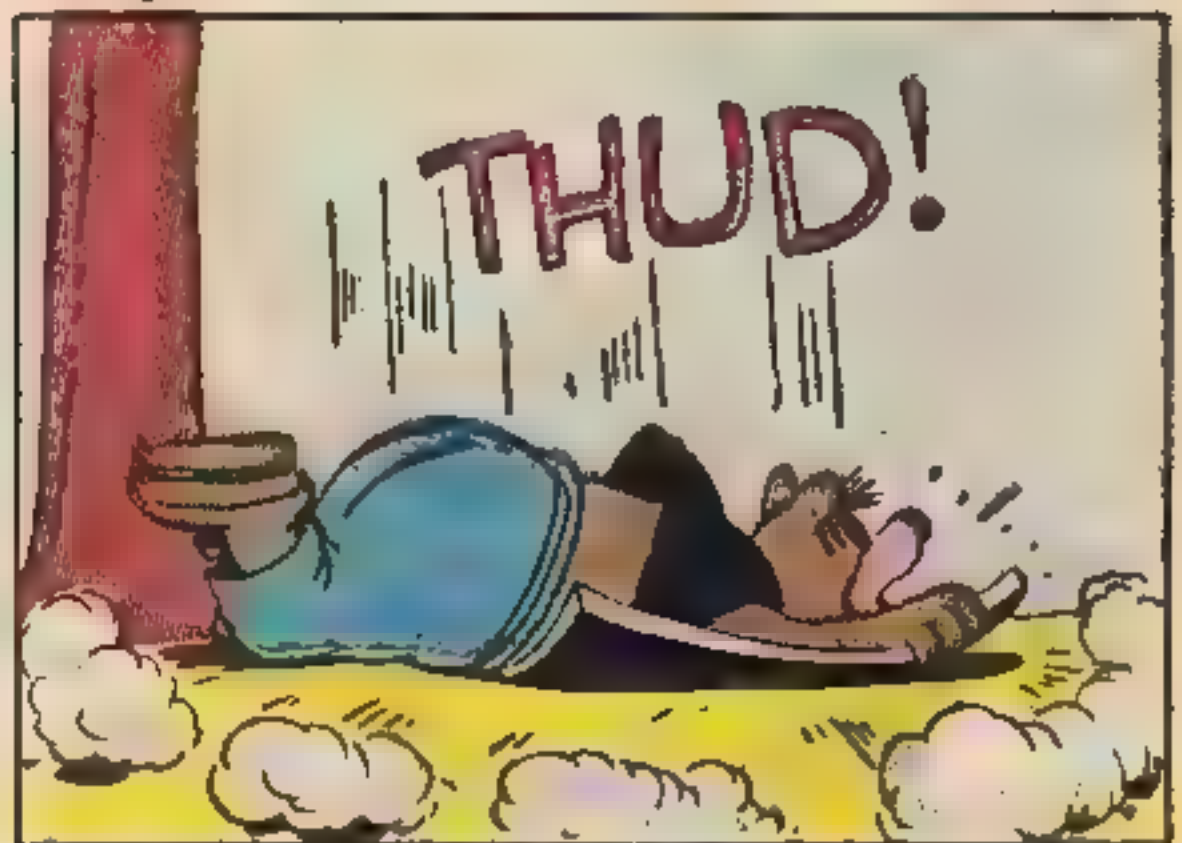
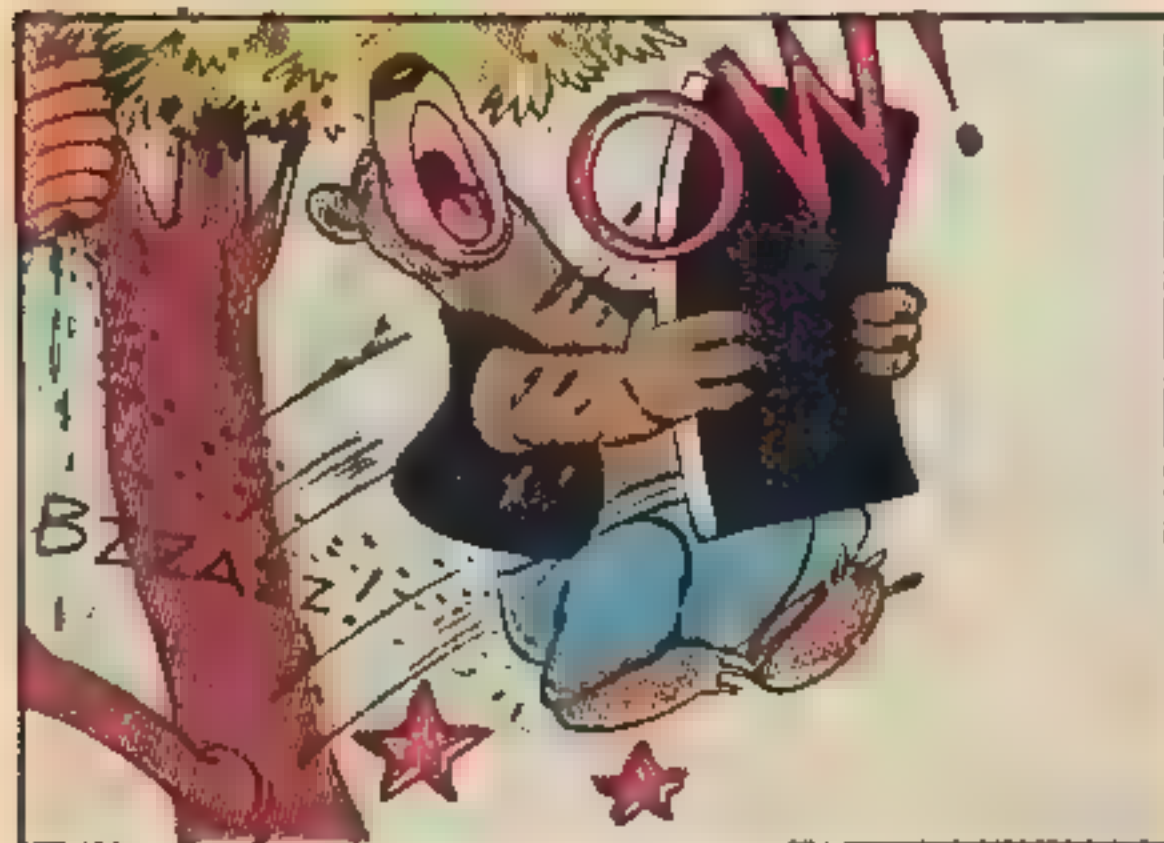
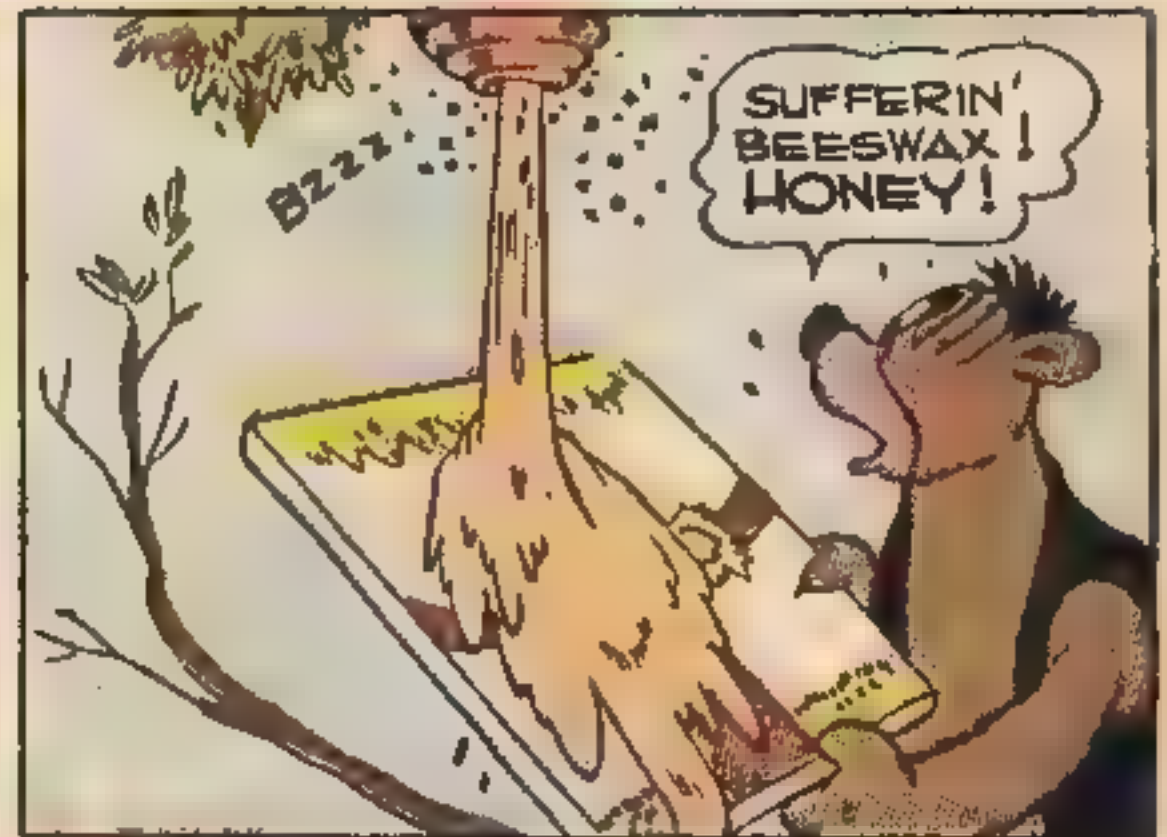
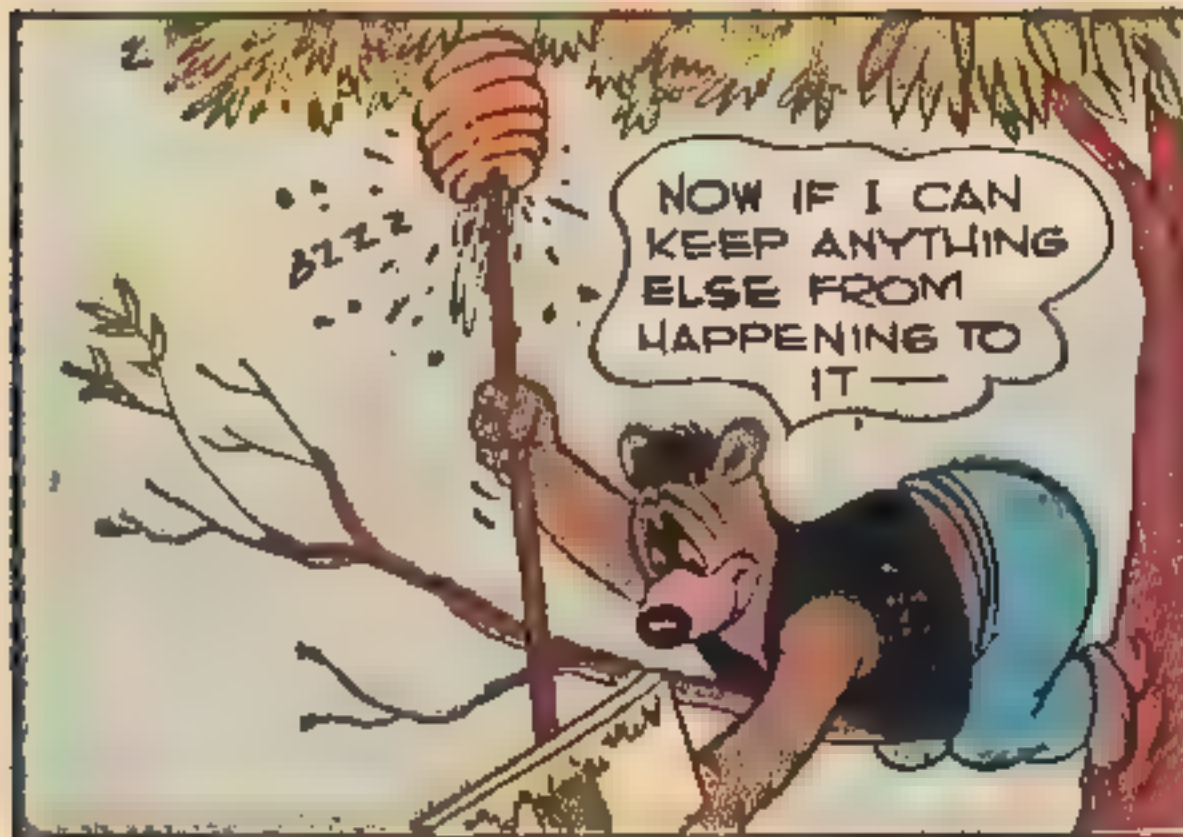
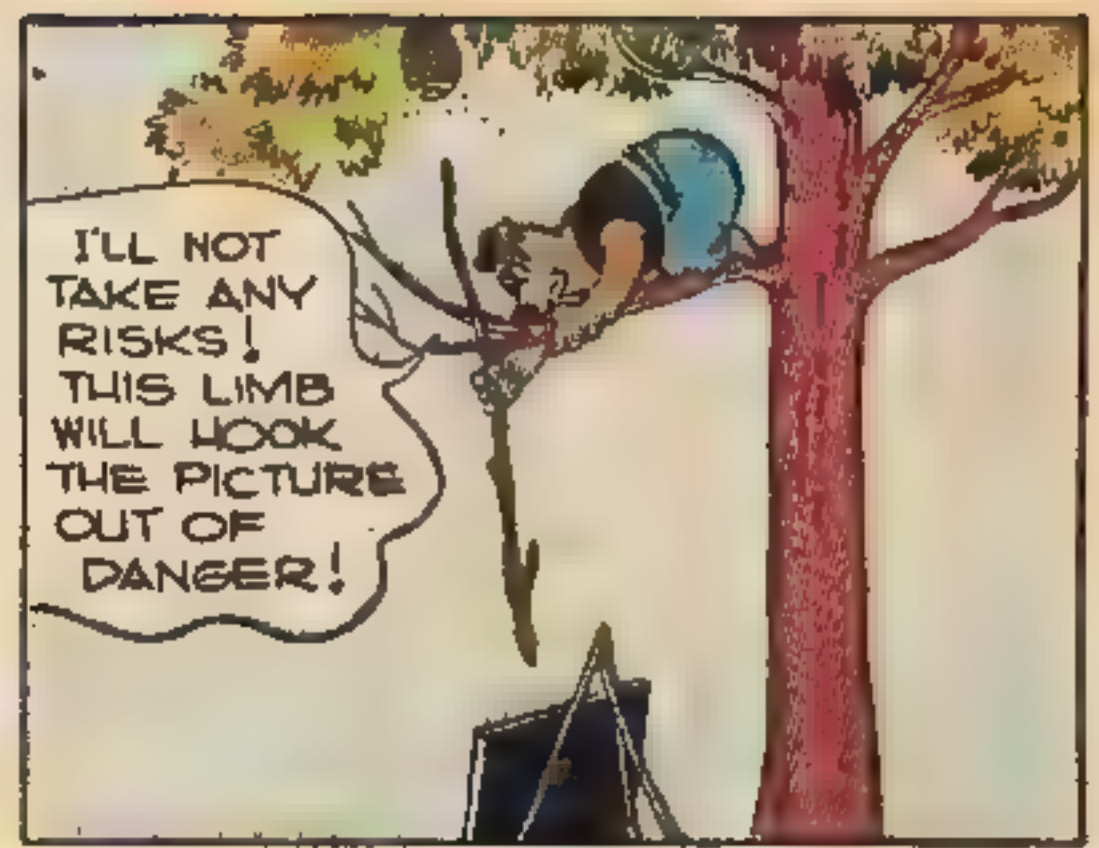
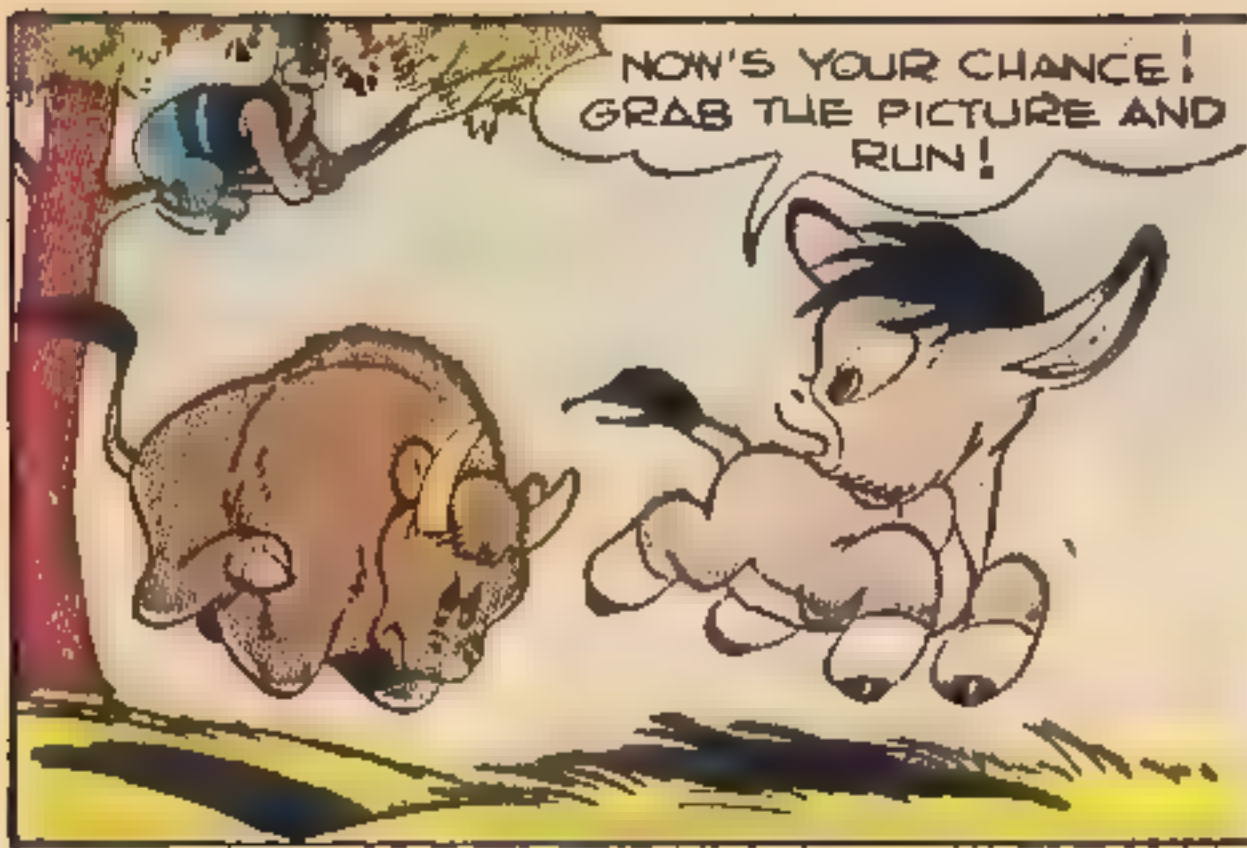


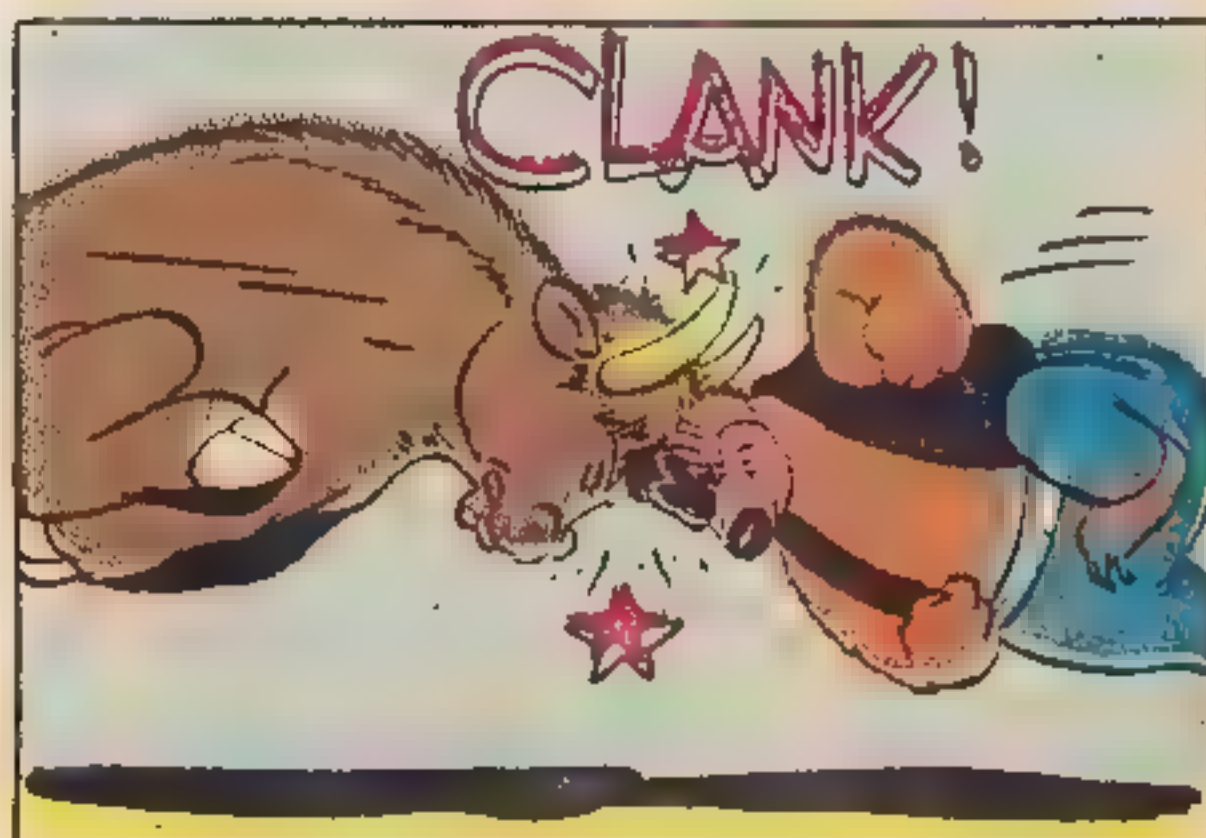
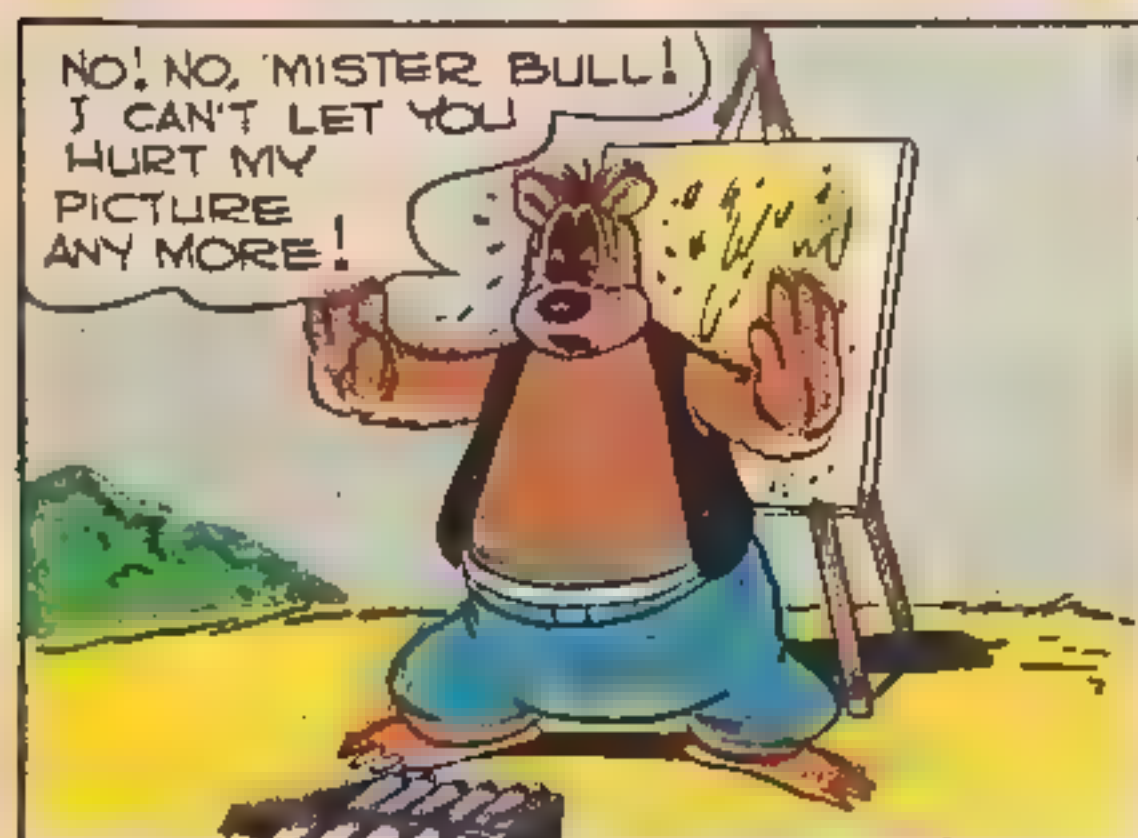
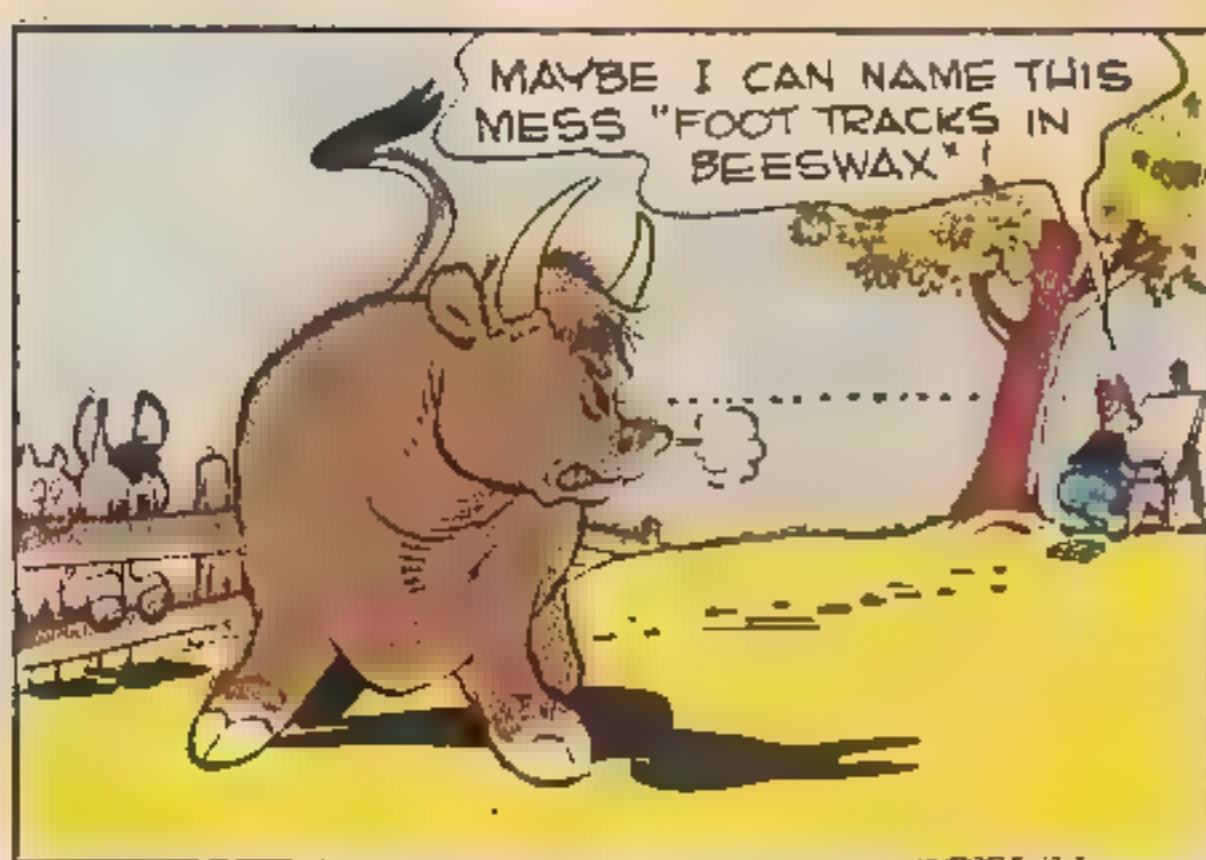
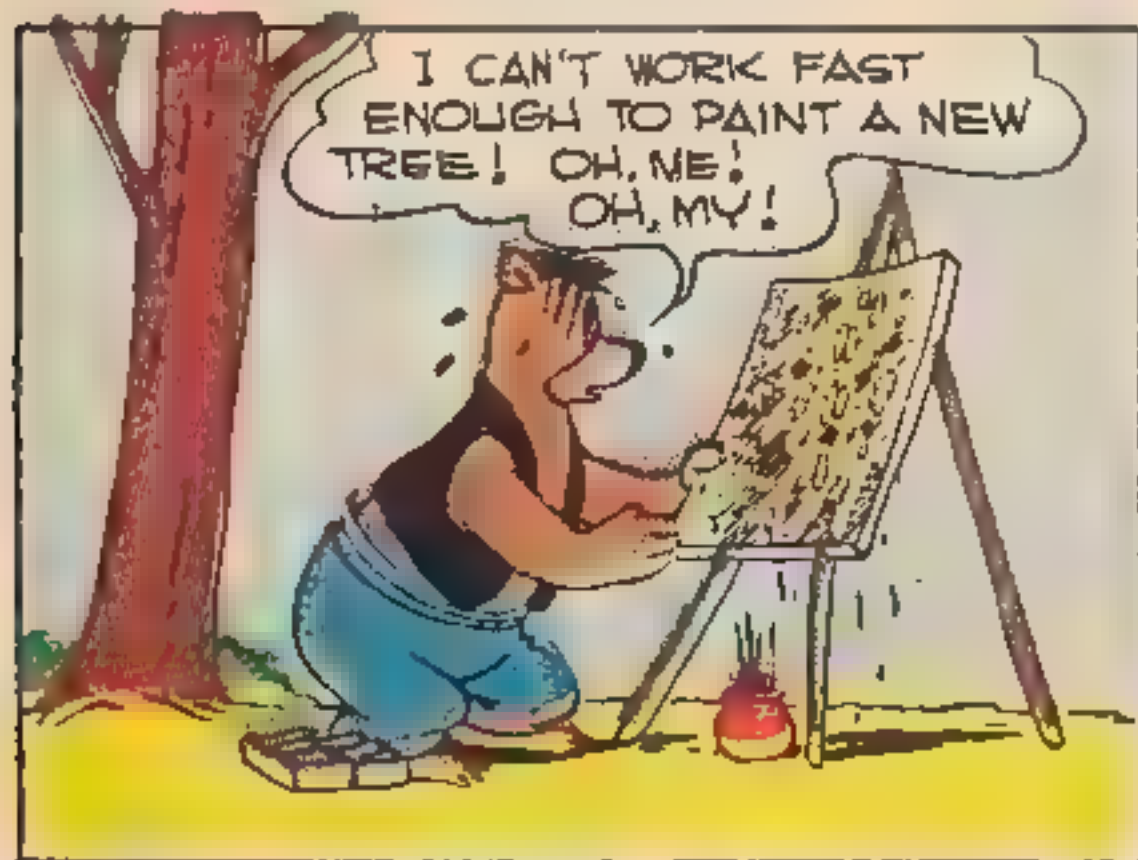
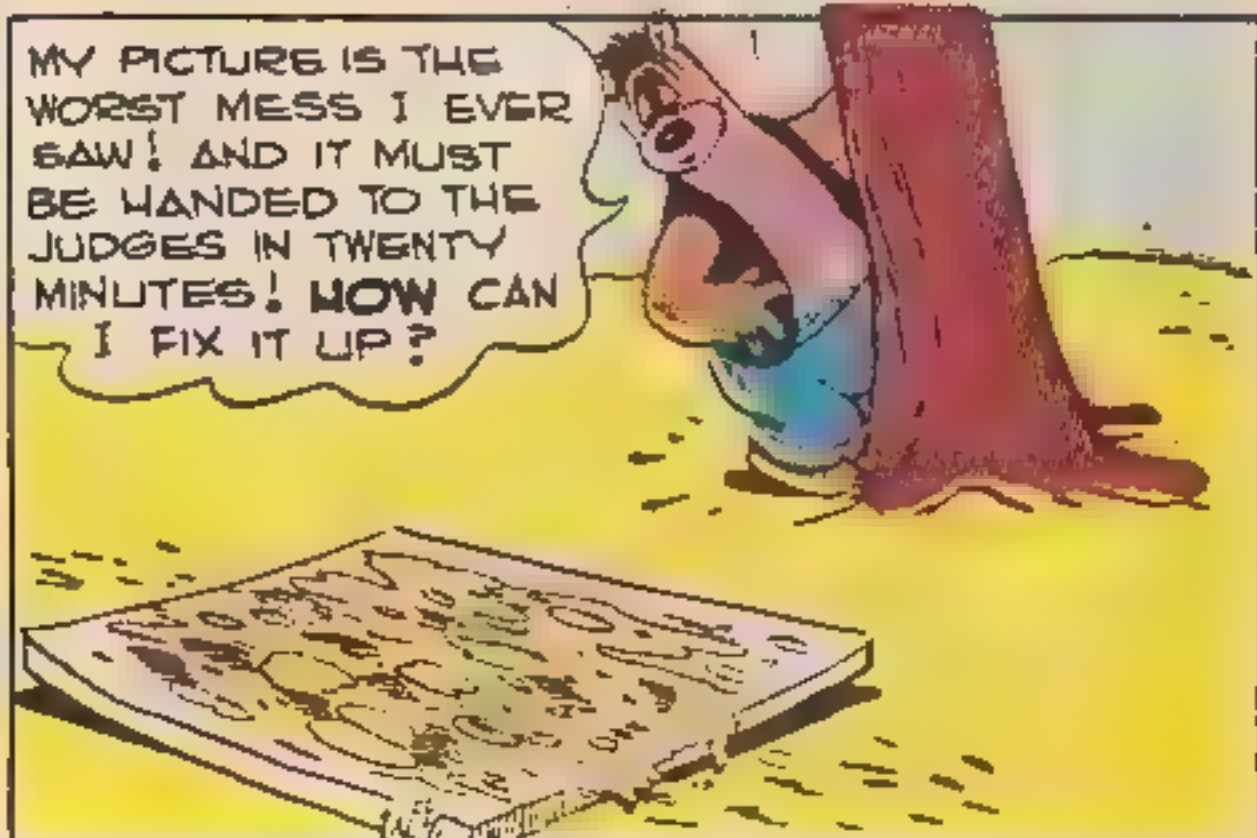
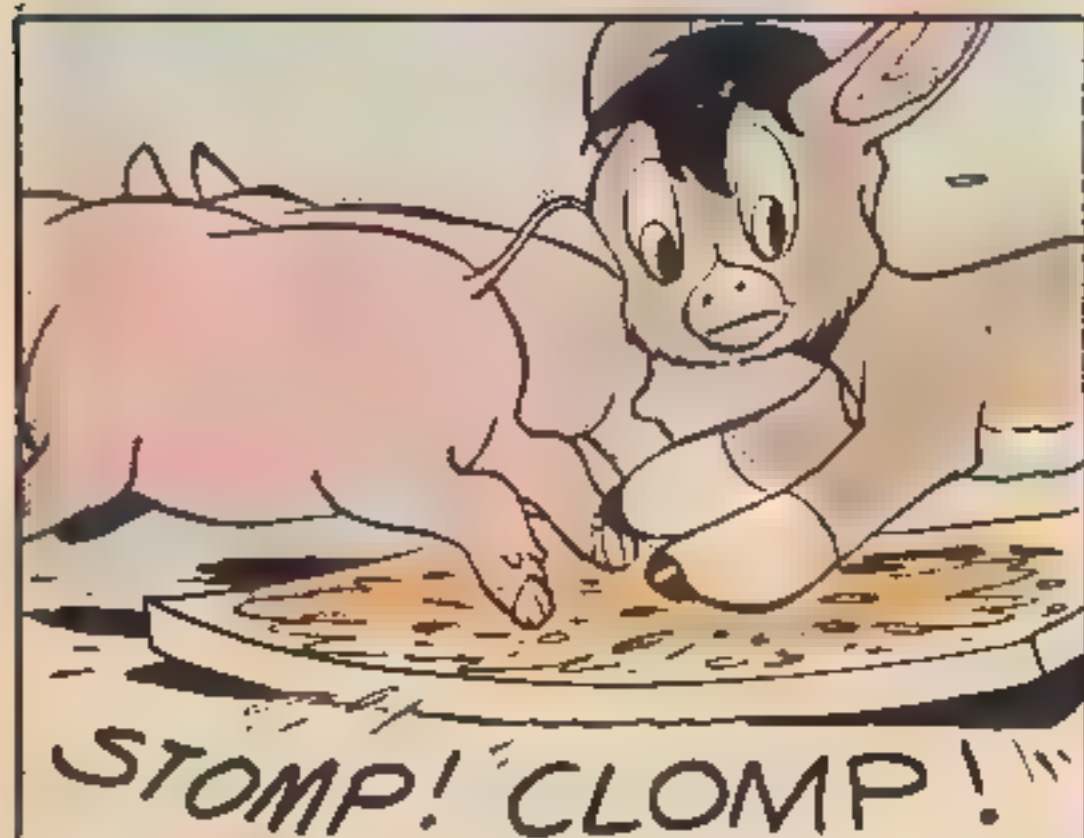
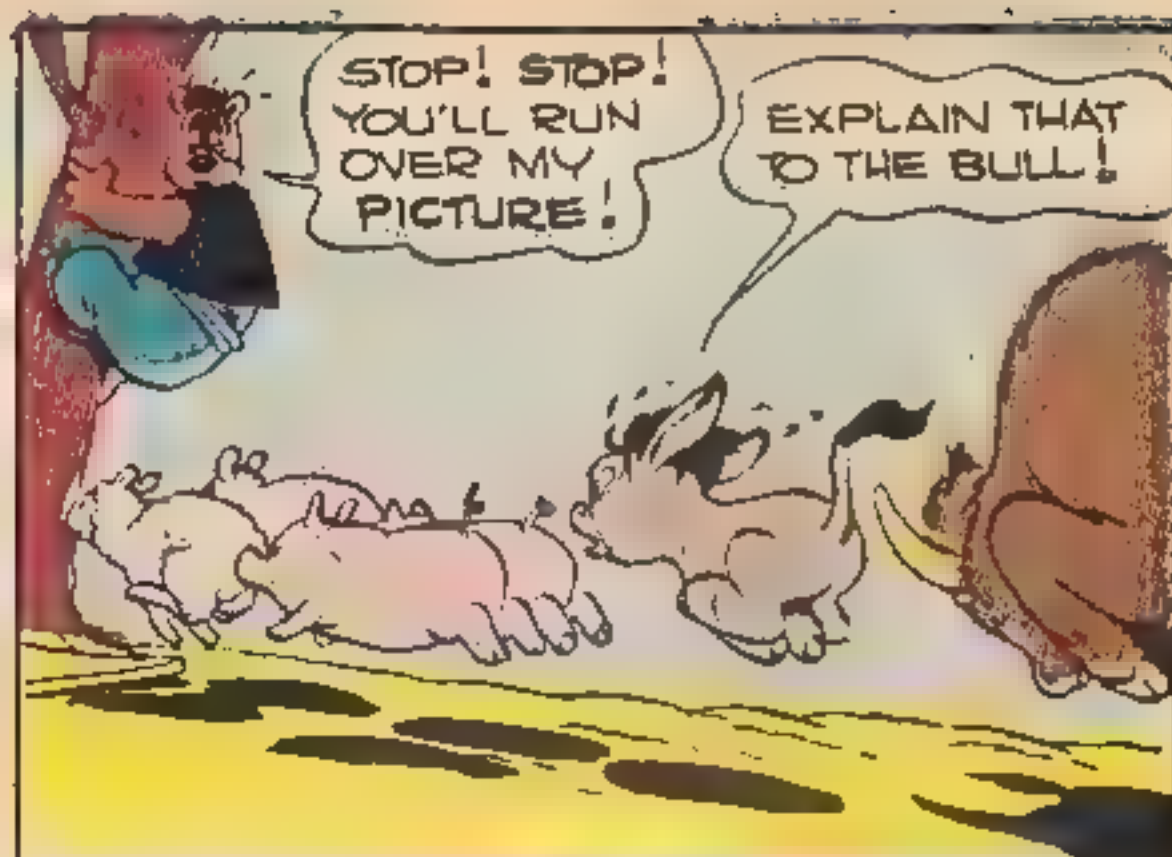
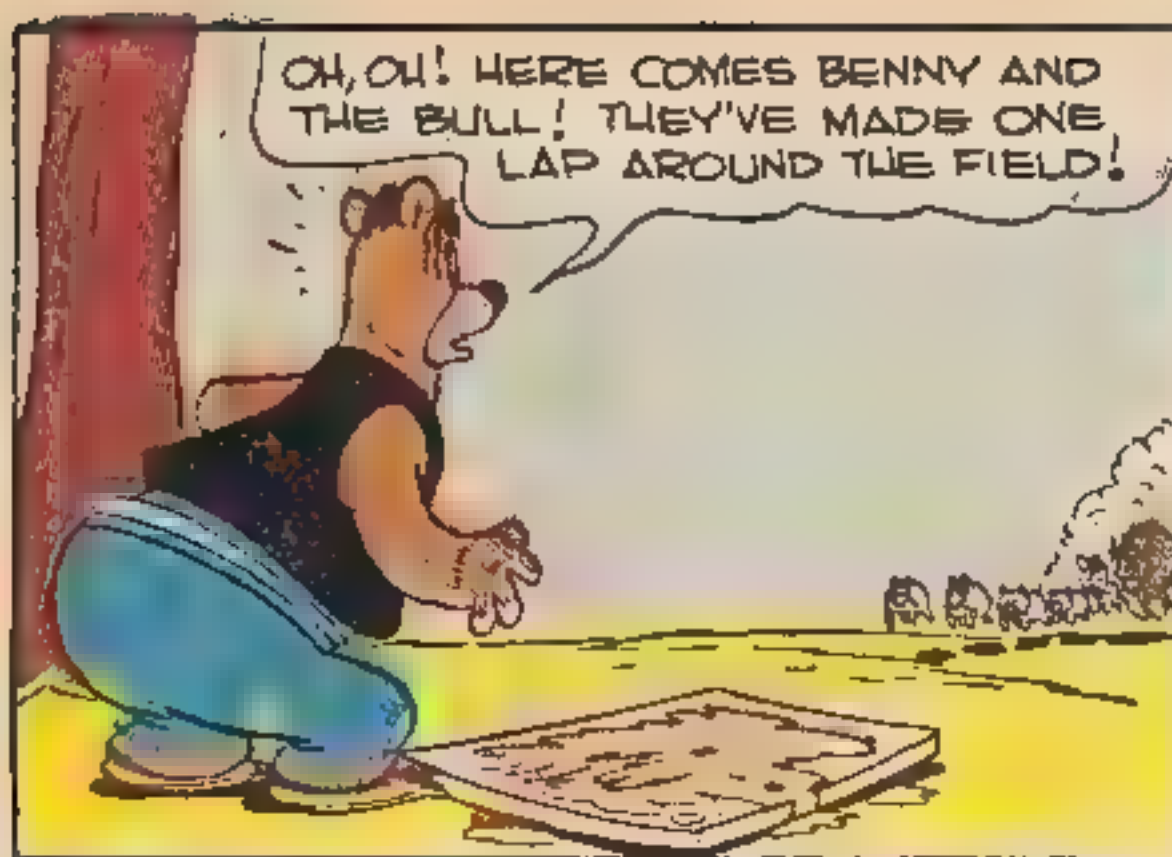


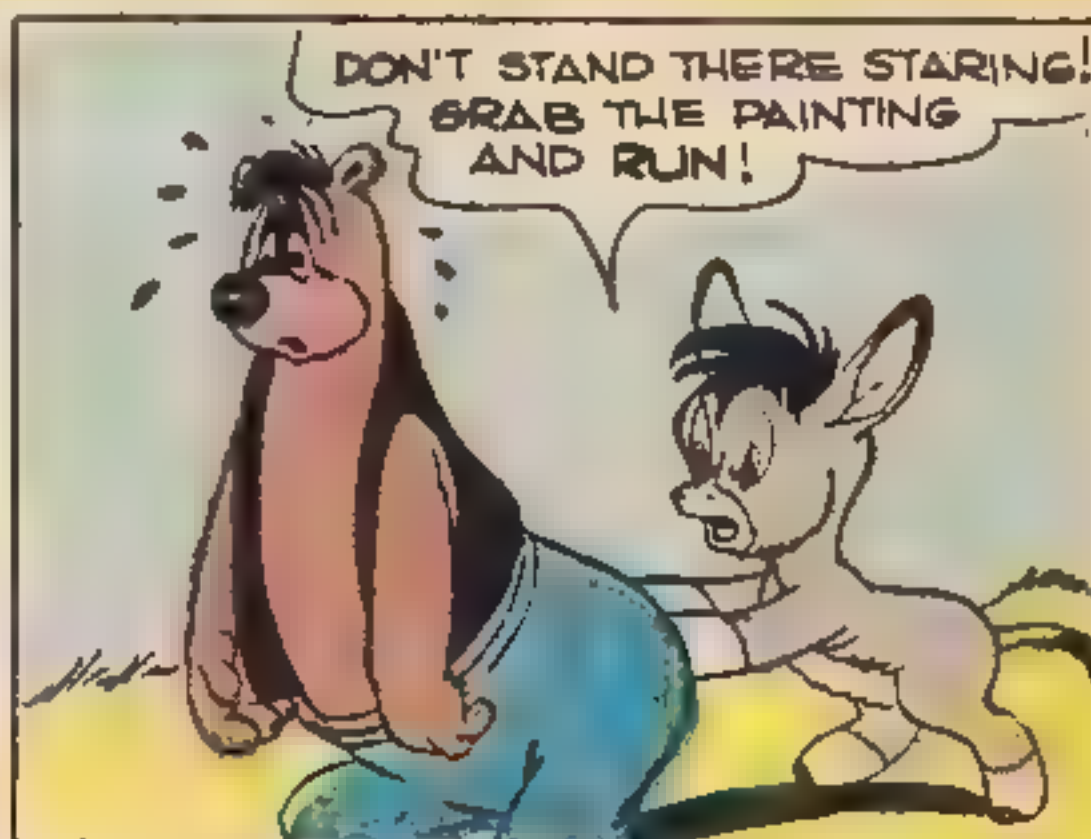
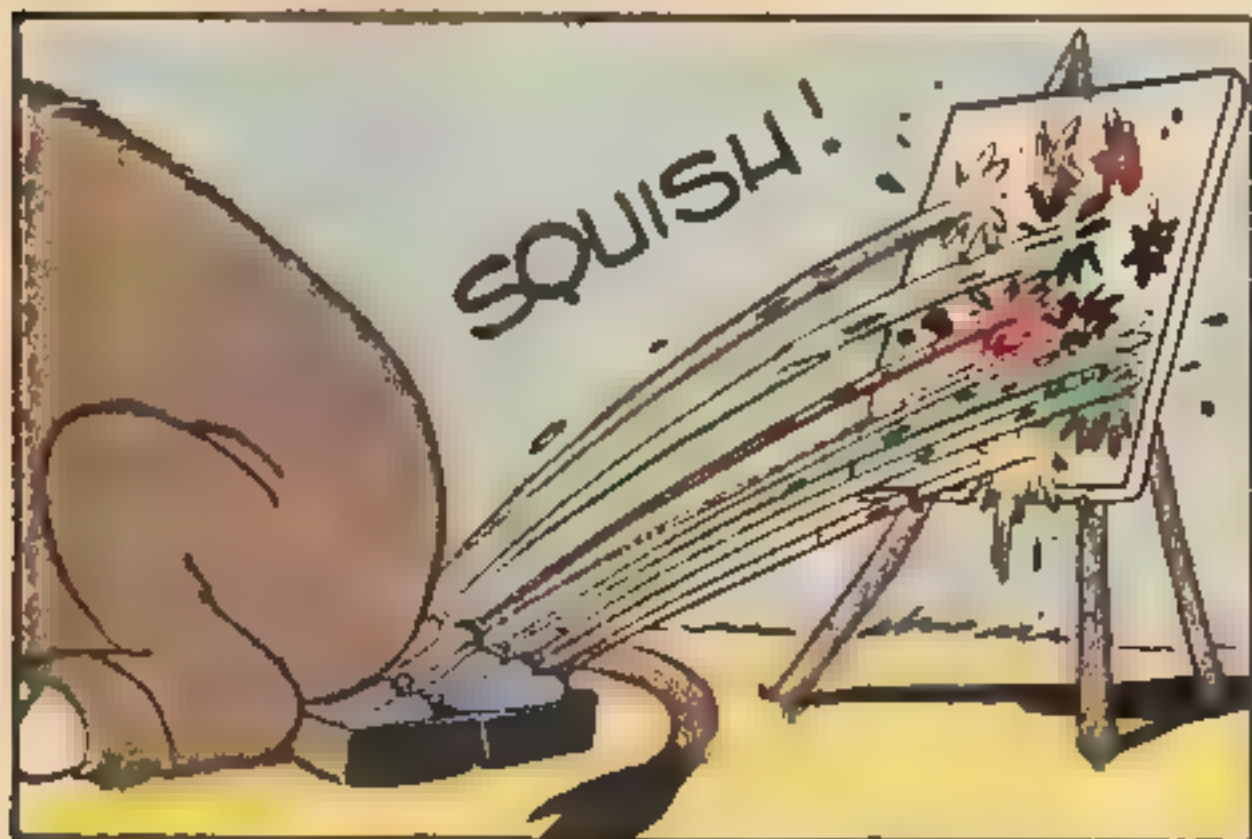
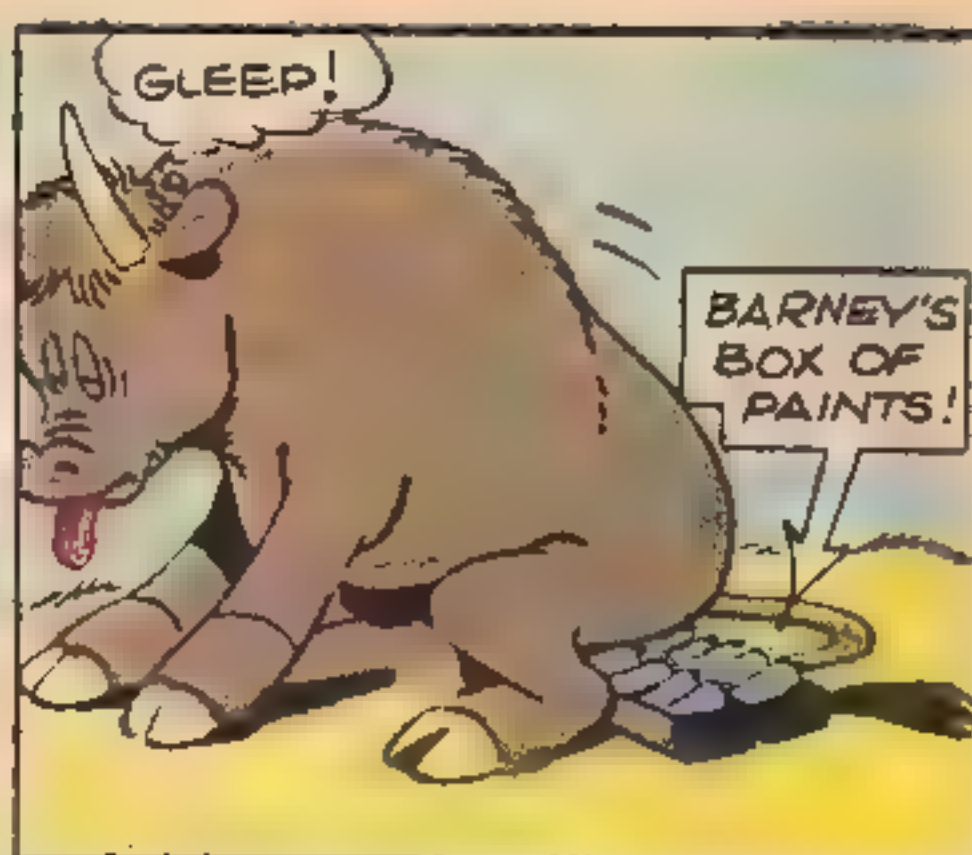
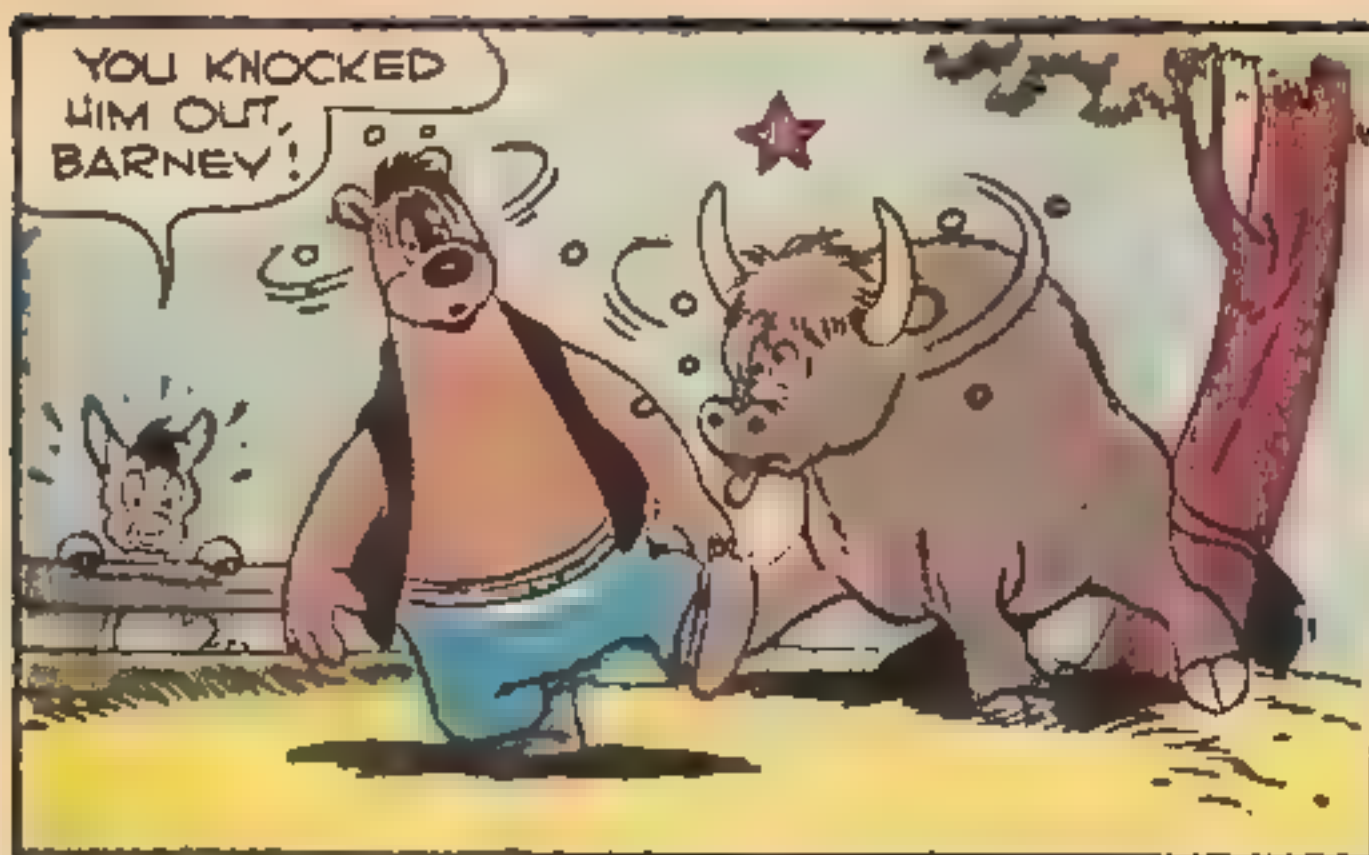




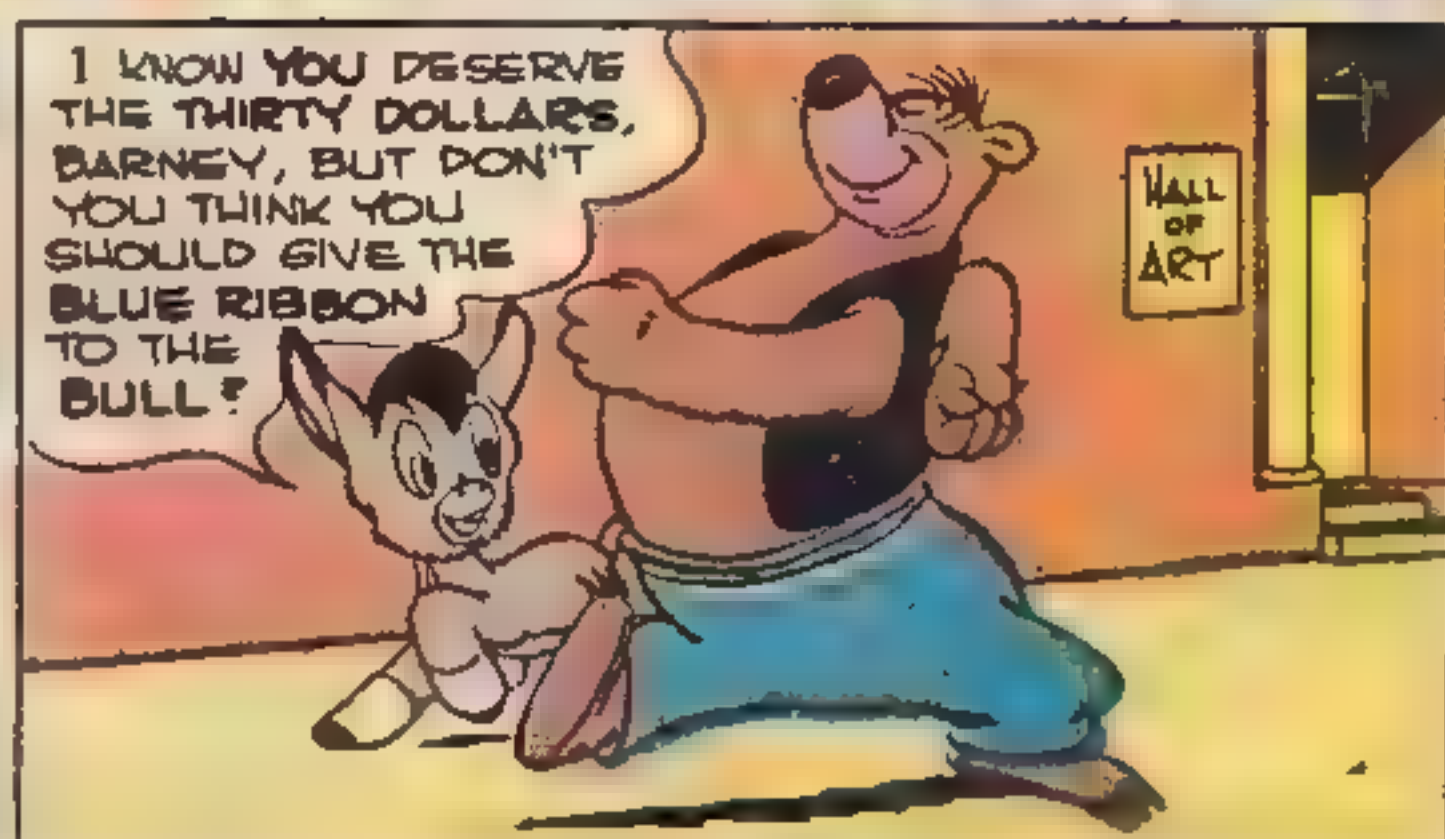
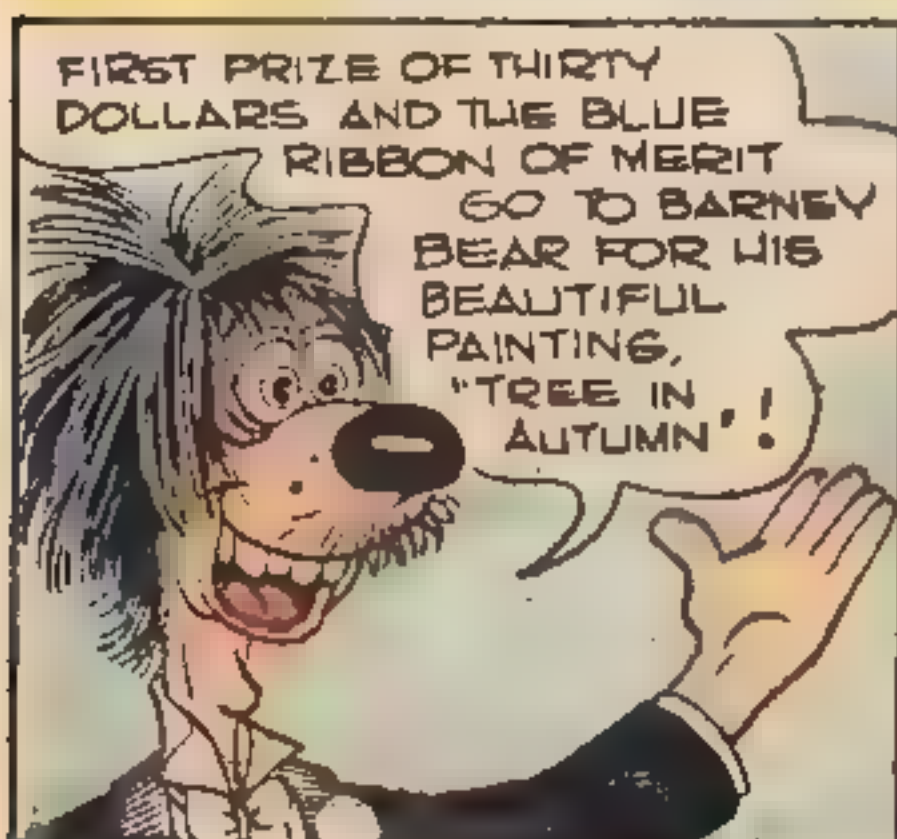
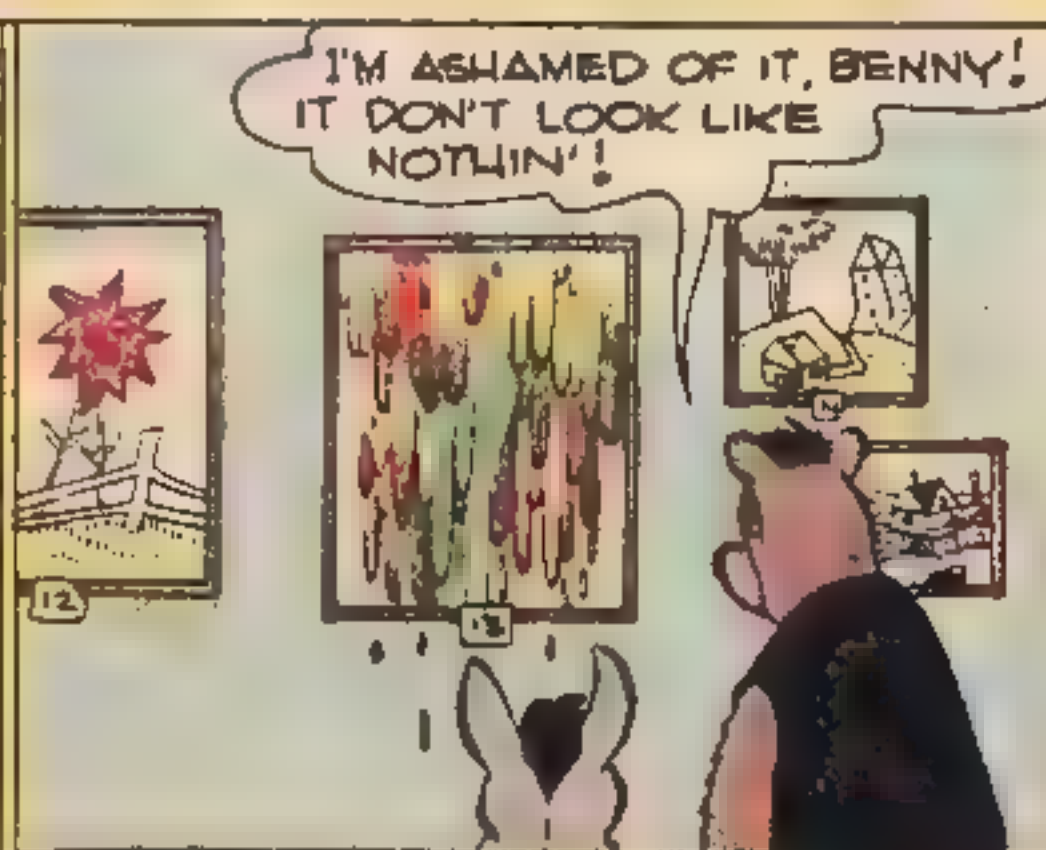




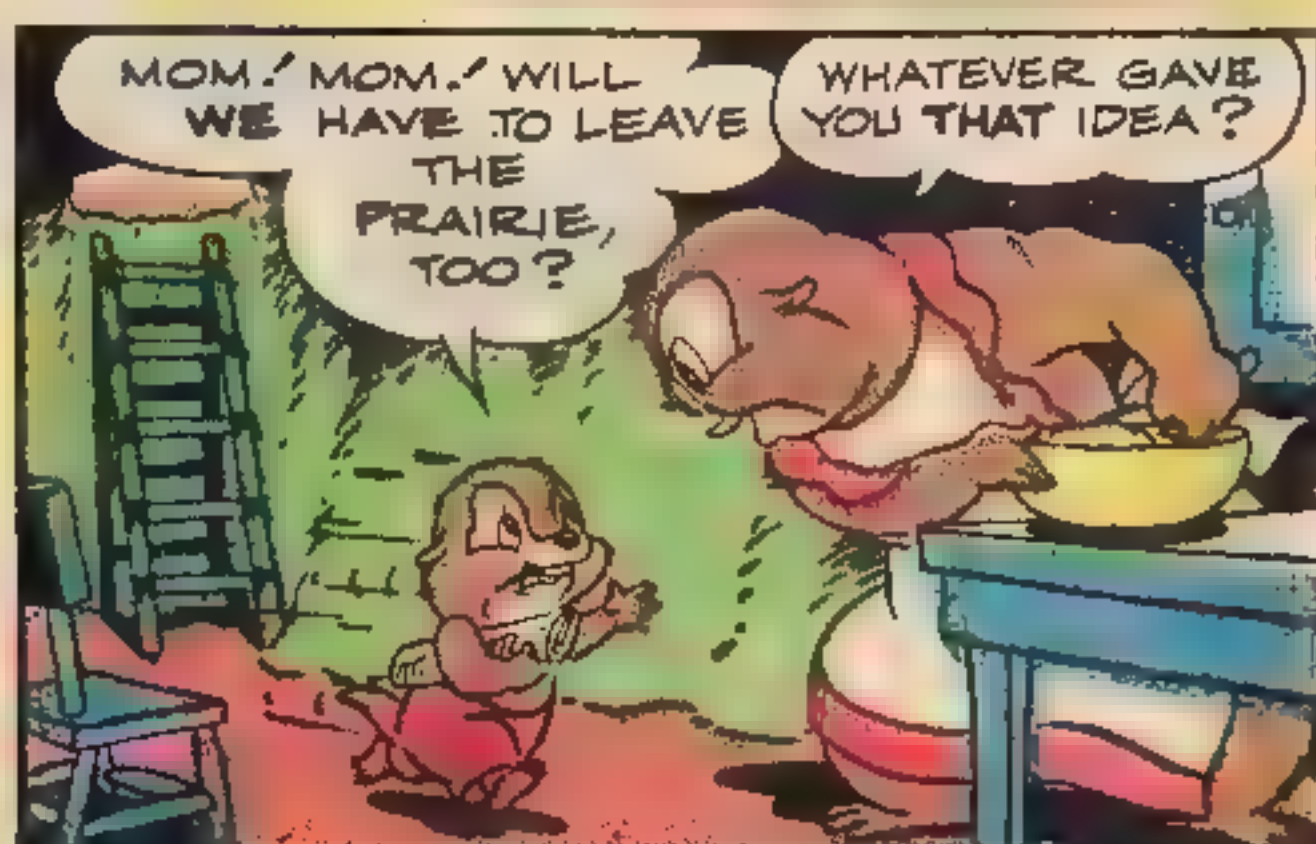
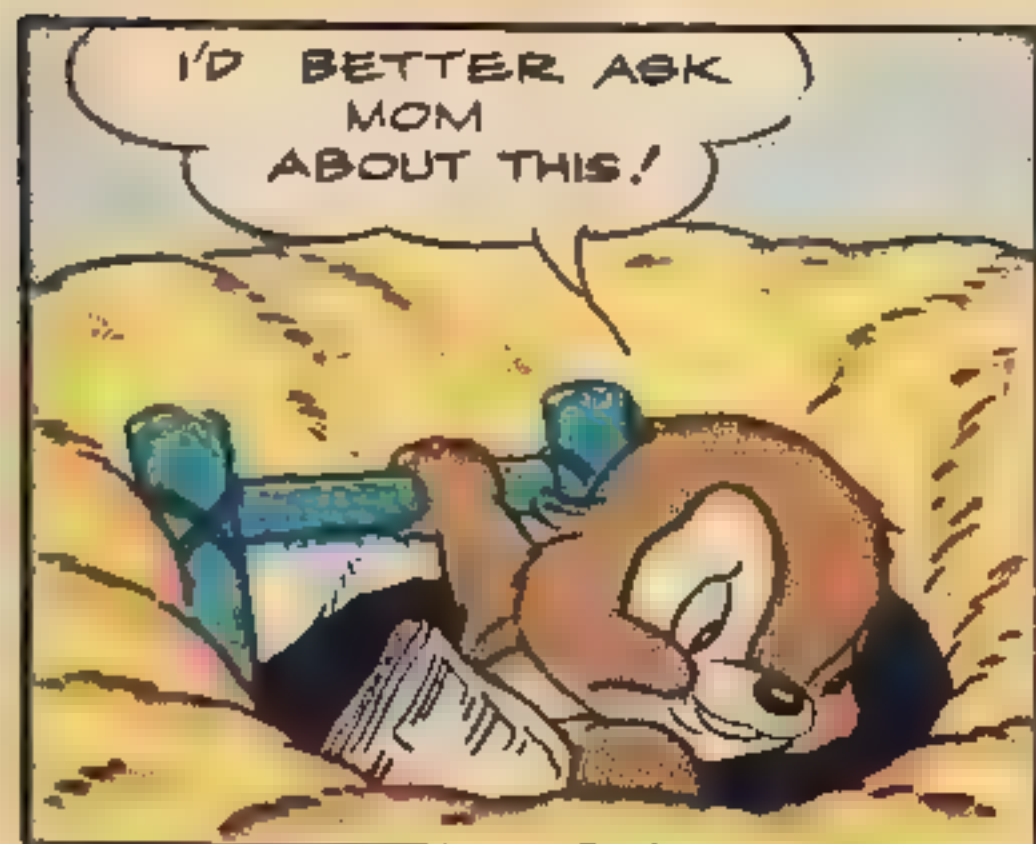
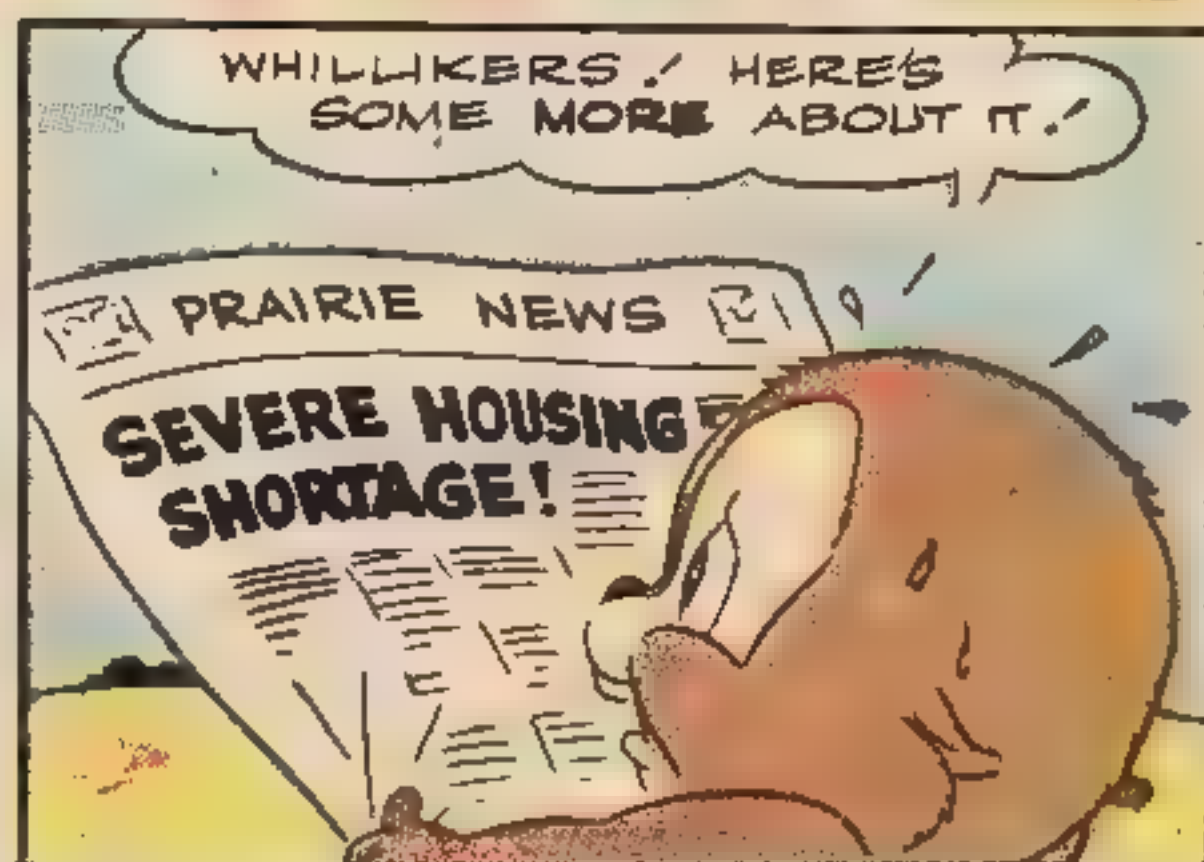
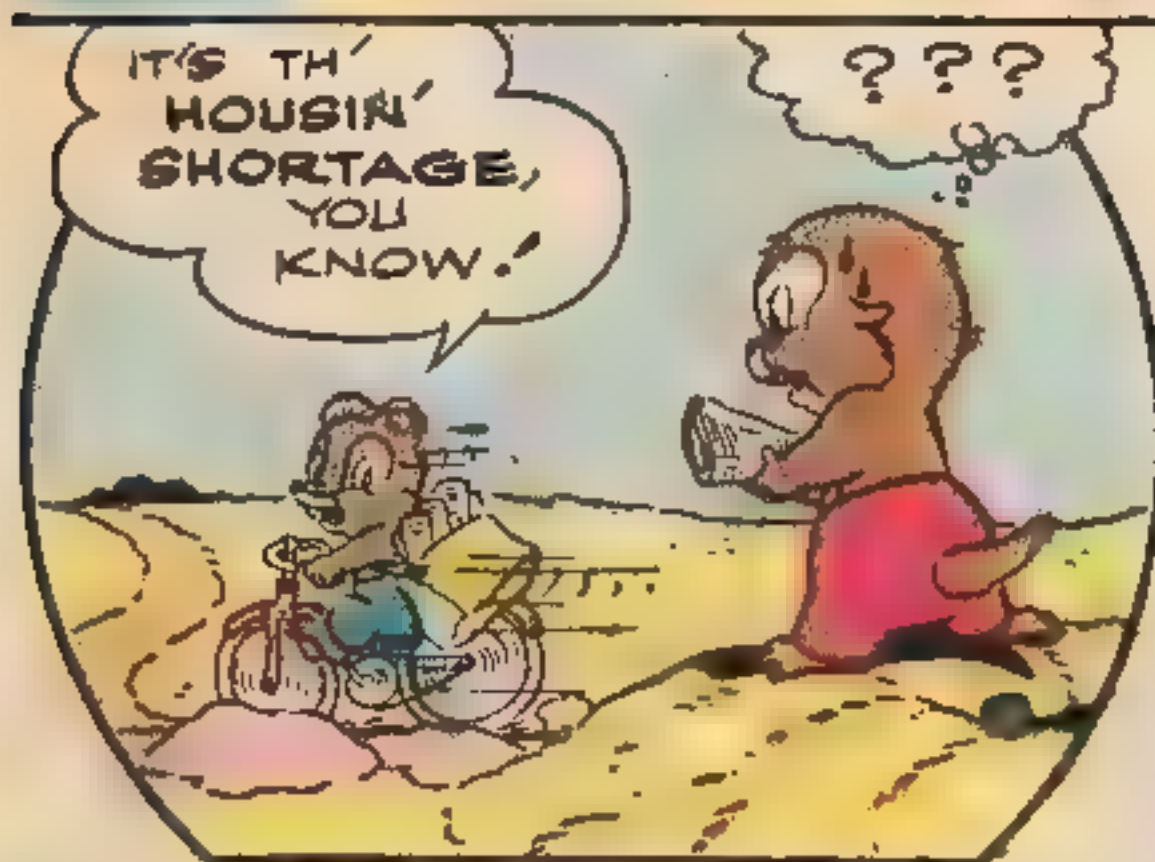
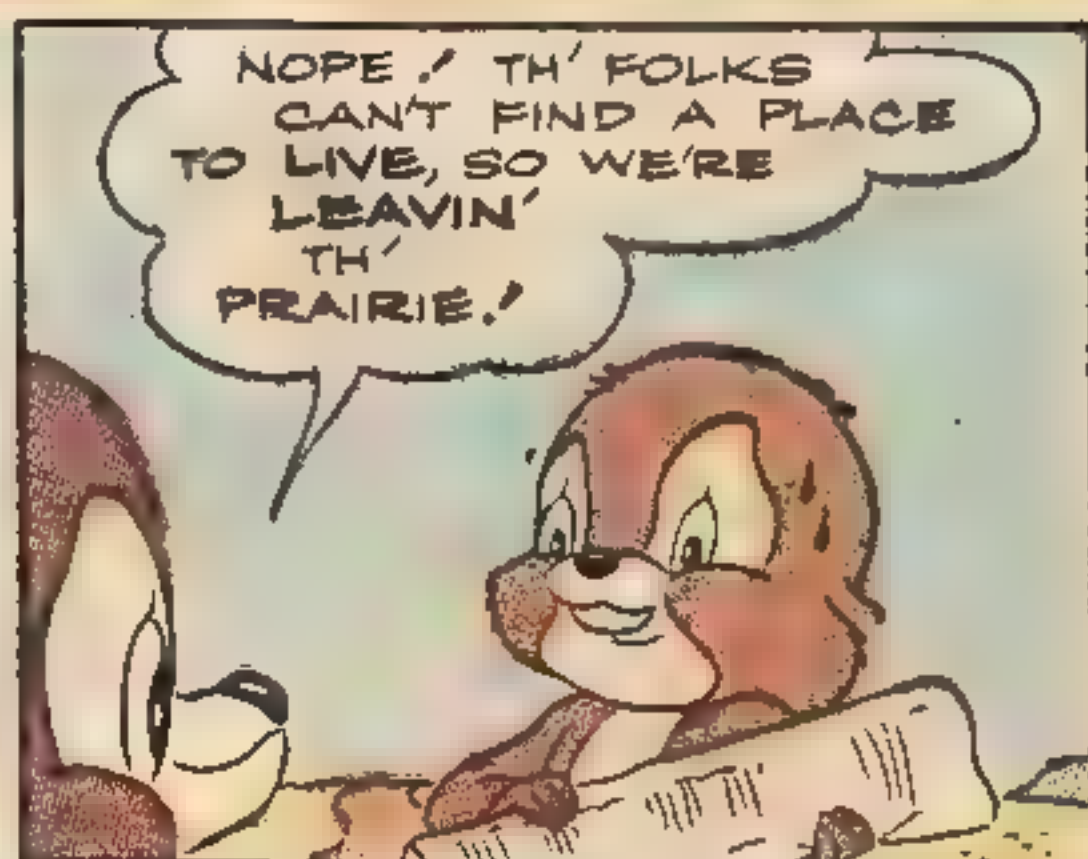
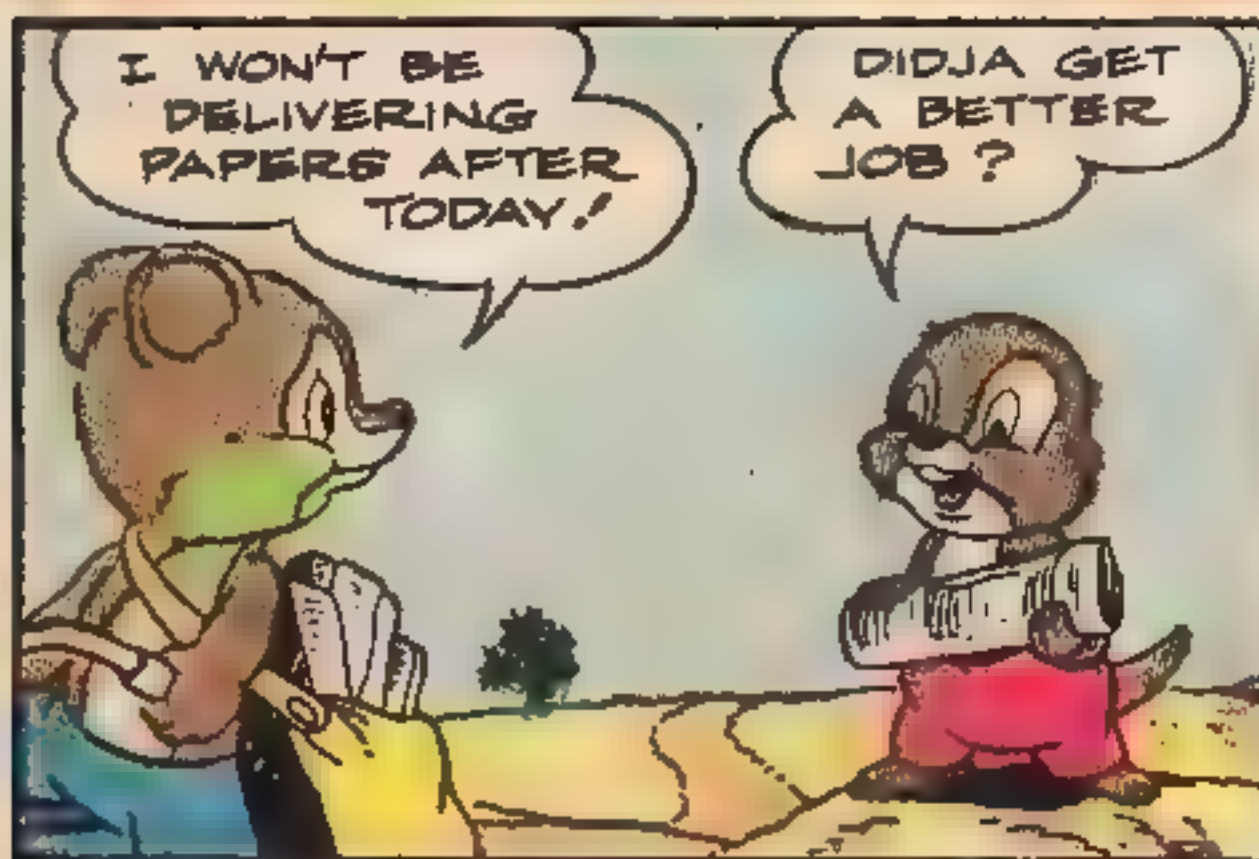
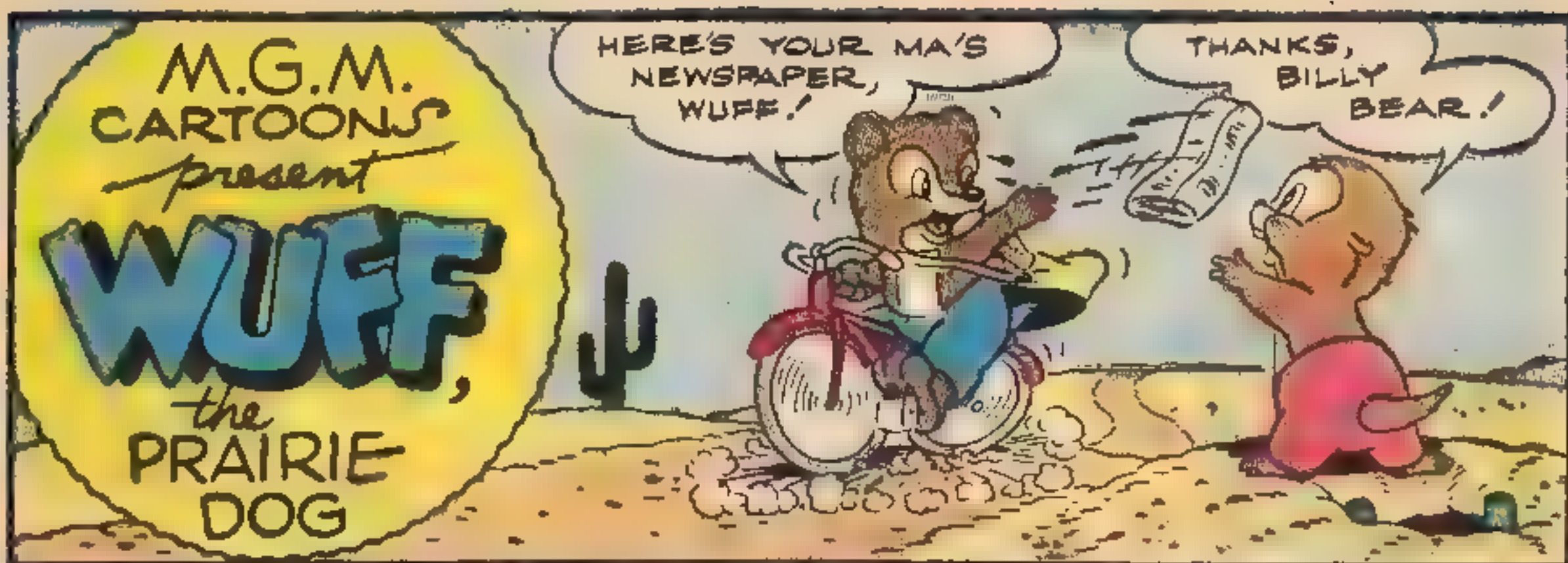


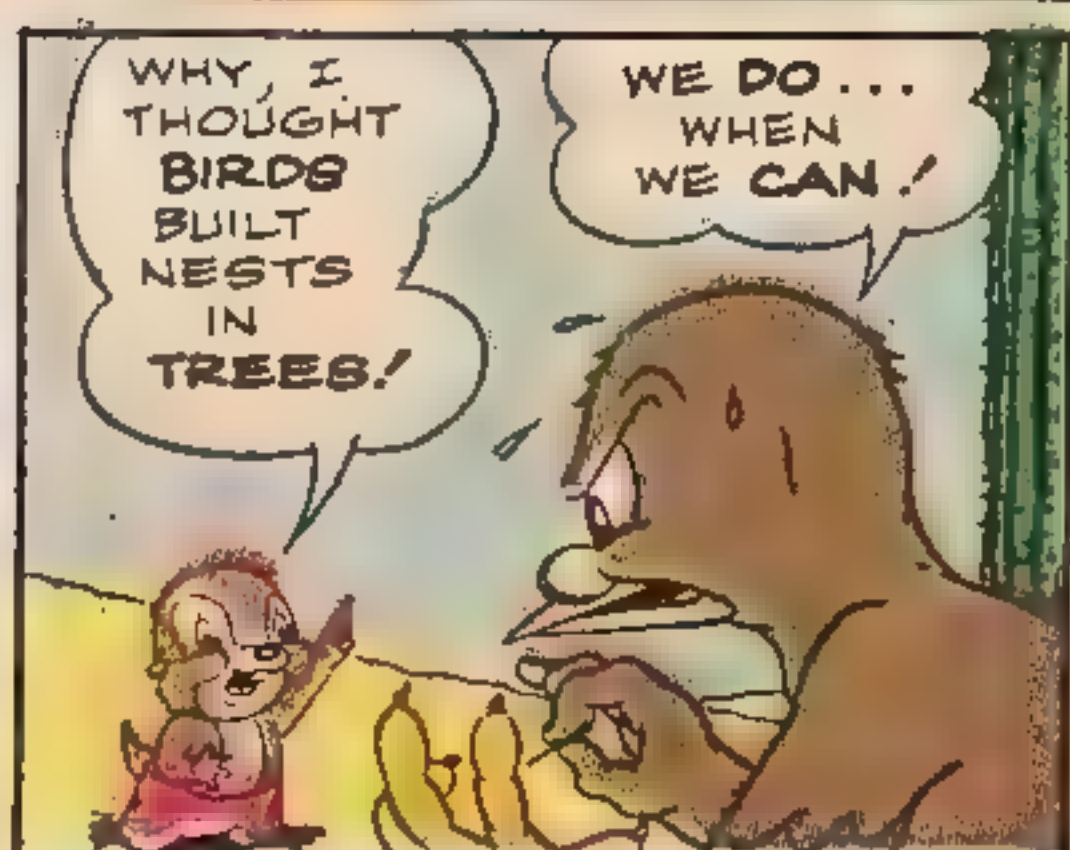
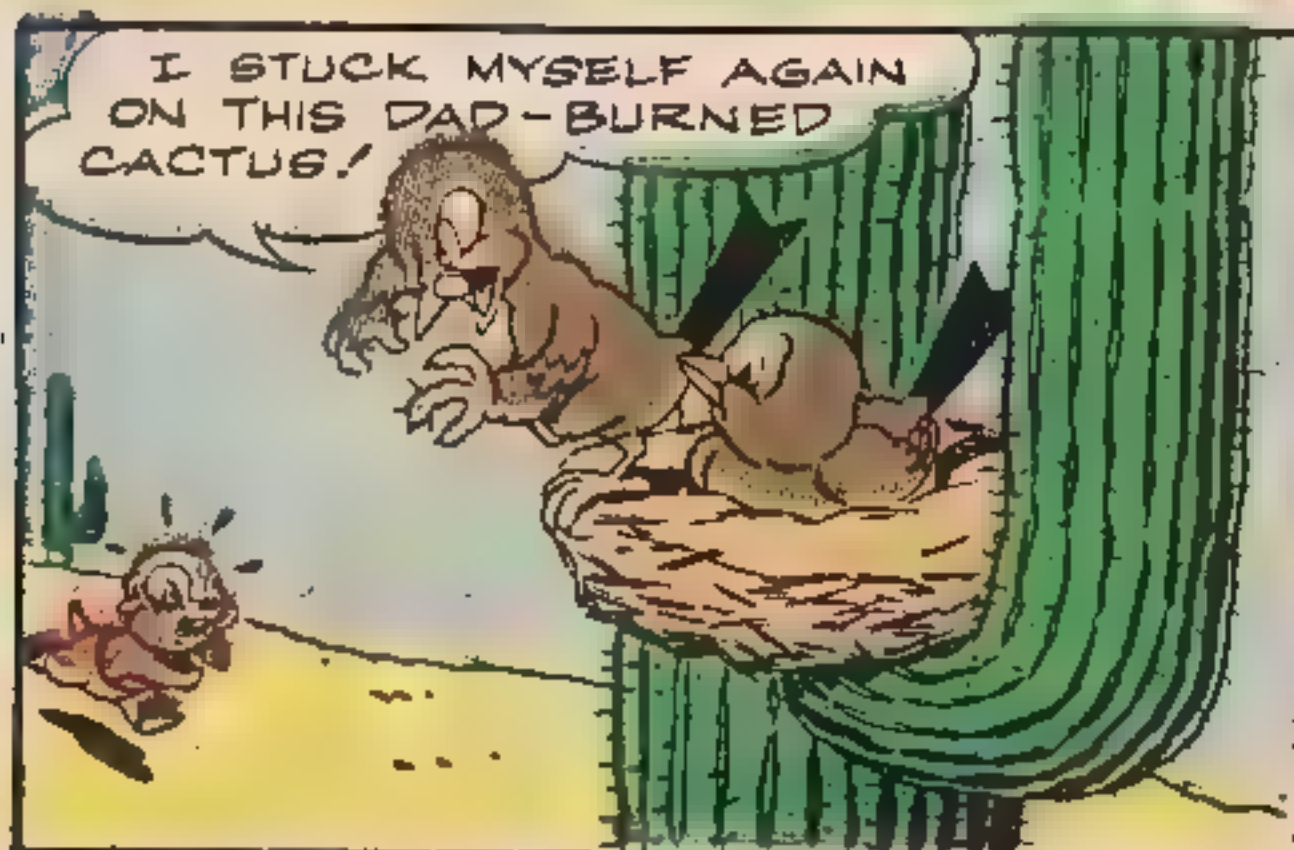
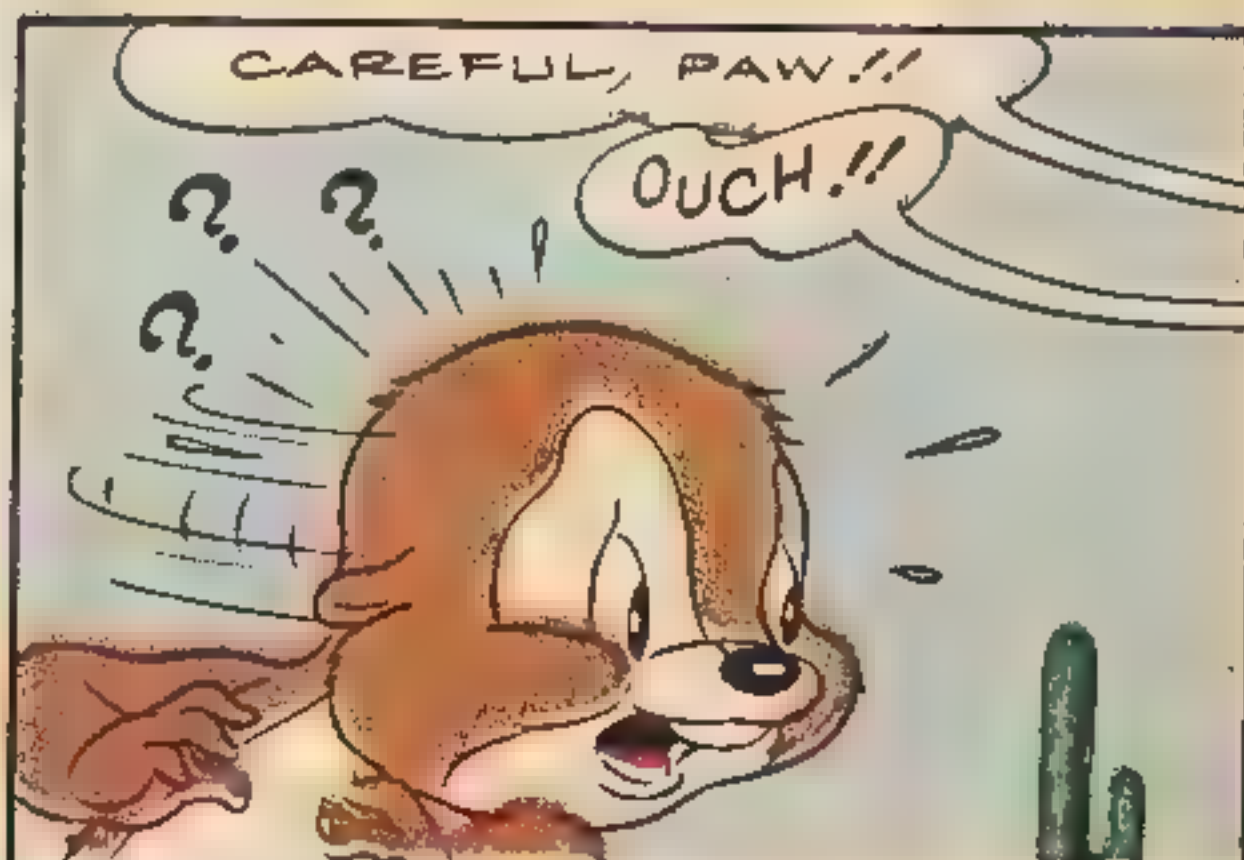
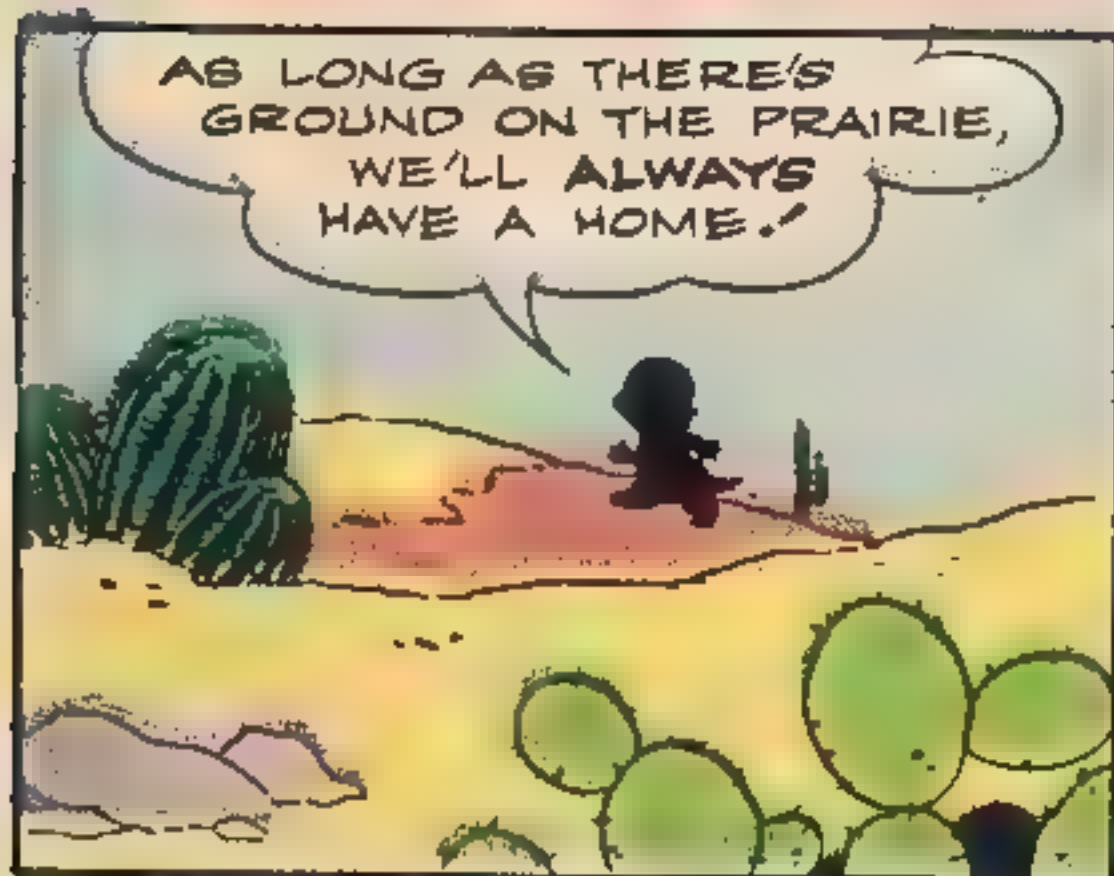
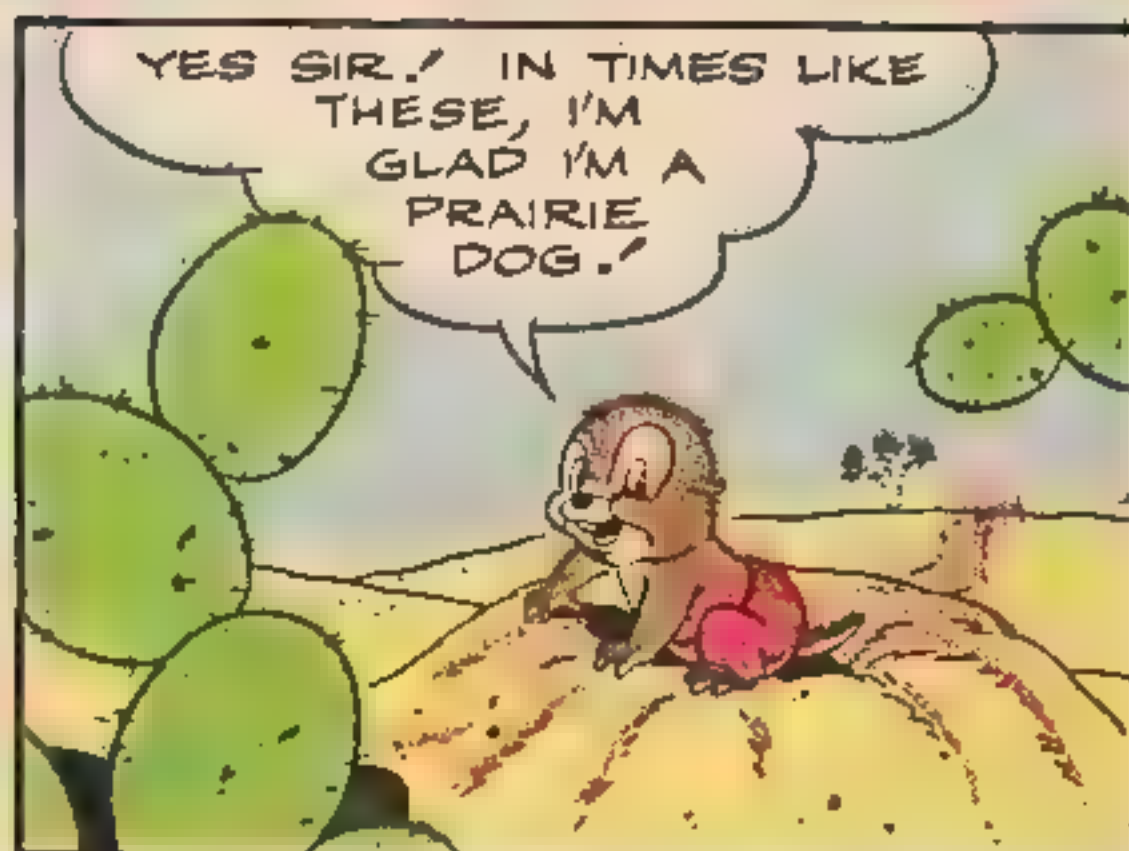
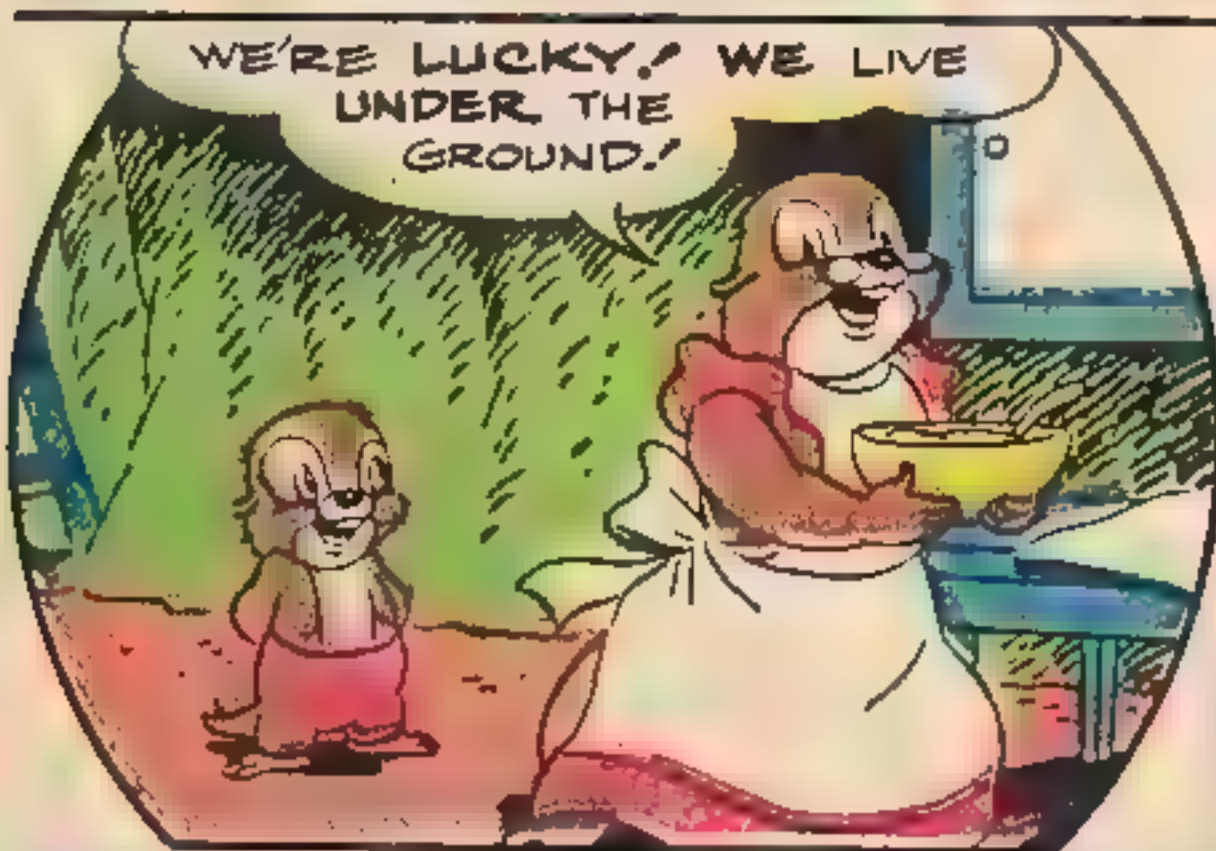
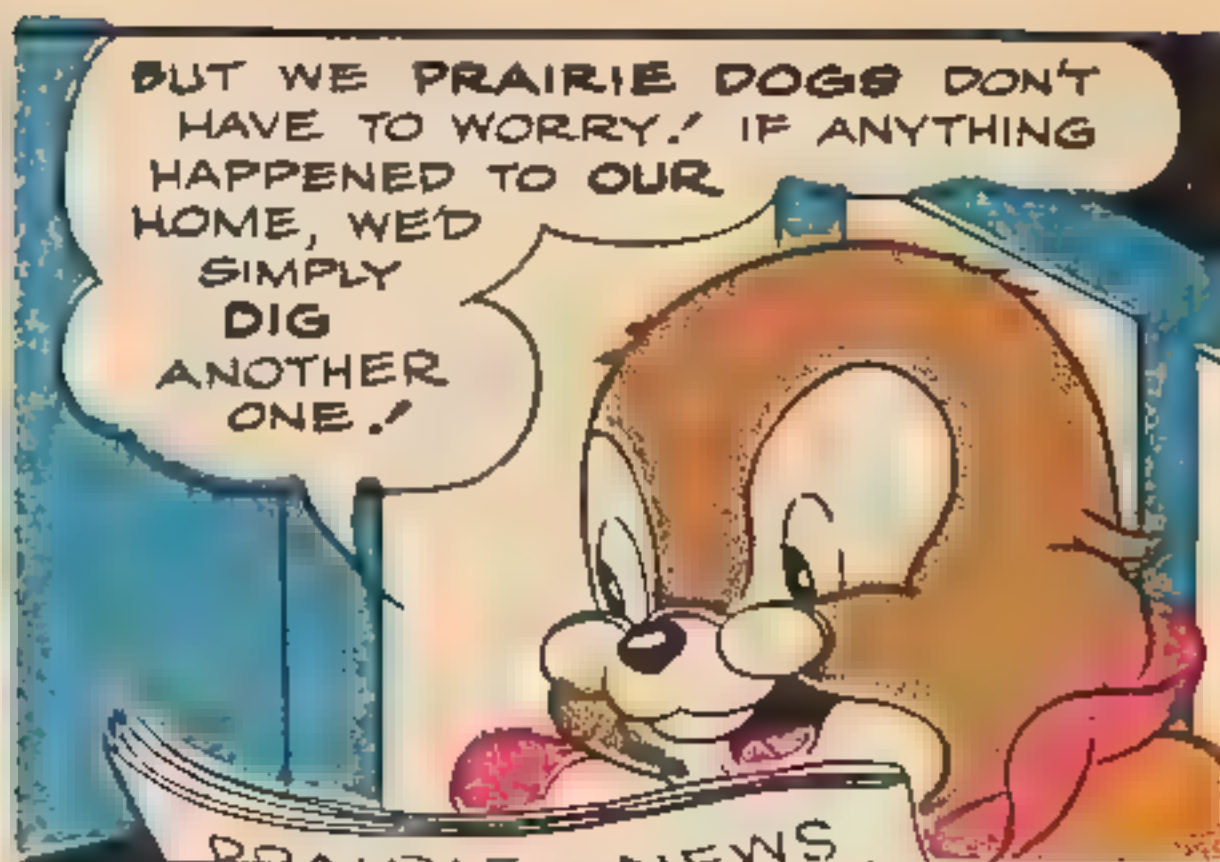
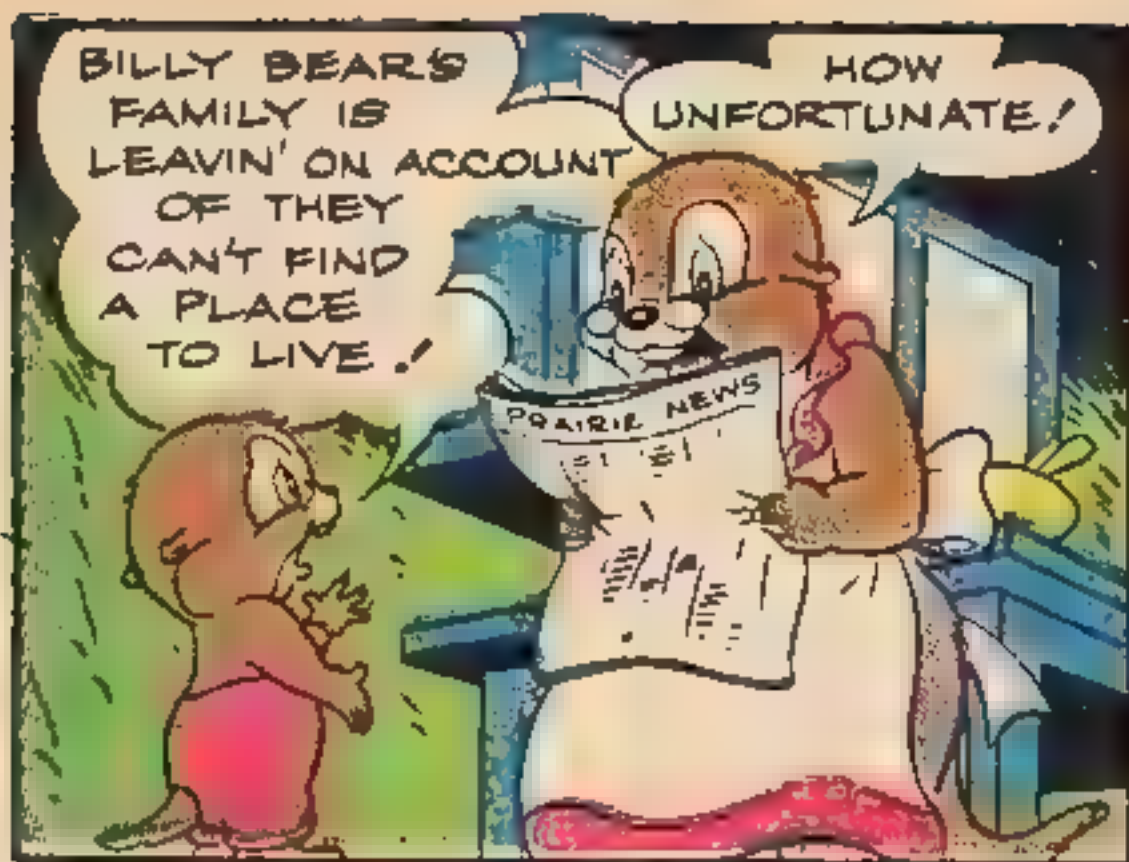


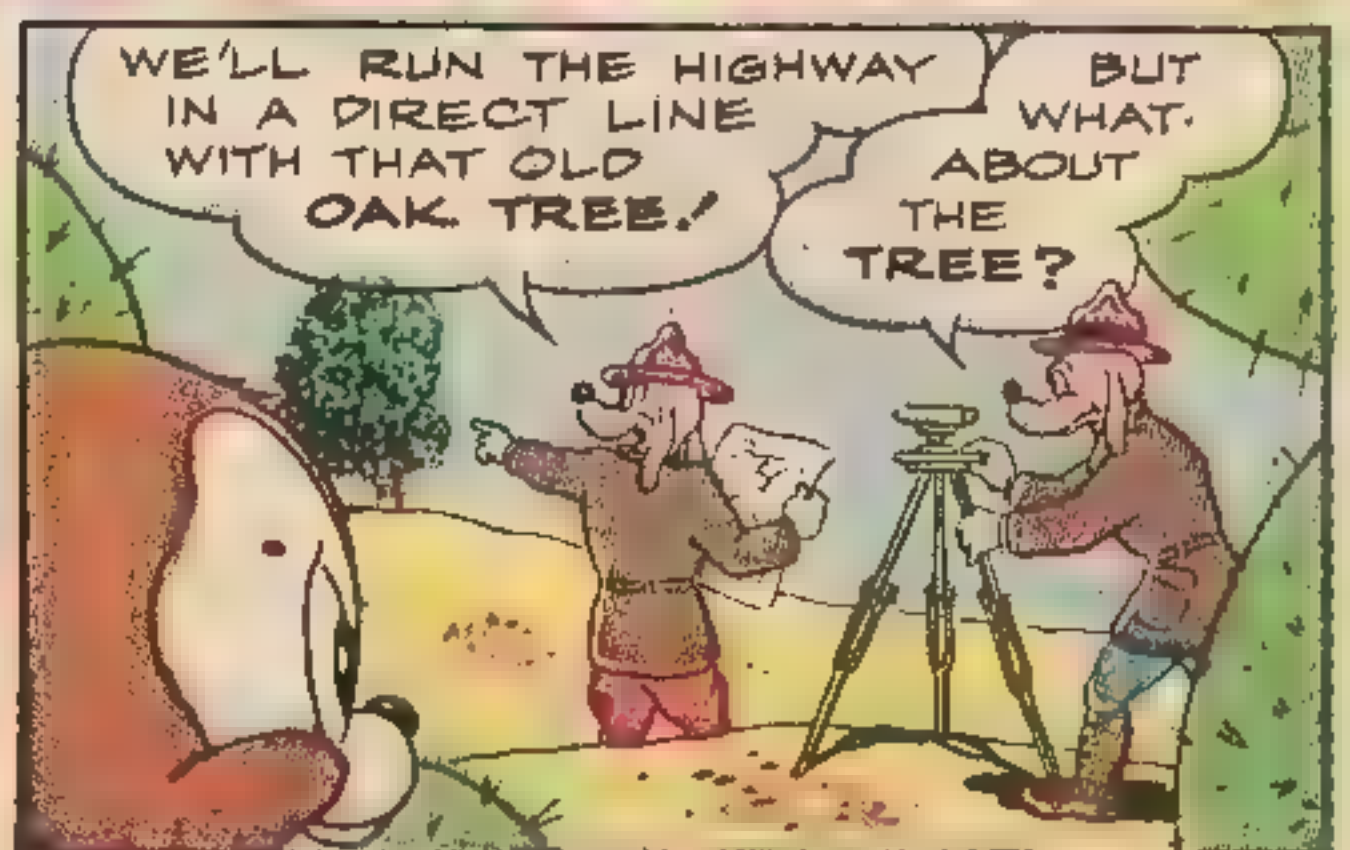
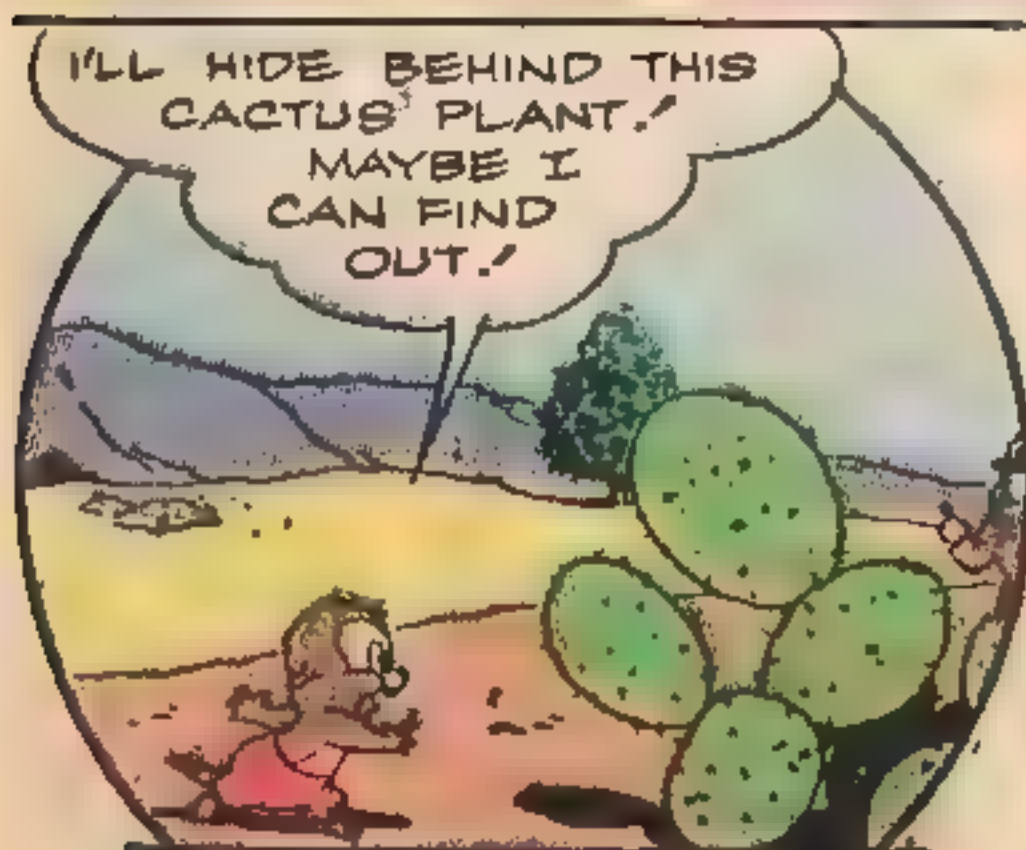
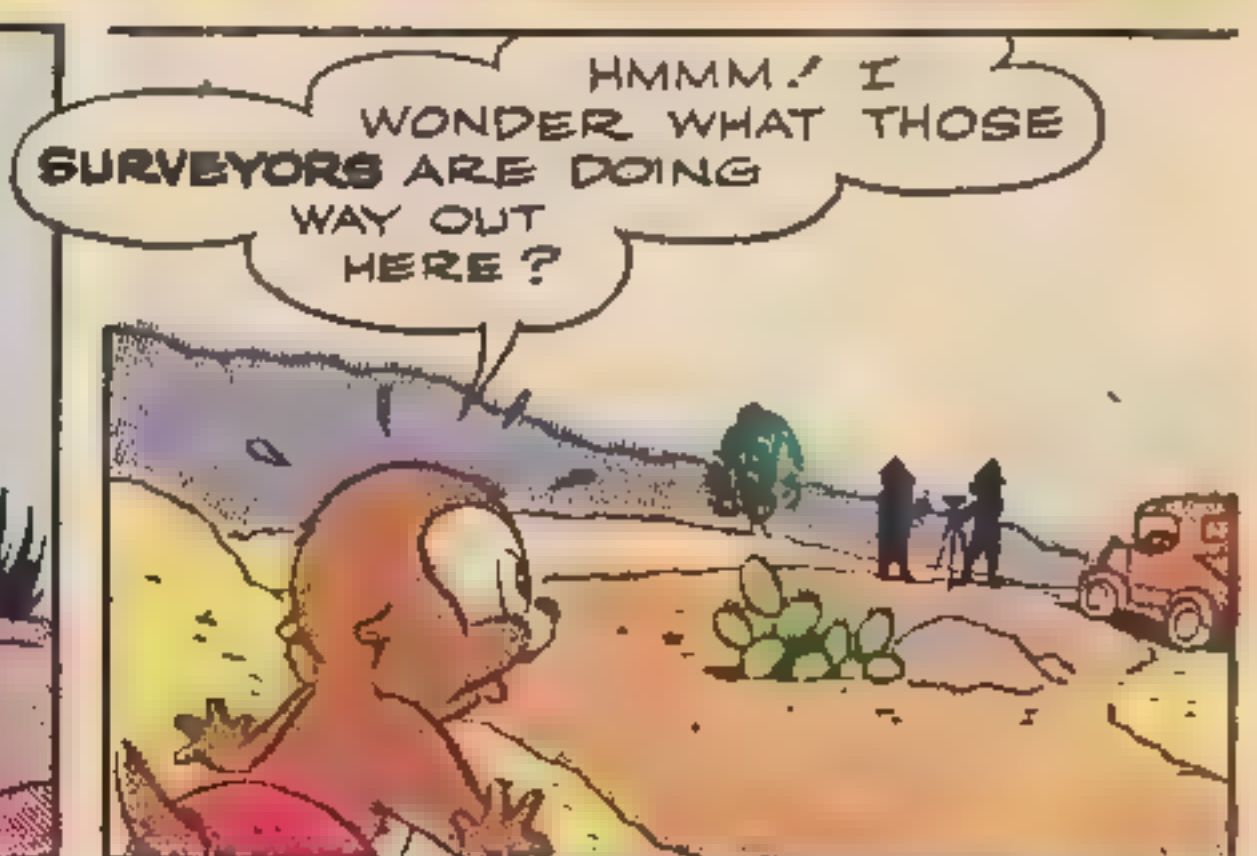
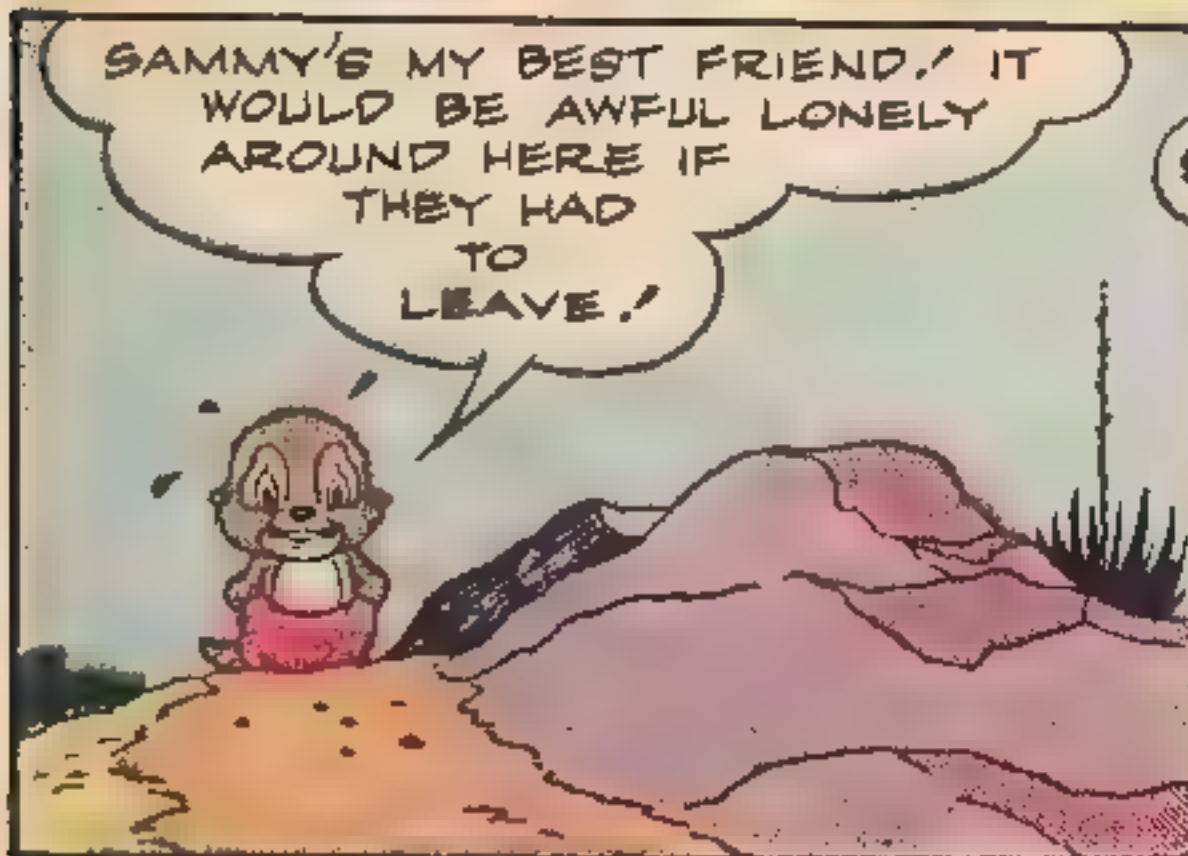
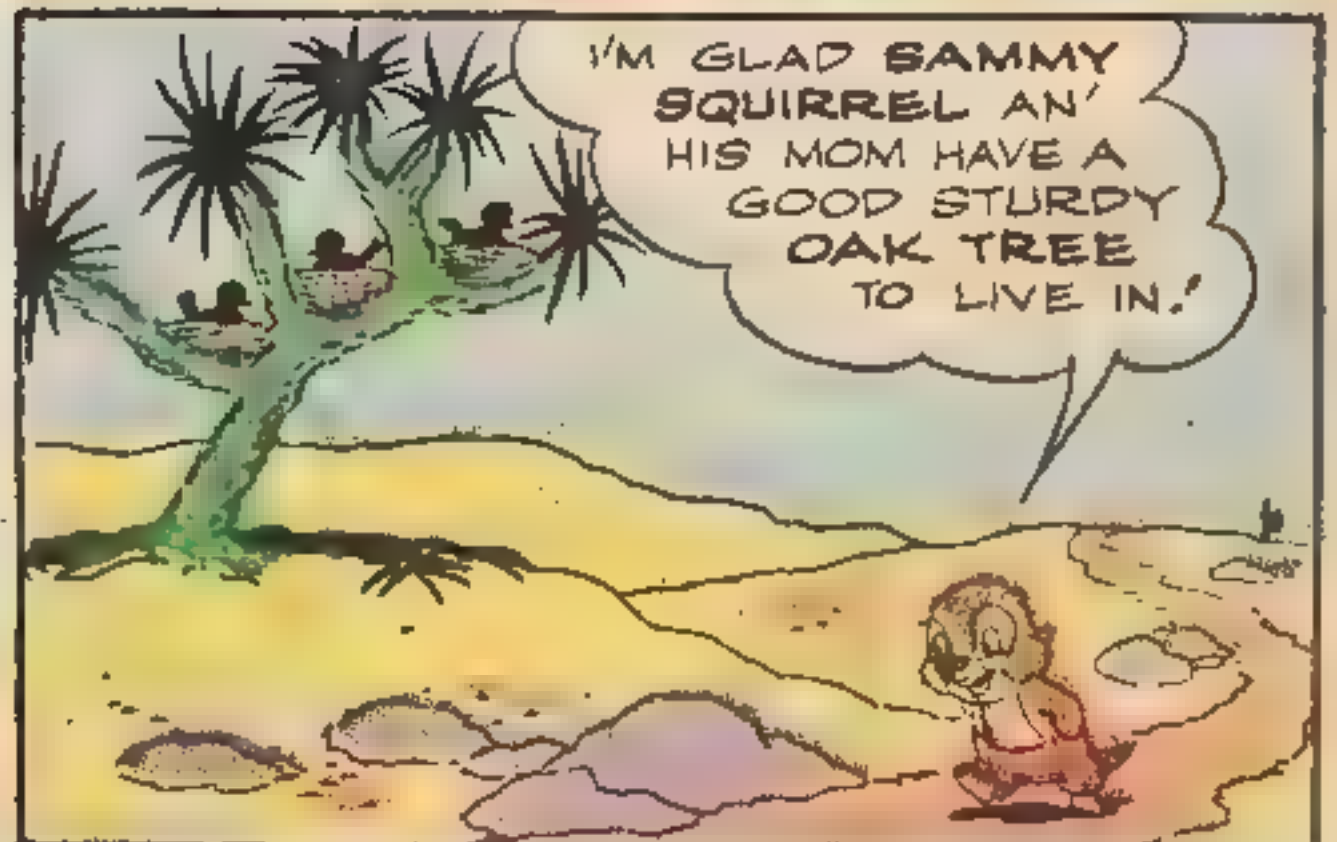
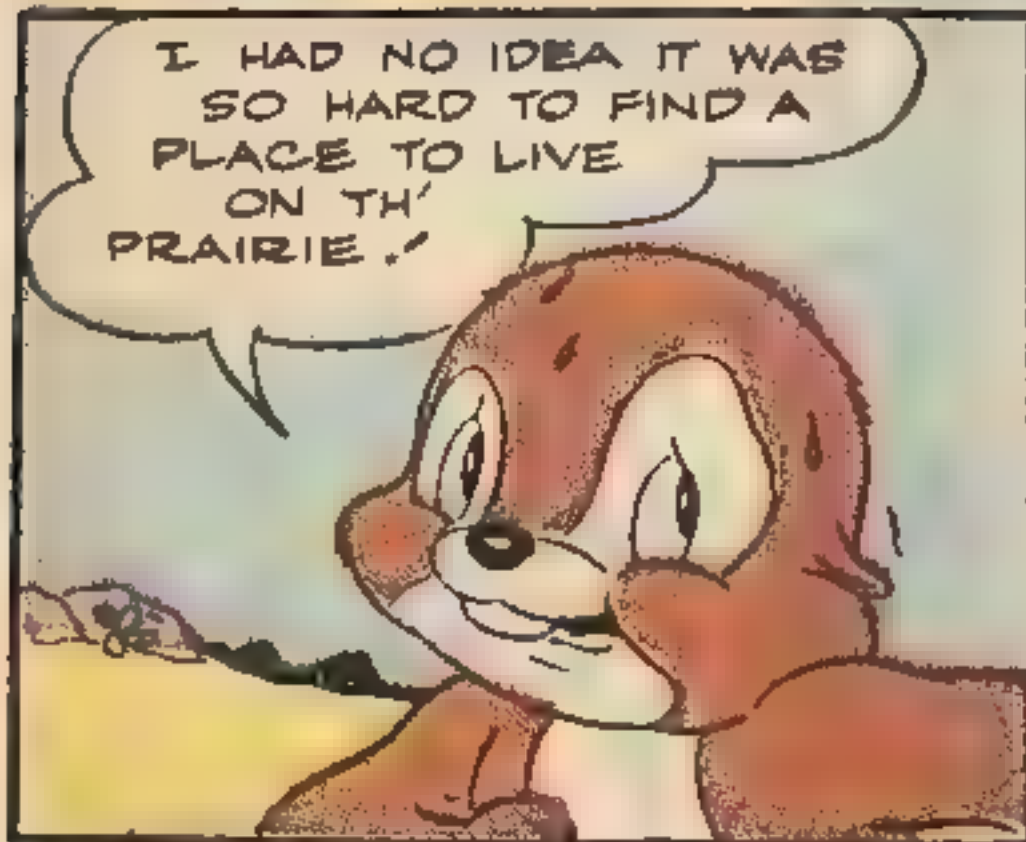
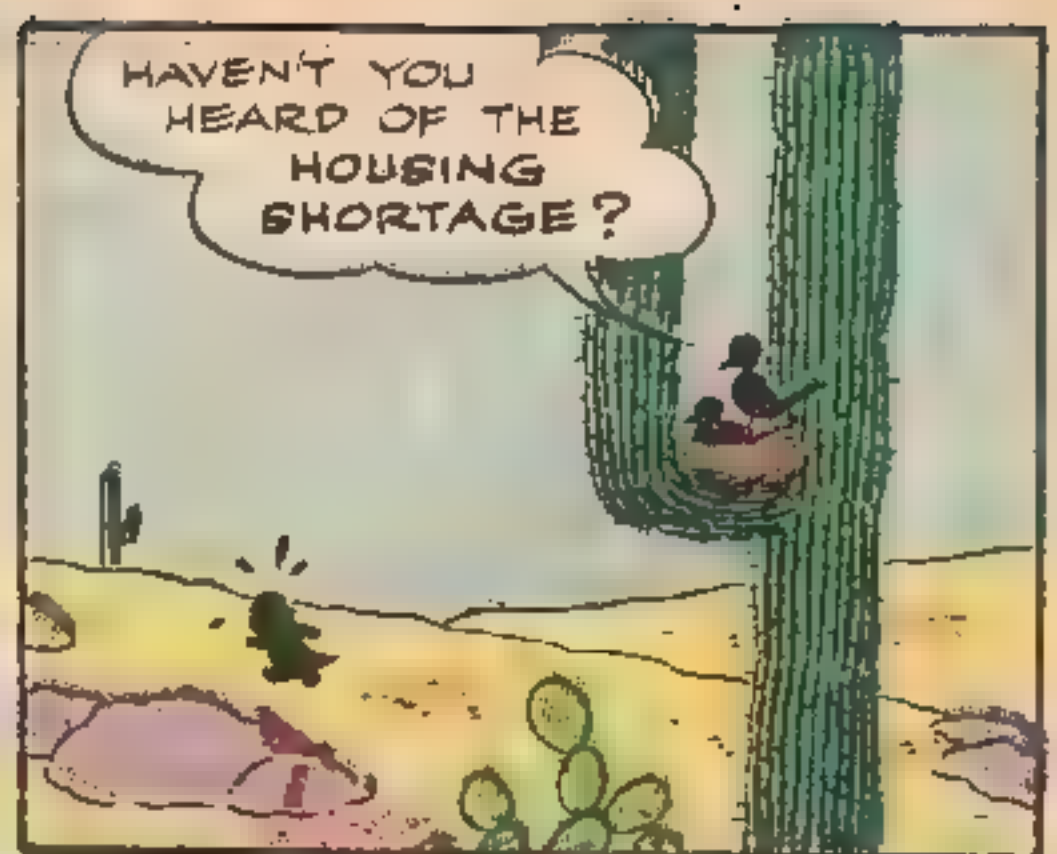
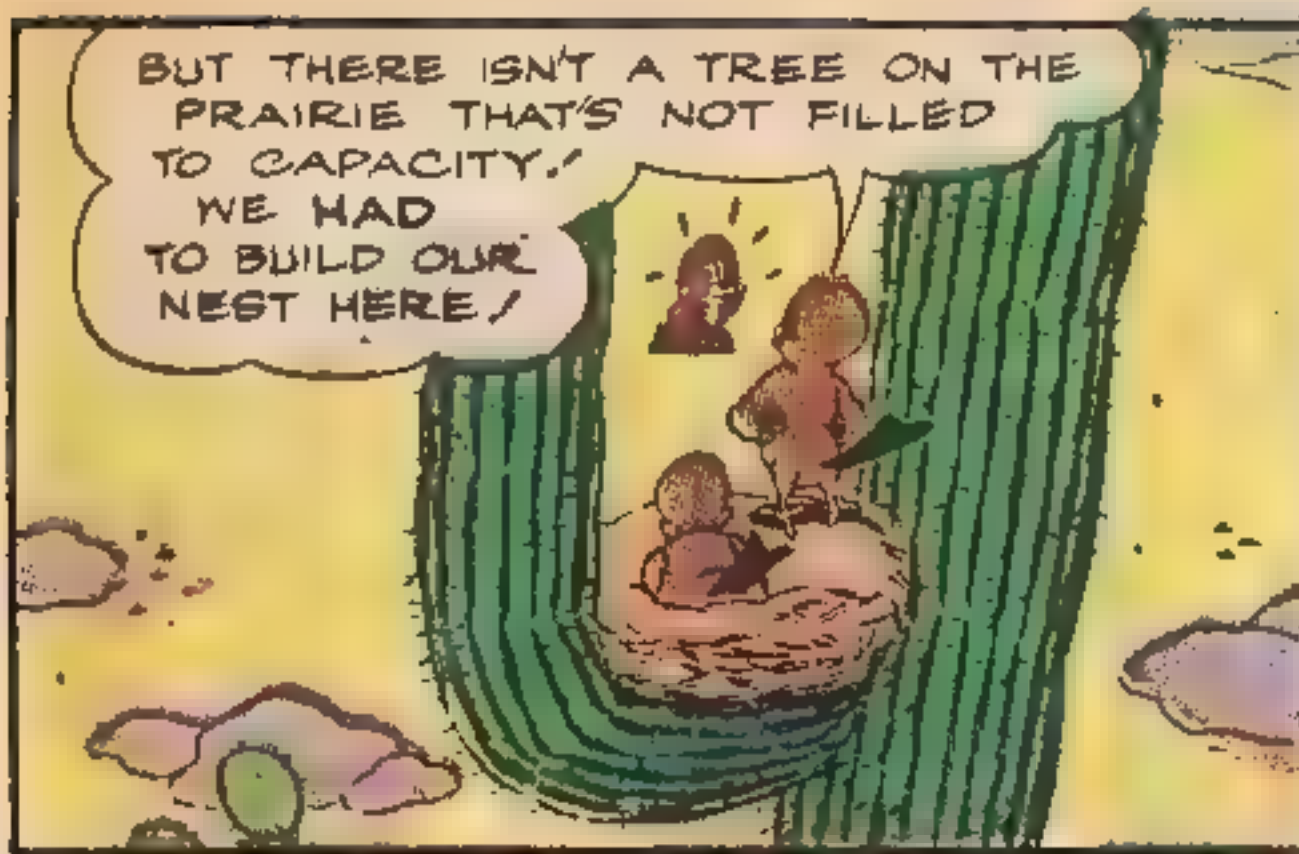
WITH NO TIME TO FIX UP THE PAINTING, BARNEY HAS TO ENTER IT IN THE MODERN ART CONTEST AS IT STANDS—OR DRIPS, THAT IS!

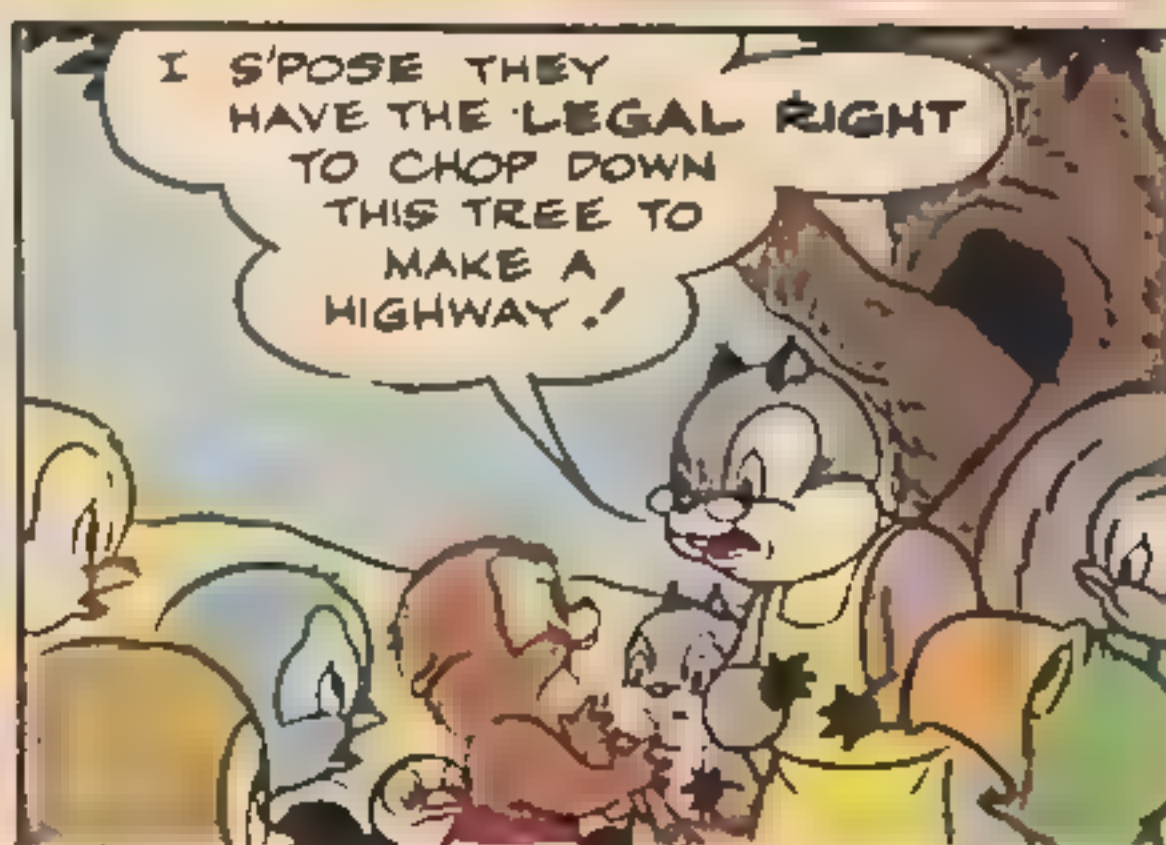
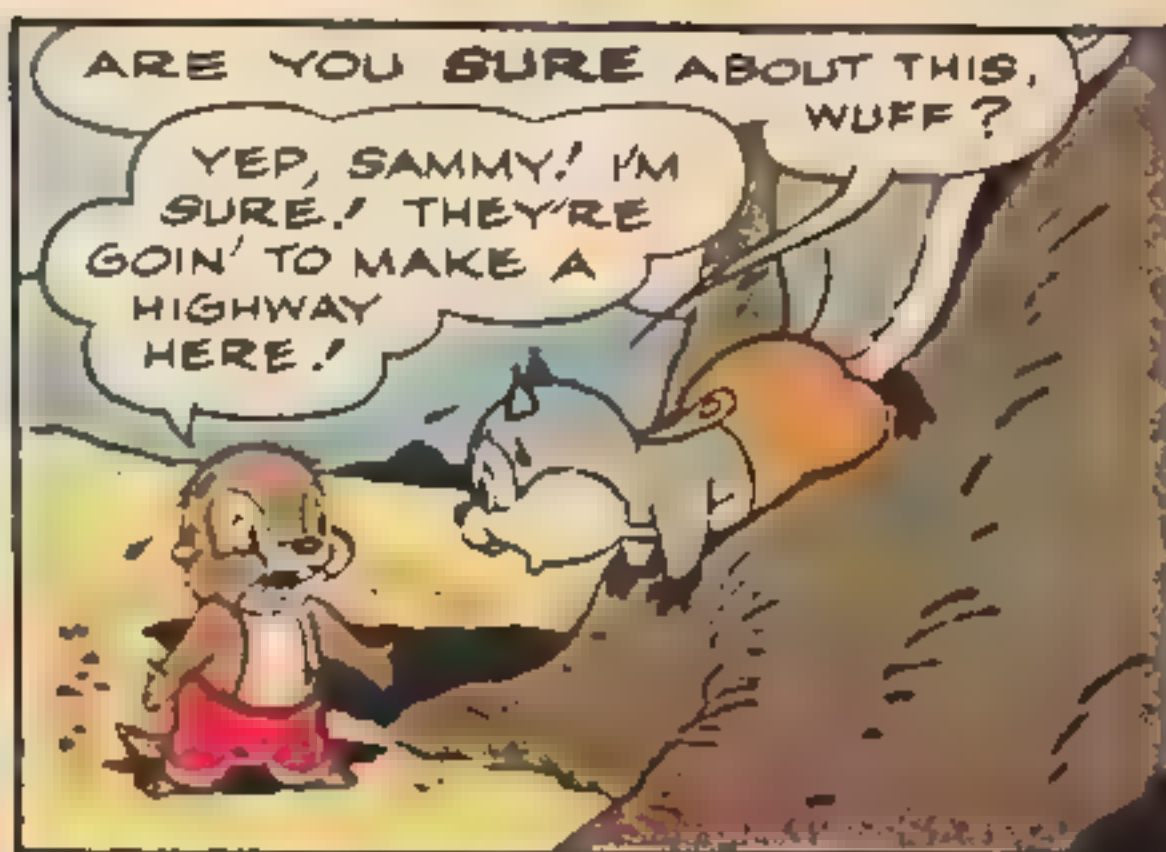
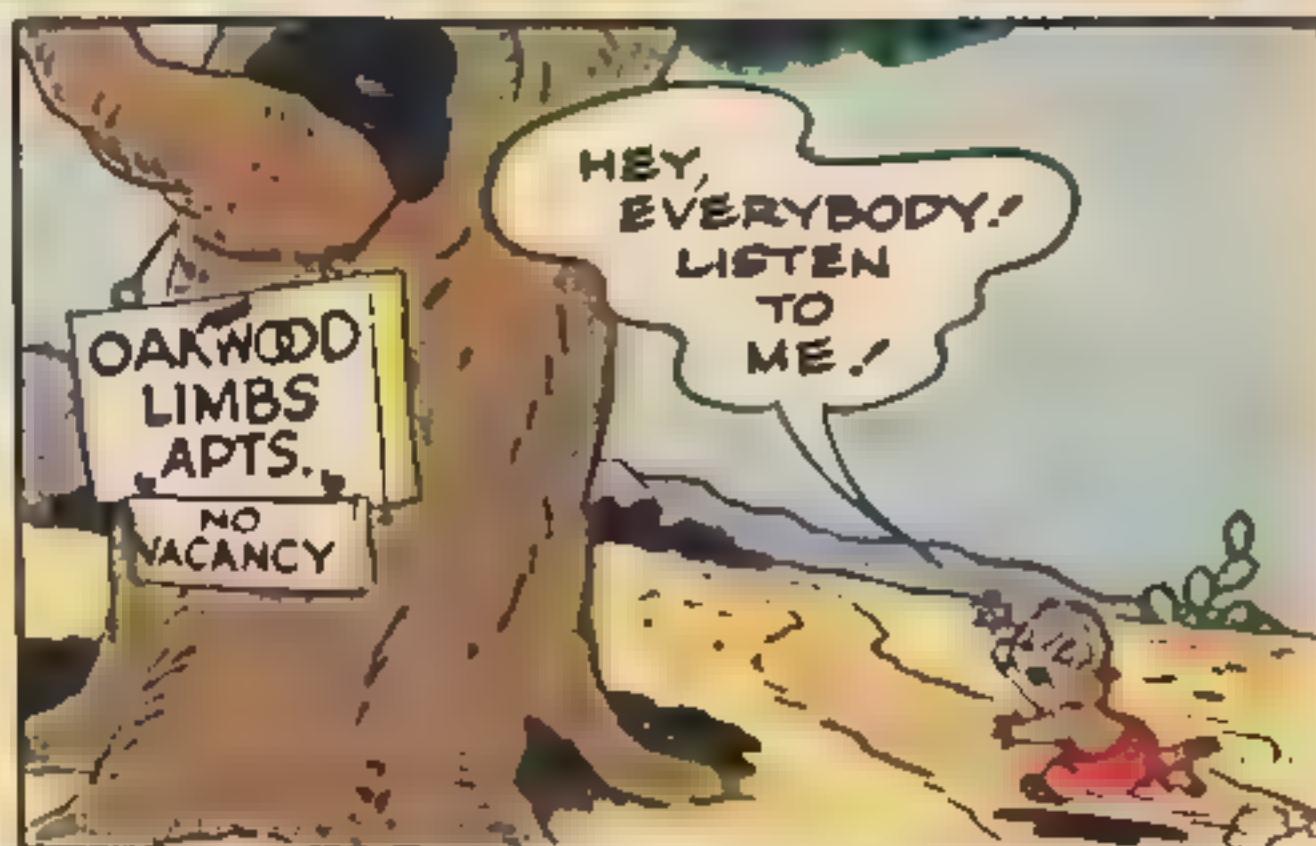
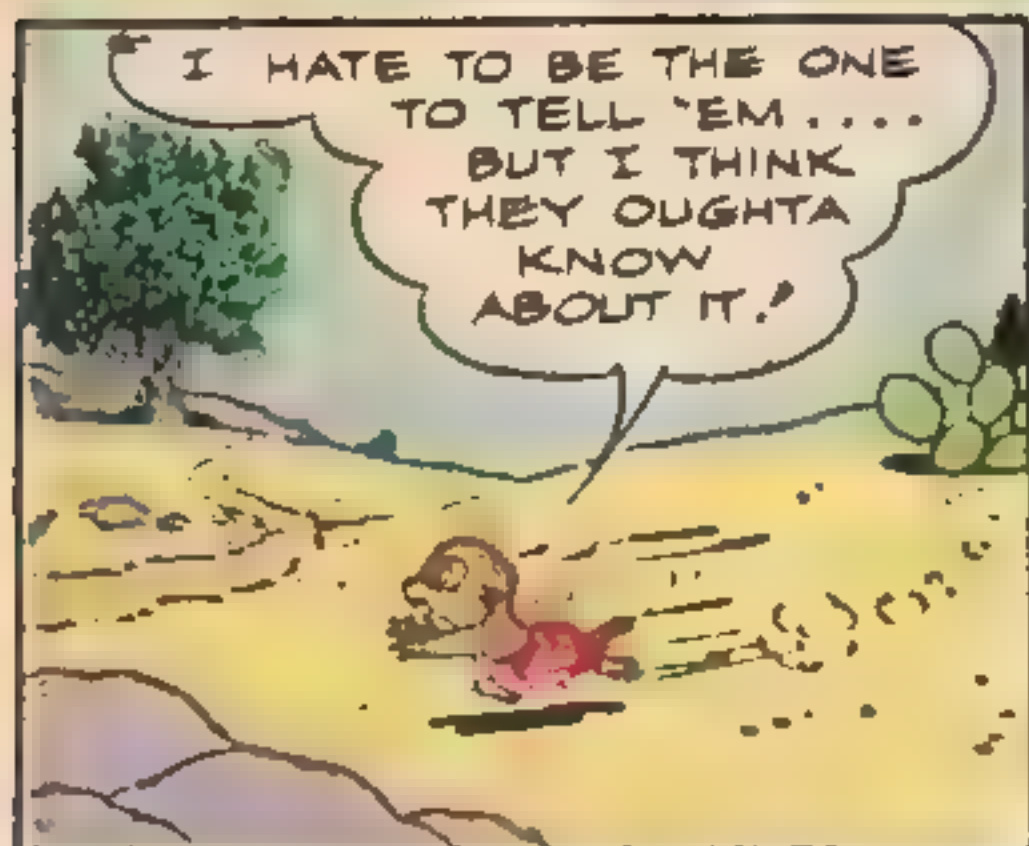
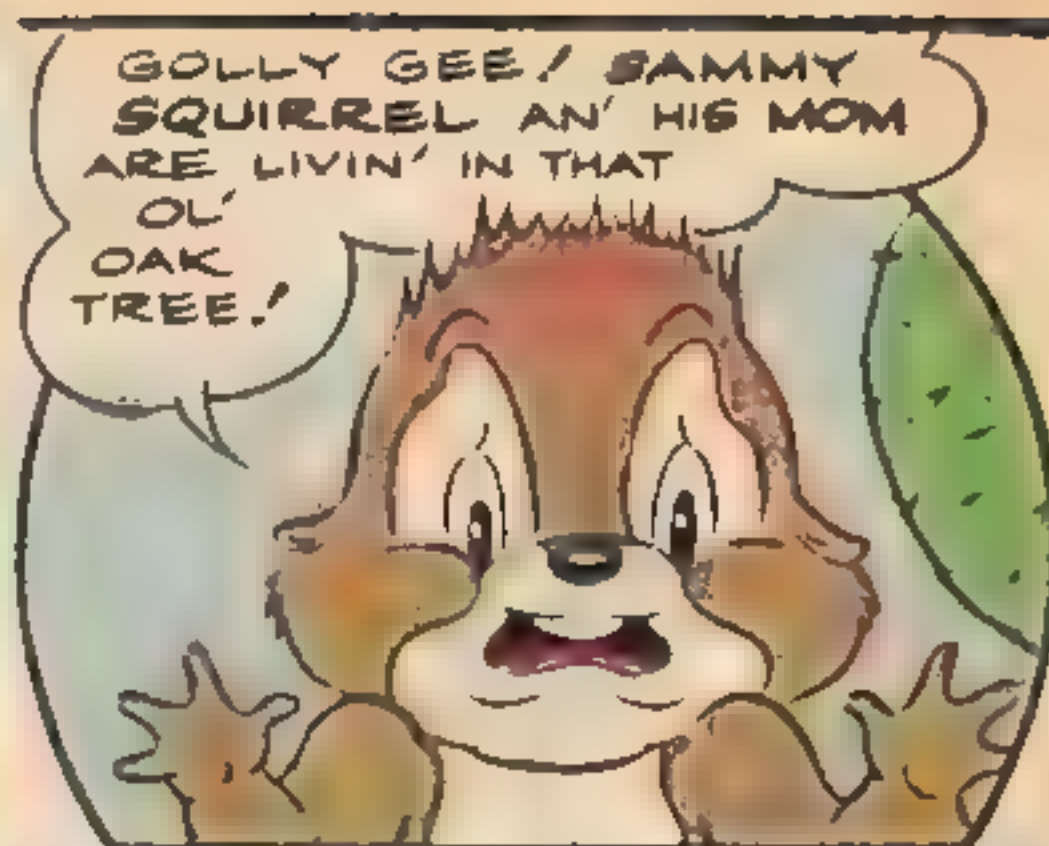


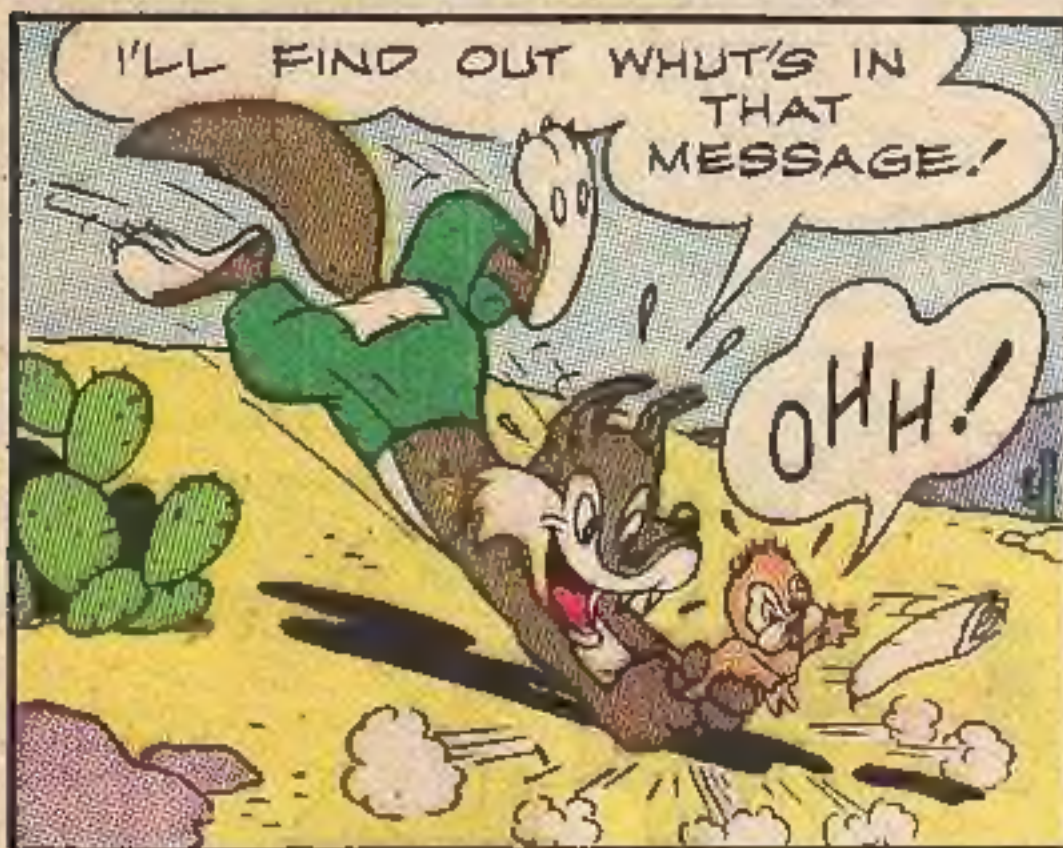
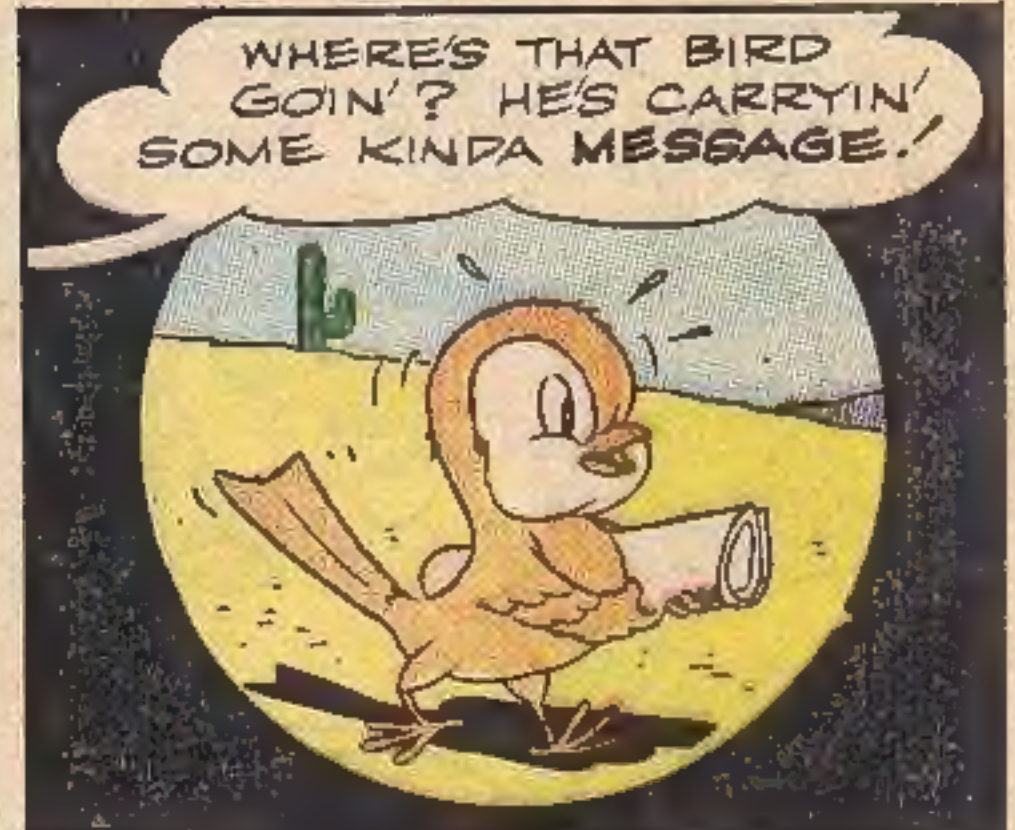
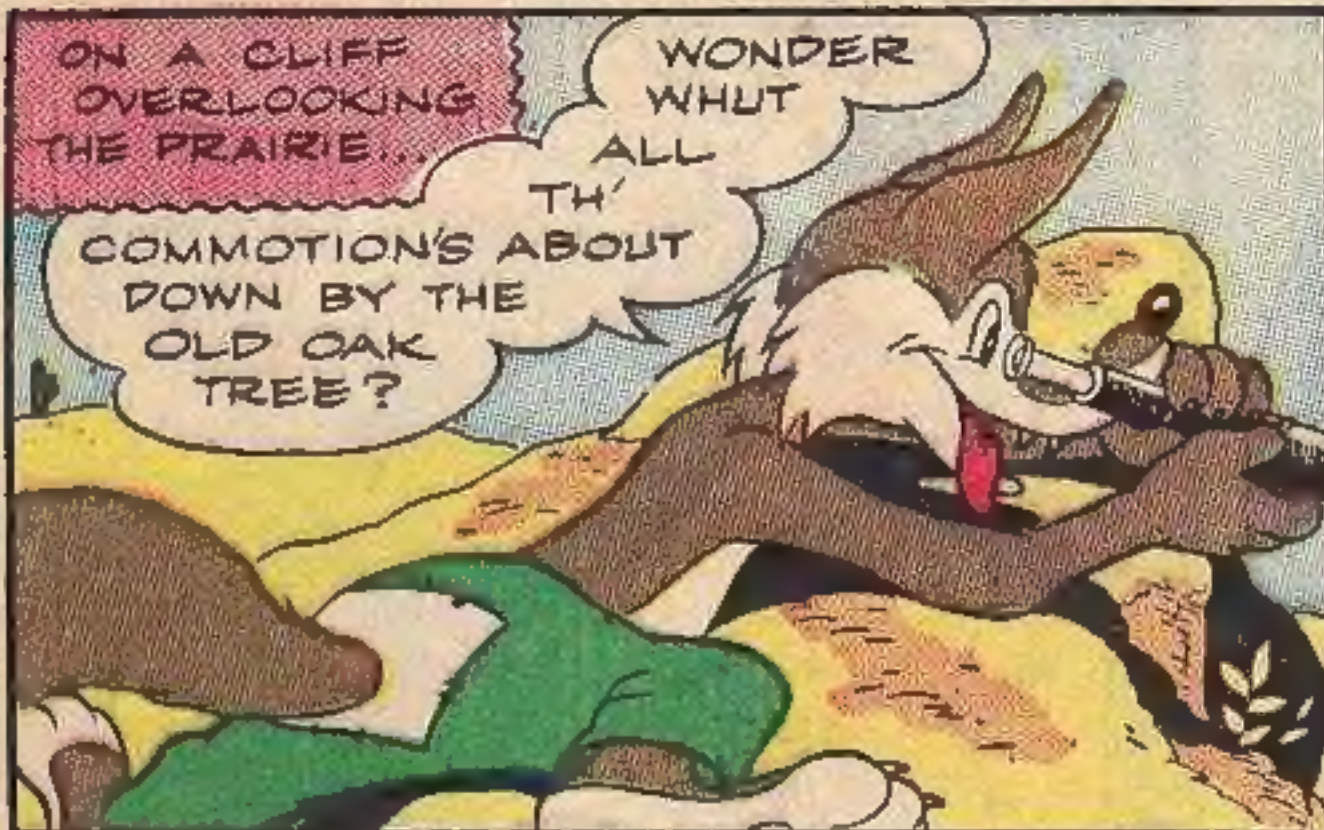
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures -

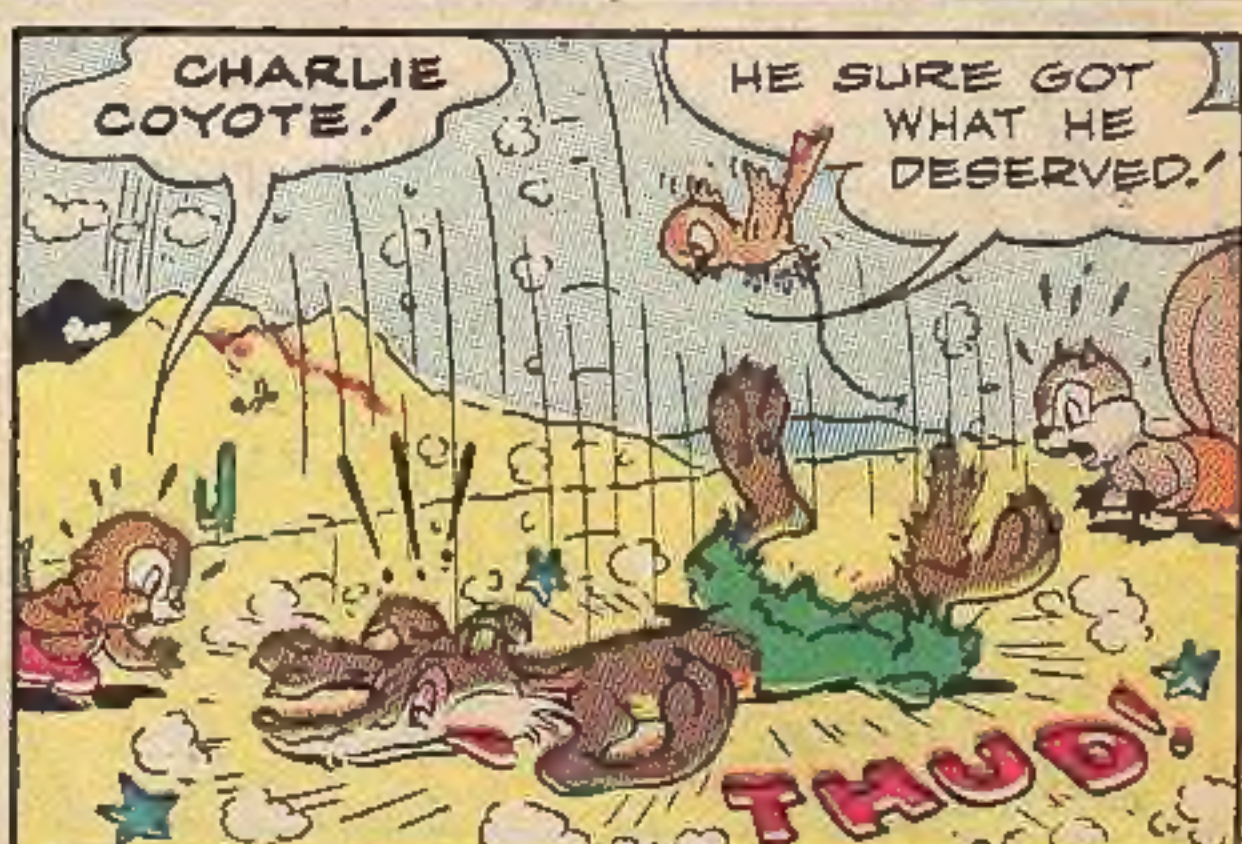
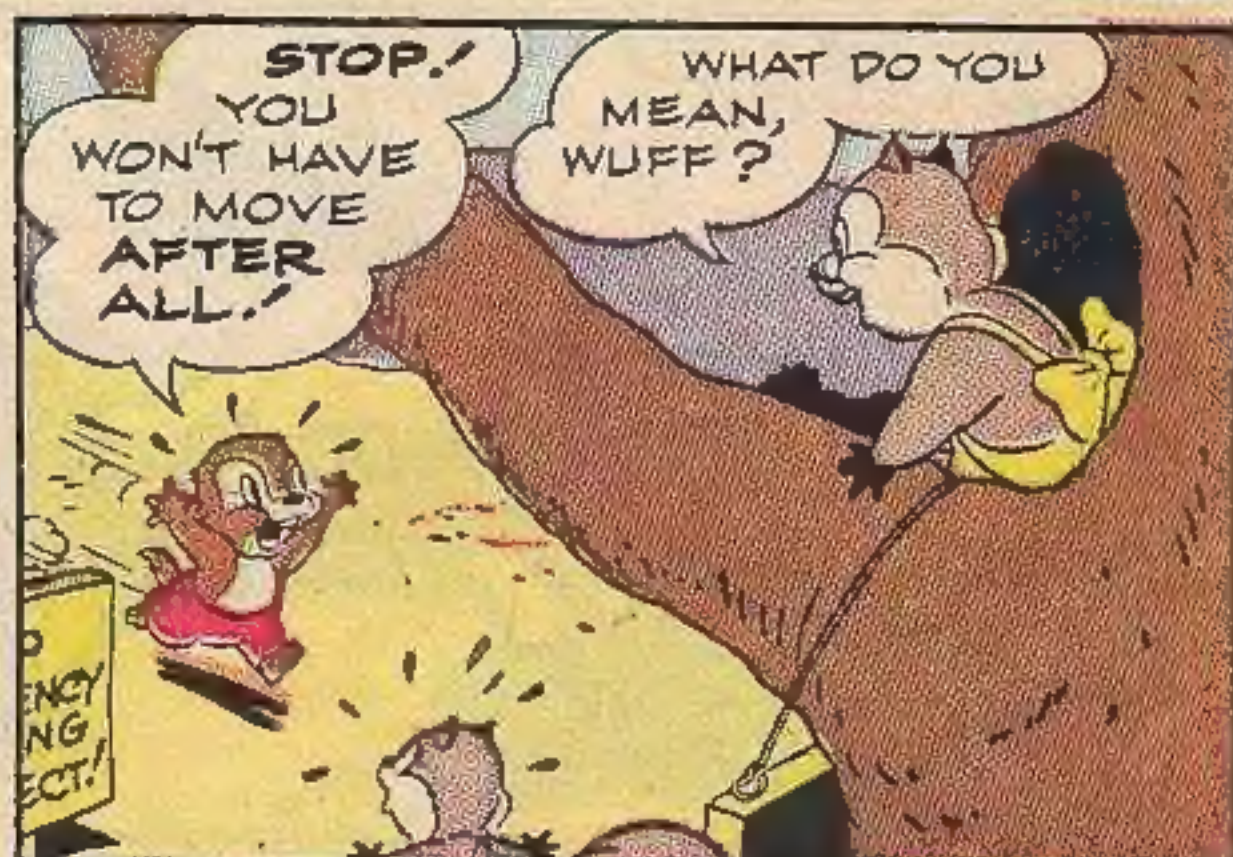
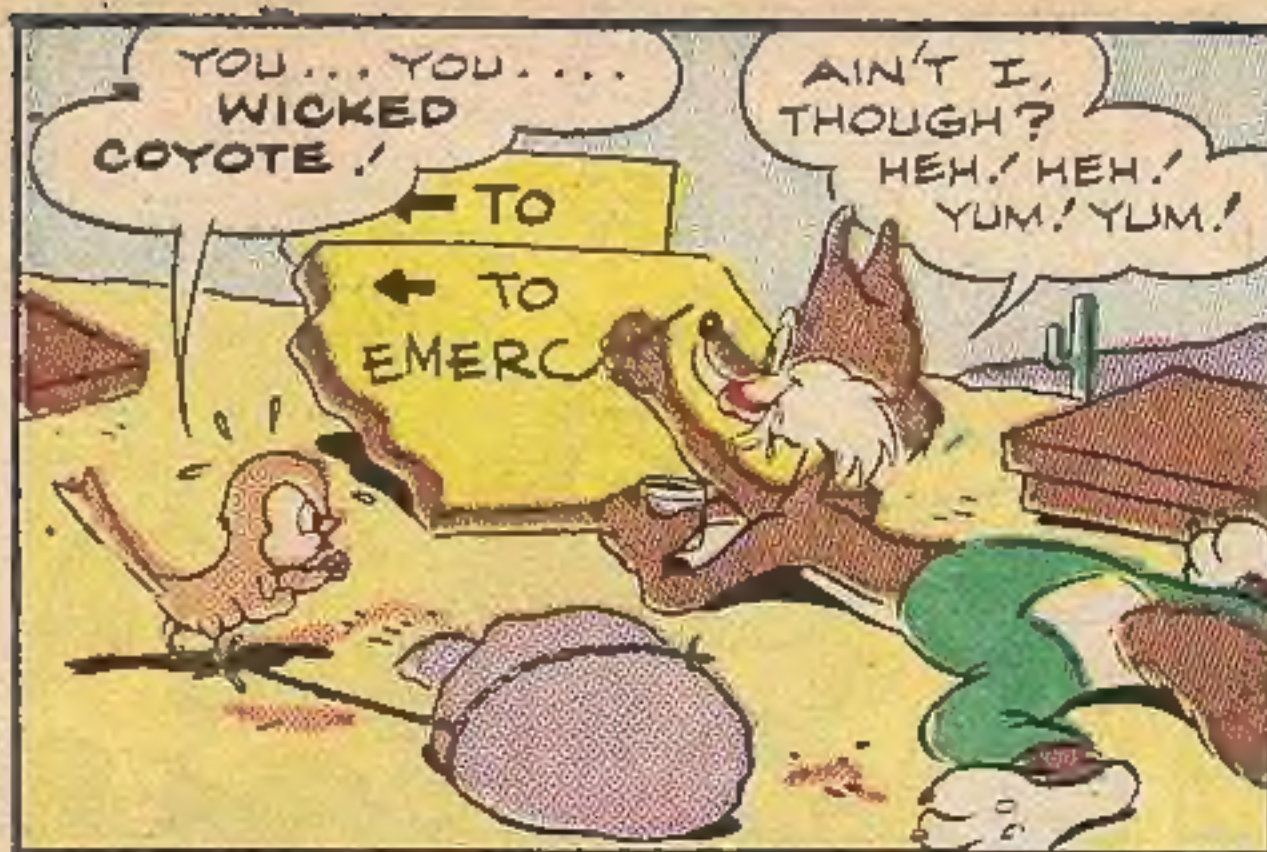












## THE UNLUCKY CRICKET

(Continued from inside front cover)

Jimmie let out a long, low whistle.

"Gosh, a talking cricket! Do you suppose Mom'd let us keep him, Sis?"

"Maybe we could keep him hidden for awhile."

"I'm exceptionally good at hiding," said Chris, hopefully. "And I have a lovely voice."

Susie clapped her hands. "Oh, Jimmie, let's. He'd be such a nice pet."

"All right, we will. Only, no singing for awhile."

And that's how Chris, the lonely little cricket, found a home.

For a long time the children were successful in keeping Chris out of sight, but one day he had an unfortunate accident.

Jimmie and Susie were seated with their Mother in the kitchen, drinking their evening cup of hot cocoa. Chris was seated in the fireplace, his little back to the warm blaze, trying very hard to keep from rubbing his wings together, for that is how crickets sing.

All of a sudden, a hot coal popped out of the fireplace and landed smack on Chris's wings.

"Ee-yow!" he cried and leaped into the air. And when he landed, it was right into the cup of steaming hot cocoa which Jimmie's mother held.

"Oh, my goodness," Jimmy's mother cried, as the cup turned over and the cocoa ran onto the floor. "What was that?"

And as she caught sight of Chris scampering across the floor, she whipped up her broom and swept him out the front door.

Jimmie and Susie were very forlorn that night, as they lay in their beds, whispering about Chris. It began to look as if they were never to have a pet.

Suddenly Jimmie heard a tiny voice calling his name. It was Chris from outside the house. Jimmie hurried to the window and looked out.

"Jimmie," said Chris excitedly, "you must waken your mother and the neighbors, quickly. There is a great swarm of locusts approaching. I can

hear the sound of their wings in the air. You must build huge bonfires and try to smoke them out before they destroy your orange trees."

Jimmie hurried to waken his mother, for the grove of trees was their means of a livelihood, and if the swarm of locusts was not driven off, they would feed upon the trees until there was not a leaf or orange left. Quickly they ran to rouse the neighbors and start building the fires, and scarcely had the fires been started than they heard the sound of many wings. On the locusts came, like a snowstorm, until the air was darkened with their masses. As far as the eye could see, they stretched in one unbroken cloud. But the rapidly growing fires filled the air with such heat and smoke that the locusts swept on without stopping.

It was almost daylight when the swarm had passed, and Jimmie's Mother breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Jimmie, for warning us in time. We would have been penniless if our oranges had been destroyed."

"Gosh, Mother, don't thank me," said Jimmie. "Thank Chris here. He is the one who warned us."

"Chris! Who is Chris?"

"Why, he is our little pet cricket that you swept out of the kitchen this evening. Couldn't we keep him now?"

And Jimmie's Mother smiled at her son and answered, "I wouldn't be surprised, Jimmie. He must be a very lucky cricket to have around. He deserves a home."

And Chris sat in the corner of the hearth, warming himself and rubbing his little wings together, filling the kitchen with his cheery little song. At last he had found a home.



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